November 4, 1939

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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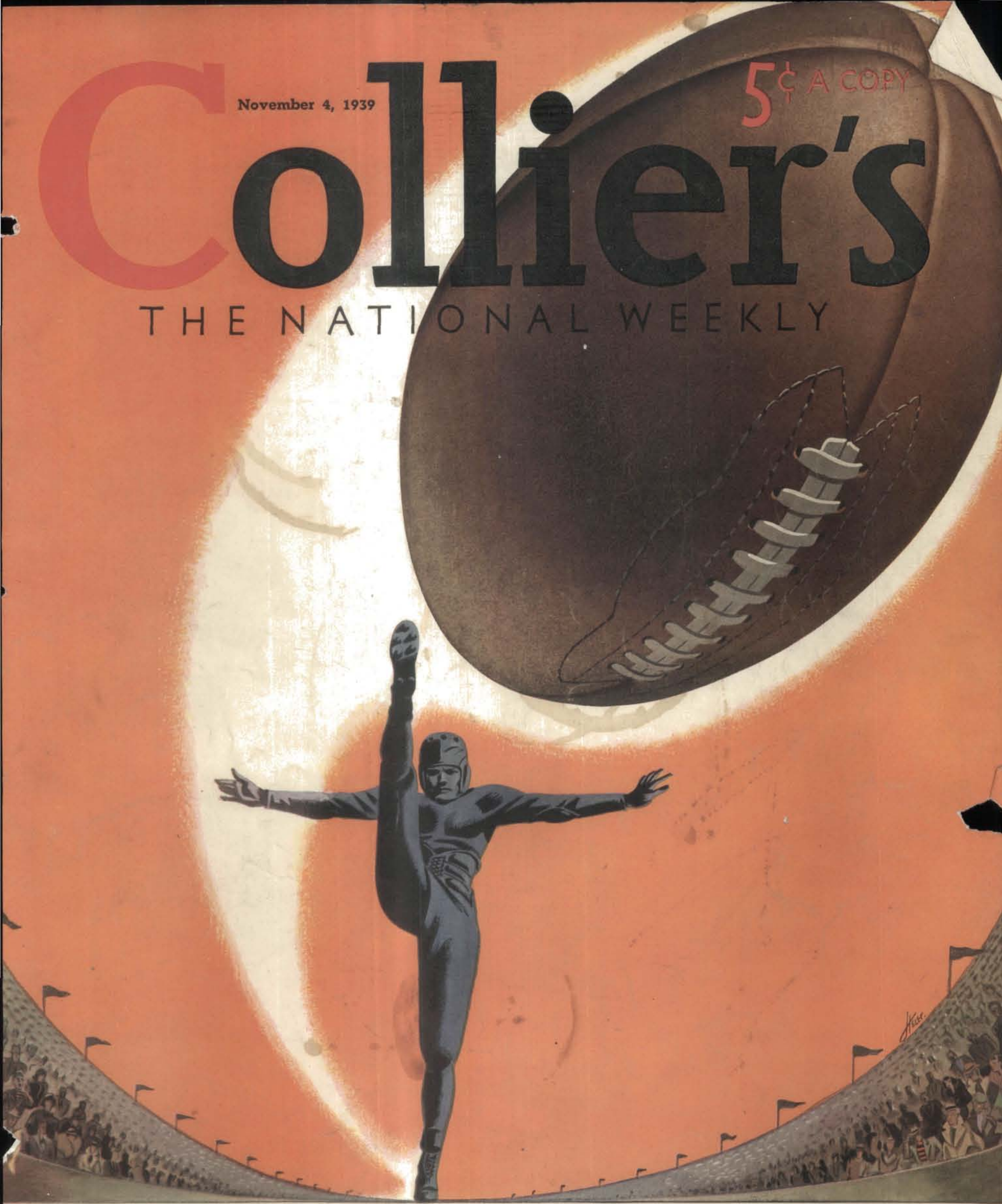

THEY'VE PICKED YOUR W

By Walter Davenport

ov. 4, 1939

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Tek
Johnson & Johnson
Tek
NEW & IMPROVED
LASTS 6 TIMES
LONGER

Now... one tooth brush OUTLASTS SIX!

● "What's this," you say, "Magic? *Six times* longer life from a tooth brush? *Six times* longer cleaning for my teeth and gums? Why—that's almost like getting *six* new brushes for the price of one!"

It's not magic. It's a startling fact. An exclusive development of Johnson & Johnson laboratories. Genuine, natural bristles that will clean, stimulate, refresh your mouth—day after day—long, *long* after six ordinary* brushes would be limp, lifeless, useless. And Tek's scientific, small shape makes it easy to clean *both sides* of your dental arch. Tek 50¢, Tek Jr. 25¢, Tek Professional 50¢, Tek *Double Package* (one brush for morning and one for night) special value!

*Natural bristles without benefit of Tek's exclusive new process.

DRAMATIC PROOF: One after another, six good grade tooth brushes, with ordinary natural bristles, were worn out in our laboratory Wear Machine test.

STILL FULL OF LIFE: Here's the new Tek after the Wear Machine test in which it outlasted the six other brushes. Both photographs unretouched.

"I DROVE THE NEW PLYMOUTH
_and that LUXURY RIDE
is Simply Marvelous!"

PEOPLE BY THE THOUSANDS are getting excited about Plymouth's great *Luxury Ride*...and about its stunning new beauty and spaciousness!

This 1940 Plymouth is longer, wider...4 inches more seat width in front...10 cubic feet more interior space! And great new chassis engineering, new designing, have created the smoothest, softest, most relaxed ride you ever had in any low-priced car.

Notice the luxurious new feel in Plymouth's big, Floating Power engine...learn what *Superfinishing* of vital engine parts does to power smoothness. And for greater economy—oil filter on all models.

See this great car...and take the Luxury Ride today! Find out how much *more* low price buys this year!

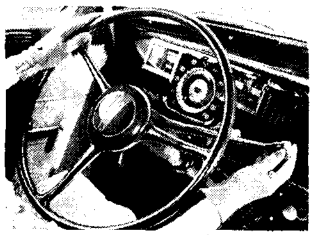
EASY TO BUY. Your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price...with the balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURS., 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

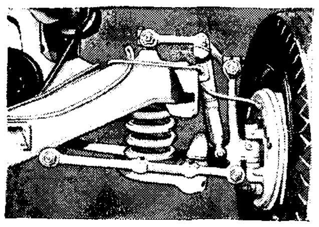
SEE THE 1940 PLYMOUTH
COMMERCIAL PICK-UP
AND PANEL DELIVERY!

NEW LUXURY EVERYWHERE

1. **MAGNIFICENT STYLING**—new grace, luxury, distinction.
2. **BIGGER CAR** throughout—117" wheelbase—wider seats.
3. **INCREASED VISION** through the new, larger safety glass windows and windshield.
4. **THE LUXURY RIDE!** New chassis engineering, new appointments—entirely new ride formula.
5. **SUPERFINISH** of vital engine parts assures new smoothness, longer life.
6. **STEERING POST GEAR SHIFT** standard on all models.



Steering Post Gear Shift at *no extra cost* on all models...plus new transmission and clutch.



Amola Steel Coil Springs at *no extra cost* on even the lowest-priced Plymouth models.

1940 PLYMOUTH *The Low-Priced Beauty with the LUXURY RIDE*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

November 4, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	W. B. COURTNEY	Germany
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK GERVASI	France
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports	MARTHA GELLHORN	Russia
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	WM. HILLMAN	European Manager
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
		JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

WHEN Hans Braun discovered his daughter intended to marry a Nazi he was afraid to protest. But he had to do something for the Germany he loved, and so, in his own small way, he worked to destroy the system he hated. Only when the dreaded Brown Shirts came did he discover that there are loyalties that transcend any devotion to "The Crooked Cross" of Nazism. Dramatically, William C. White tells this stirring story of life in present-day Germany.

FROM the terrace of the Valley Inn the east face of Chitna loomed as an impossible ascent. To the little group watching Chips Hardesty essaying it, the scene represented the old struggle between man and Nature. To a girl and a man on the inn terrace the stakes were higher. The girl prayed for Chips' success; the man hoped for his death. In "Under Chitna's Clouds," Will F. Jenkins tells a tense story of love against a background of perilous mountain climbing.

AT THE outbreak of the war, Great Britain, fearing an instant mass attack on London from the air, evacuated children from the city and billeted them with families in the country. In the first wave of patriotism, all classes approved the move. But when the threatened Blitzkrieg failed to materialize, mutterings of discontent were heard. City children didn't like the country; staid country householders were appalled at the habits of slum children. All of which has presented Britain with a social problem, which, however, does have its bright side. It's awakened the country to a realization that something must be done about slums. By radio from London, Frank Gervasi tells the story.

BILL CODY considered football a phony setup, just dumb-kid stuff. But as the fourth All-America Cody he had to play the game, even though he didn't give a damn about it. That is, he didn't until he fell in love with Margot, his best friend's girl. He knew then he had to play to win, even though by winning he lost everything he wanted. "Right of Conquest" is an exciting story by Ben Peter Freeman.

RUTH CARSON tells how the war has affected, of all things, fashions in women's clothes. Kyle Crichton introduces you to Paul Christman, Missouri's Dizzy Dean of football. And there are articles and fiction by Thomas Monroe, Frank Condon, Lloyd Lewis and others.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD CONNELL
Afternoon of a Husband. And gala evening for the wife. Page 12

ALAN LeMAY
Interrupted Take-Off. With a happy landing. Page 14

D. D. BEAUCHAMP
Champion's Return. Sometimes they come back. Page 19

BURKE BOYCE
The Tory. But not for long. Page 22

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
A Good Influence, by Paul Jones. Page 24

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
The World is Like That. The seventh of twelve parts. Enter the ex-wife. Page 16

JOHN and WARD HAWKINS
We Will Meet Again. The sixth of eight parts. Looking for trouble. Page 21

ARTICLES

WALTER DAVENPORT
They've Picked Your War Job. Your assignment on M Day. Page 9

OWEN P. WHITE
America Calling. With the whole world listening. Page 17

KYLE CRICHTON
Shake a Leg. Hollywood missed its chance. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Block and Tackle. Mel Hein, the Giants' gridiron pride. Page 20

ROBERT McCORMICK
Foul Play. Sabotage of the wild-life reserves. Page 28

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Our Role in Europe. Page 78

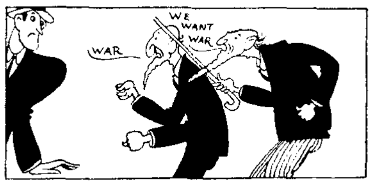
COVER HENRY HEIER

Any Week

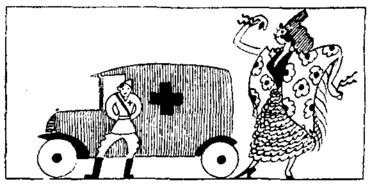
THE CRADLE

Friends of The Cradle, the Evanston, Illinois, agency that places babies for adoption, have protested against the implication in an article published in Collier's, September 16th, that The Cradle was conducted as a commercial enterprise. An investigation made by Collier's, at the invitation of The Cradle, shows that such implication is wholly unjustified. The Cradle is a reputable and respected charitable institution, backed by a board of eminent Chicagoans. It is not conducted for profit. All contributions are entirely voluntary. No charges are made at any time for the placement of its babies, and no gifts are accepted from families applying for babies until after babies are actually placed. If our article was open to any other interpretation we regret it.

IT IS the opinion of Mr. Jerome Lilly of Columbus, Ohio, that "this European war ought to be turned over to the columnists." Mr. Lilly exempts us. "I mean," said he gently, "the real columnists who, from flower bowers, leathery libraries and slightly stuffy sanctums, tell us daily just how England, France, Germany and Russia should do their fighting. No wonder Mr. Chamberlain seems at times to be somewhat bemused. He probably reads all the columns." Whereupon Mr. Lilly arrives at his point. "All these journalistic generals," writes he, while we nod vigorously in complete sympathy, "overlook the somewhat important point that this war, like all wars, was hatched by old men and old brains. The only part the young will take in it is the actual fighting and dying. Listen as you travel. You'll find that those who advocate American participation are almost invariably oldsters—anyway, too old to enlist, too old to be drafted. The lads who will have the fighting to do are just as overwhelmingly opposed to getting in. If there is any more to be said on this subject, you say it."



THERE is more, of course. But with some effort we refrain, applying ourselves instead to domestic problems. Somebody's got to. For example, there's that deathless problem about whether a married woman should be a wage earner. We said something about that recently and got into quite a wrangle. But we've just heard from Mr. Lewis B. Wasshard of Rome, Georgia, who'd put a stop to female wage-earning, married or single. "Many a girl," says Mr. Wasshard, "gets a salary of thirty to fifty dollars a month and lives at home with no board to pay, spending all her money on clothes and other non-essentials while many a young married man is going without a pair of pants worth mentioning." Mr. Wasshard has more to say on the subject. But you get the idea.



AND while it's a little out of our line, we are authorized by Madame Thess DeSilver of San Francisco, California, to announce that any privately financed war-bound ambulance unit "paying enough to keep body and soul together" may have her services in "any dignified capacity." Madame DeSilver can't drive a car and is not a nurse. "But," says she, "was I a Carmen! Was I a Thais! Was I a Camille! Was I a Sappho! I will send all responsible parties proof."

THERE we go again, getting warrish. From Mrs. Thelma Bankstauffer of Washington, D. C., we learn that the merchants of the capital would not object at all if Congress were to continue in extraordinary session until after Christmas. "Of course," says Mrs. Bankstauffer, "there are more honest ways for us merchants to earn a living but these are not times when a body can pick and choose."

AND a lady returning somewhat thankfully from Europe told us that she asked in a London bookshop for a copy of James Truslow Adams' Epic of America. The elderly shop assistant seemed a bit mystified. Was it a North America travel book? The lady explained in some detail. Whereupon a dim light broke over the gentleman's face. "Ah, yes," said he. "While I don't know the book you'll doubtless find it under Colonies." And the jolly part of it is that that's just where she found it.

SO NOW you know. W. D

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DE SOTO BIGGER—NEW ROOM NEW RIDE—PRICES LOWER!

100 HORSEPOWER ENGINE—122½" WHEELBASE—MANY NEW FEATURES!

Look—Ride—then Decide!

New Sealed Beam Headlight System gives you 50% to 65% greater road light.

Look what your dollar now buys! De Soto's bigger, wider, full of new features...*and lower priced!*

Look at its style! Rear doors are full width at bottom for easy entrance. Visibility is greater. Doors sealed against dust, drafts!

Inside—seats are wider...leg and shoulder room are increased! It's a really *big* 6-passenger car!

Try De Soto's 100 horsepower performance...its new Floating Ride. See how it handles on the open road! Look—Ride—then Decide! Drive De Soto before you buy! De Soto Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P.M.

A PRODUCT OF THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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DE LUXE COUPE

$845

Delivered at Detroit, Mich. Transportation, state, local taxes, extra.

DE LUXE SEDAN

$905

Delivered at Detroit, Mich. Transportation, state, local taxes, extra.

The Great American Family Car

Dandruff Sufferers

Listerine Antiseptic Treatment Fights Infectious Dandruff—Clinical Tests Showed Marked Improvement in 76% of Cases

If you are troubled with infectious dandruff, give Listerine Antiseptic a chance to prove how helpful it can be . . . how quickly it attacks the infection and those humiliating scales . . . how fresh, clean, and invigorated it makes your scalp feel. Users everywhere acclaim its benefits.

The treatment is as easy as it is delightful. Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine Antiseptic that has been famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle. Massage hair and scalp vigorously and persistently. In clinical tests, dandruff sufferers were delighted to find that this treatment brought rapid improvement in most cases.

Kills Bottle Bacillus

Dandruff is the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When this condition is due to germs, as is often the case, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you. It gives the scalp and hair a cooling and invigorating antiseptic bath . . . kills millions of germs associated with infectious dandruff, including Pityrosporum Ovale. This strange "bottle bacillus" is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

Rabbits inoculated with Pityrosporum Ovale developed definite dandruff symptoms which disappeared shortly after being treated with Listerine Antiseptic daily.

And in a dandruff clinic, 76% of the men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

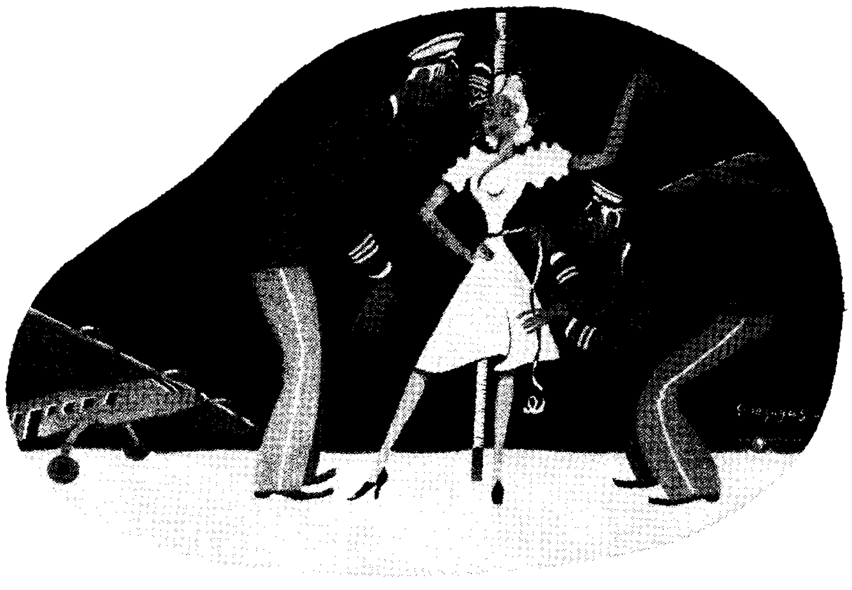
Don't Delay, Use Listerine Antiseptic Now

If you are troubled with dandruff, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage right now—delay may aggravate the trouble. It's the method that has demonstrated its usefulness in a substantial majority of test cases. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic *right along the part with a medicine dropper,* to avoid wetting the hair excessively. Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers *or* a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, *enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard* against infection. *Genuine* Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

LISTERINE
Good Housekeeping Bureau



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Air-line stewardesses are obliged to meet extremely strict physical requirements. Not only do they have to be healthy, pretty, pleasant and single, but they must not be more than five feet five inches in height, 120 pounds in weight and twenty-five years of age at the time of employment.

In French criminal courts, witnesses are permitted to use rumor, suspicion, hearsay, opinion and even invective in relating their version of the crime and their knowledge of the person on trial.

Ordinary ice will not float in a number of liquids, among which are alcohol, ammonia, benzene, ether and turpentine.—*By Hubert F. Bergmans, Sacramento, California.*

In an average collection of 1,000 plants, about 286 have white flowers, 226 yellow, 220 red, 141 blue, 73 violet, 36 green, 12 orange, 4 brown and 2 almost black.

For many years, several large armament companies in Europe have not stopped their machinery, except to observe the two minutes' silence on Armistice Day.

"*Professor Mamlock,*" an official Russian motion picture exhibited in England, is the most scathing attack on Hitlerism on record. The picture was secretly filmed and smuggled out of Germany.

Many of the 264 destroyers in the United States Navy are equipped with K-tube, fish-type hydrophones, or "ears," which are so sensitive they can detect the throb of submarine motors within a radius of thirty miles.

Thirty-five of the forty-seven states in which deer are found and twenty of the twenty-three states in which bear are found have open seasons for hunting them.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774) is reputed to be the only English author who achieved outstanding distinction in three branches of literature, as a novelist, poet and playwright, having written The Vicar of Wakefield, The Deserted Village and She Stoops to Conquer.

There are only three makes of radio sets on the market that will receive the new frequency-modulation system of broadcasting and only six stations that are using this modern type of radio transmission, which is so clear and free from static that it threatens to revolutionize the broadcasting industry.

Taxes—property, sales, income and "hidden"—represent at least $20 of every $100 spent by the average American family. "Hidden" taxes are those that have been paid, but which have been shifted along to the ultimate consumer, by the producer of the raw material, the processor, manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer.

Plastic surgeons have found that the human skin can be stretched, like a piece of rubber, as much as forty-three per cent.

In London every company having fifty or more employees is obliged by law to provide a suitable bombproof shelter for them.

Georgia is the only state that has remained Democratic in every presidential election since the Civil War.—*By Suzanne Arnote, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.*

The popularity of night baseball has been proved to the five major-league clubs that played it during the past season. Their combined day attendance averaged only 24,800, while their night attendance was 119,500, or nearly five times as much.

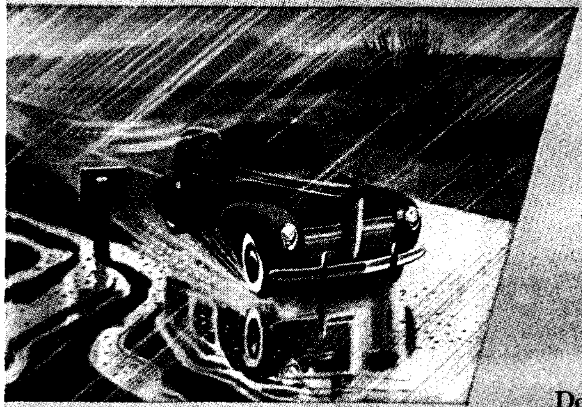
Several Parisian firms render a unique service to persons who wish to take a holiday in a certain city or country but wish to make others believe that they are elsewhere. These companies supply stationery of the leading hotels, mail the letters at the proper time and place and even prepare photographs of the patron in the native clothes and scenery of the "alibi" locations.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. *Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof.* Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. *This column is copyrighted by Collier's,* The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

This is the Life

and it's yours!

FROM SEALED BEAM lights to tapering back, the new Nash is so perfectly streamlined, it literally bores a hole through the air. Even lowest-priced models flash from 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds flat, high gear.



FRESH AIR without rain, without cold! New Weather Eye magic brings in more June-fresh air—automatically foils changing weather. No stuffy air, dust, drafts, or bugs bother you at any time.

YOU CAN TELL by the long, flashing lines of it . . . by the way it bursts ahead of traffic . . . *this 1940 Nash does something to you!*

Thank your stars—the way it makes you feel isn't figured in the price—or a Nash would cost you a cool million.

You can't even sit in it without your chin going up.

And taking a trip? That's as gay an event as a midnight sailing to Havana!

Then off come cumbersome coats, hats, gloves . . . for the Nash Weather Eye has more wizardry than ever, to change icy winds into a warm May day.

You take the wheel (or it takes *you*—for every control seems to read your mind), and home fades away far behind.

Don't expect your Nash to keep its dignity at the traffic light . . . or loiter behind.

For there's a new thrill in the throttle . . . a brand-new *Fourth* Speed Forward that not only gives you a floating, gliding speed, but also terrific passing power with an Automatic Overtake!

Take a short-cut? Sure—for this is the car with that Arrow-Flight ride! On slippery gravel, corduroy road—or straight across a cow-pasture—you can steer with a finger, and hardly know bumps exist beneath your dancing wheels!

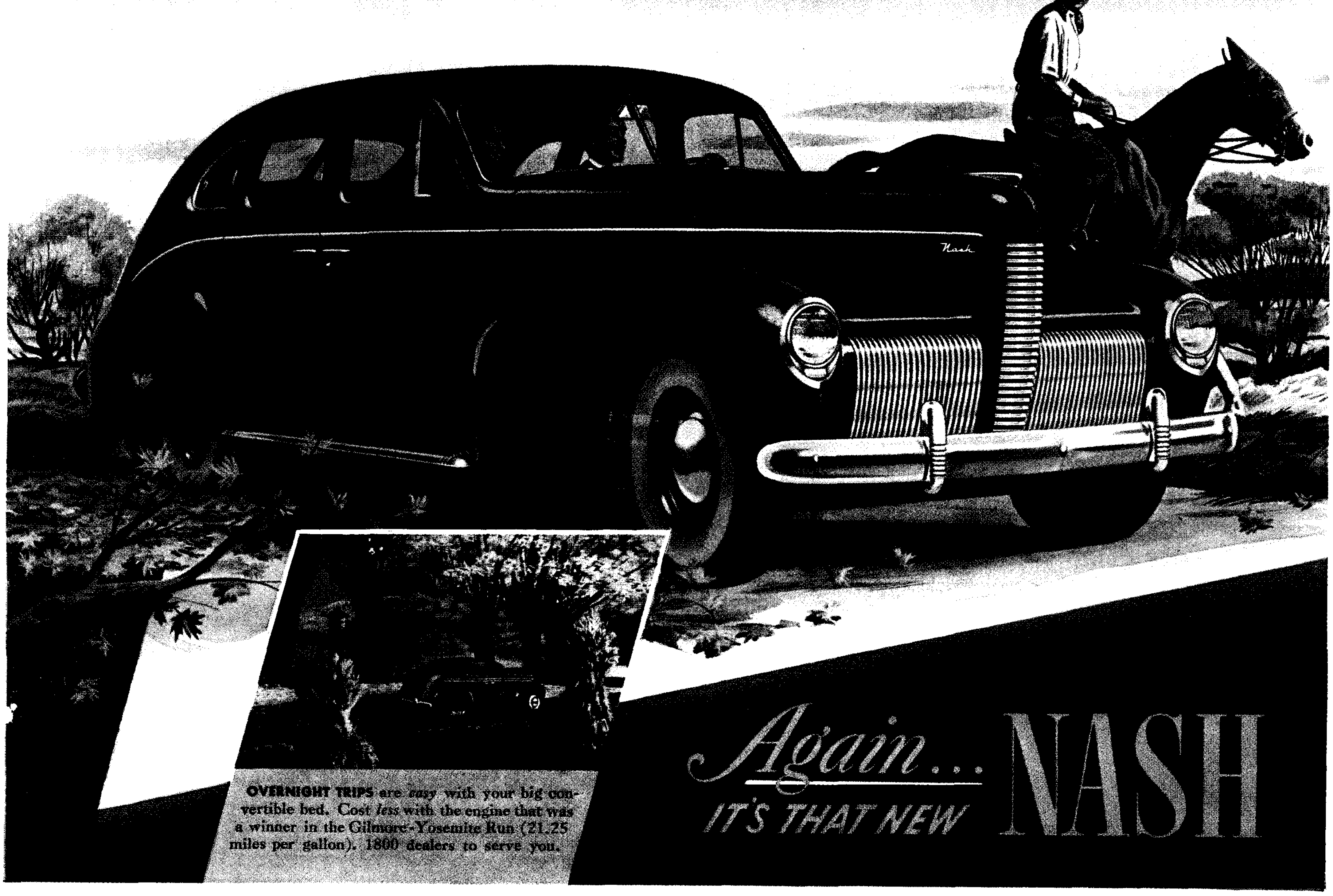
So you breathe in deep the fresh, clean air that other drivers don't get—chat and sing in the silence others never know—watch the crazy-quilt of Autumn other eyes are too busy to see.

Then you'll know why some of these new Nash owners have not yet turned back home—why that convertible bed in back is necessary.

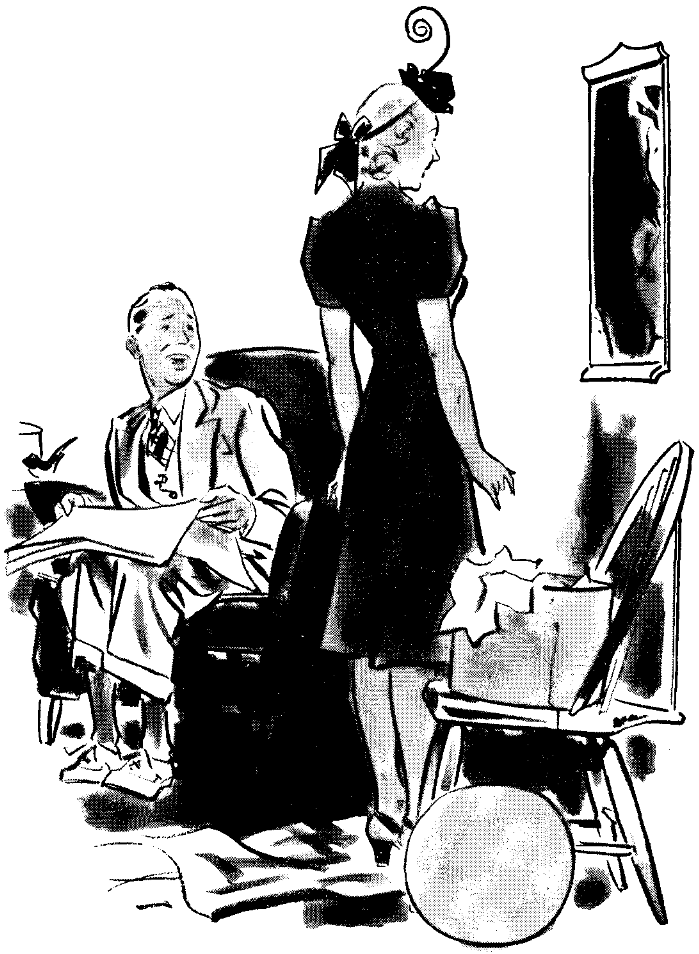
• • •

No fooling—it *does* get you! Makes driving any other car pretty dull business.

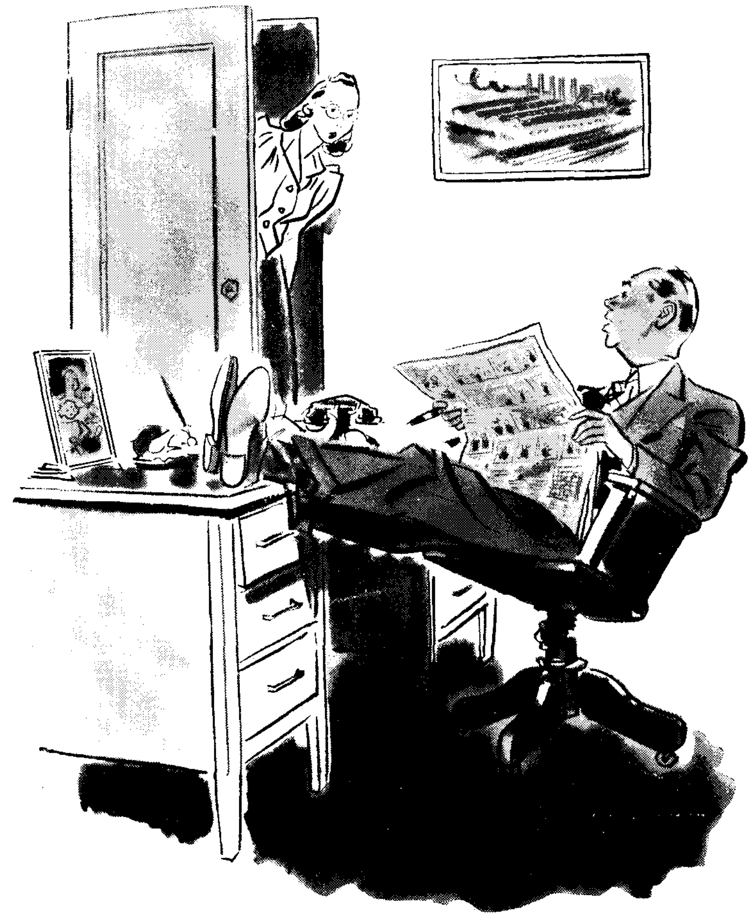
After all, you're only going to live about 90 years more—why shouldn't you see your dealer, and have your fun in a long-life Nash?



OVERNIGHT TRIPS are *easy* with your big convertible bed. Cost *less* with the engine that was a winner in the Gilmore-Yosemite Run (21.25 miles per gallon). 1800 dealers to serve you.



1. *"Why, darling, it's beautiful"*



2. *"Just tell that insurance agent I'm in conference"*

HERE are two familiar situations many a man has faced:

In the first situation, he may honestly believe that his wife's new hat would send shudders through a stuffed owl. But when confronted with the question, "How do you like it, dear?", even the most confirmed stickler for truth takes refuge in evasion. And no harm's done.

But in the second situation, evasion can turn on a man and nip him in an uncomfortable spot. For when you ring in some of the stock excuses to avoid seeing an insurance man, it amounts to dodging the fellow whose business it is to do you a good turn.

Of course, an insurance man is a salesman. But what other salesman can do so much for you?

What other salesman will see to it that your wife and youngsters are clothed, fed, and have a roof over their heads, in case you aren't there to take care of these things yourself?

What other salesman will arrange to pay for doctors, hospital, and nursing bills, if an accident lays you up and prevents you from earning the money?

What other salesman will take over the responsibility of protecting your home, bank account, and good name, in case your car is in a smashup and a damage suit threatens to take them all away from you?

We believe, and we say it in all sincerity, that, minute for minute, the time you spend talking to insurance men will bring you more in peace of mind, security, and happiness than any like number of minutes in your lifetime.

Travelers representatives make a serious study of insurance. From Travelers Training Courses they get a fund of knowledge it would take years to accumulate in any other way. They are able to shape insurance to your personal needs.

* * *

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

Collier's The National Weekly for November 4, 1939

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GEORGE ADAMS

They've Picked Your War Job

By Walter Davenport

This is how The Plan will work. This is how our lives will be changed when M Day dawns. This is how it will be—if we decide to fight. In case we don't like it, there's one way out. We can refuse to be bullied, cajoled, flattered or scared into Europe's war

TO EARS that remembered, it sounded like the rattle of distant machine guns. But instead of mowing down battalions they were creating them. A thousand tabulating machines were yammering their calls to arms.

To eyes that recalled, it looked like GHQ of the A.E.F. scrambling into harassed huddles at the call of breathless runners. But instead of dispatching troops to meet an oncoming enemy they were massing them for training. A thousand electrified officers were plying the soldier's trade. Up and down the shabby corridors of the War Department they strode, their shoulders a little straighter, their backs stiffer, their eyes alert with the light of battles to come. This is what they'd been trained to. Business was picking up. Field marshal batons, dormant for twenty years, were sprouting in knapsacks.

Outside, a hundred million Americans were telling each other that Europe's suicide was none of our business. Let Europe die and be damned. Let Germany, France and England smash themselves to bloody pulp against their concrete walls. Let Poland perish. Let Britain rule the seven seas and Germany paint the heavens crimson. America wanted no part of it. Remember the Argonne. Remember Belleau Wood. What did all that get us? Debts, doubt and dead men.

But inside they were deaf to all that. The Yankee war machine was being oiled, primed and fueled to turn out armies. In twenty days after the President should solemnly intone his war proclamation a million clerks and farmers, salesmen and chauffeurs, schoolboys and millhands would be conscripted, in uniform, with rifles in their hands, being taught to kill and be killed. For whom? The War Department assured us that the answer was not their affair. For what? They shook their heads again. Congress would have to answer that. They were doing only what we were paying them for—raising armies.

And doing it well. Like men giving account of their labors they proudly showed you that from three conscript classes the United States Army could choose from 28,000,000 men. It would be the President's duty to nominate which class the first call would muster. And the chances were that war would feed first on the 12,000,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. Of these, forty per cent would be immediately available—4,800,000 lusty young

KEYSTONE

Civilians on the draft list received advance training during the World War before their class was called up for service. This helped to shorten the later training-camp time

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Draft evaders had a difficult time during the World War. Here are some of them, unable to produce registration cards, being taken to a "detention camp" in a New York armory

fellows who'd much rather be at their books and plows, their desks and their wheels. The rest of the first 12,000,000 would have to wait for their hero halos because they would be the Army's first rejects—turned back because they were burdened with dependents or cursed with physical or mental infirmities.

Before these rejects got their chance to die for whatever it might be we'd be fighting for, the second class would be called. The second draft would fall upon boys from eighteen years old to twenty-one. We have 3,000,000 of these lads and 2,100,000 of them or seventy per cent would be absorbed forthwith. All these percentages are based upon experience—our own and foreign experience—plus the vital statistics of life insurance companies. You see, fewer of these kids will have become husbands and fathers. Also they won't have had time to have contracted all the physical disorders their elders have accumulated. Or if they are somewhat less than physically, morally and mentally perfect (as all good soldiers must be, of course) Army training will remedy that.

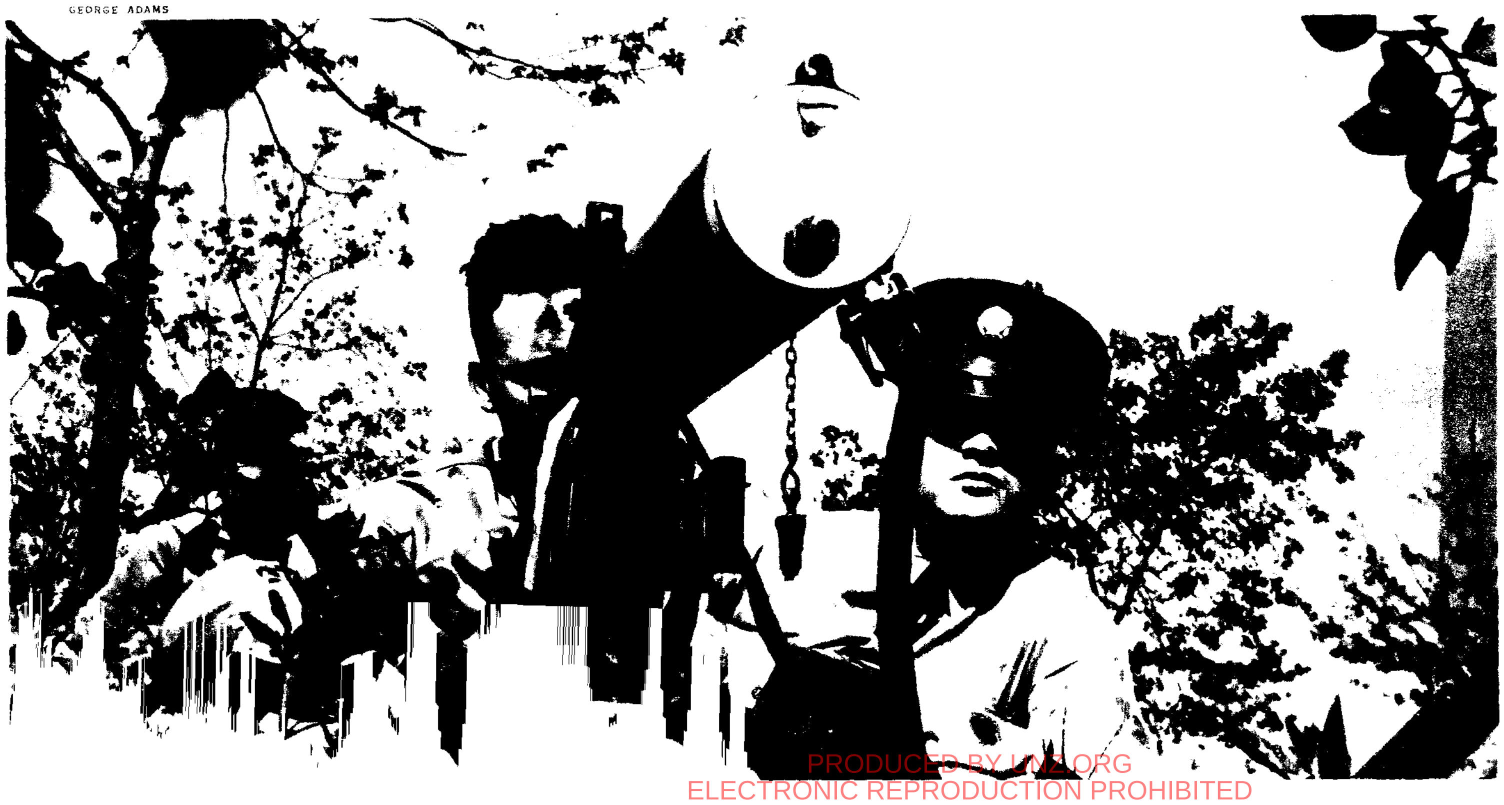
If the Army were somewhat more sure of its ground, there would be but two classes—eighteen years to thirty and thirty-one to forty-five. It is different in Europe where your enemy lives practically in your lap. In Europe they draft them from sixteen to sixty, demanding only that you can stand up to be shot and see to shoot. Europe's draftees are expected to have dependents in large lots. But here it's different—so different that the Army is chary of designating the first class as eighteen to thirty. The moment the military hand falls upon the shoulder of the minor, the war machine's popularity—at best never enormous—goes into a decline. Call the minors first and forthwith you have asked for and have got the enduring disapproval of three quarters of America's mothers. It is axiomatic with armies that their own women can be their deadliest foe. Therefore the babies get the second call—after the womenfolk have got used to the sight of conscripts.

Strength is Measured by Reserves

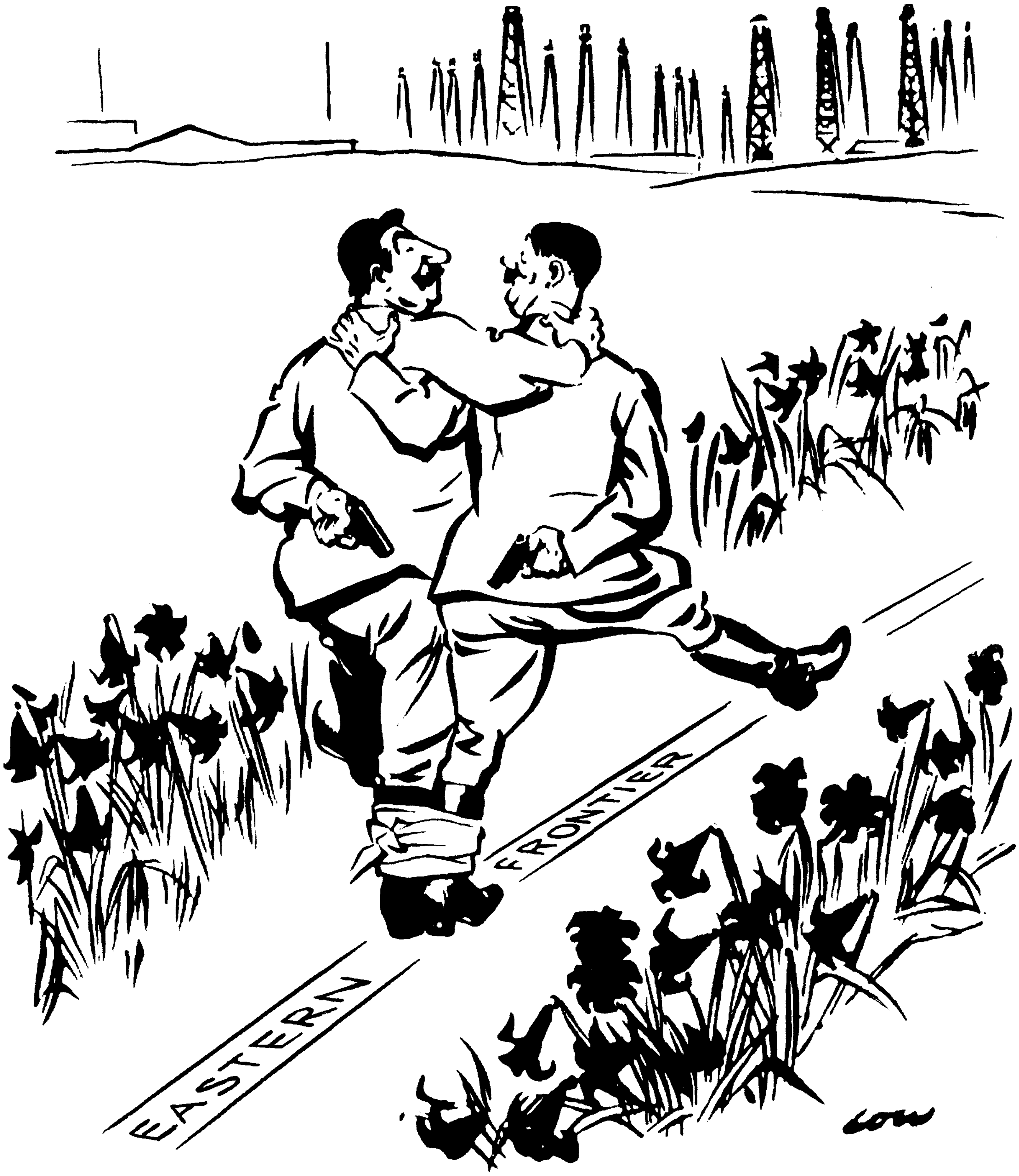
Anyway, there in two classes the Army would have 6,900,000 to give the enemy pause. And if these be insufficient, the third class would be drafted. Here we have 13,000,000 men between the ages of thirty-one and forty-five. By the same reckoning and for like reasons only twenty per cent of these would be chosen—2,600,000. And the Army believes that this will be enough—9,500,000. If it isn't they can, of course, go back to those first and second classes and take a million or two or three or four of the first rejects. Perhaps these will fall short of the professional soldier's warrior ideal, but by the time we've got into Europe's war Europe already will have fallen back on its reserves of men. And Europe's second raters will have to compete with our 9,500,000 best. Remember 1918? Moreover, the experts assure us that our reserves—the fellows who don't make the grade at the first plucking—are years, pounds and intelligences better than Europe's. And as in baseball, football, hockey and love the strength of an army is measured by the might of its reserves.

Now don't waste your time getting excited about this. And if you insist upon arguing, argue with the General

GEORGE ADAMS



Regular Army men at Governors Island, New York, manning a 30-caliber Browning machine gun. With the Regular Army as a nucleus, America can throw 9,500,000 men into the field



SOMEONE IS TAKING SOMEONE FOR A WALK

DRAWN BY **LOW** FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

Staff of the United States Army. We're merely telling you what they're doing and what's been occupying their time and thoughts for the past five or six years. It's all blocked out, mapped, charted, enumerated and planned and sworn to.

Since 1933 the General Staff of the Army has been working it out. What they've been at and what they hoped to achieve was no particular secret. England knew it. Germany knew it. Russia and Japan knew it. And spies didn't have to tell them; there would be no solid comfort in the knowledge anyway. Of the plan, one of Japan's most widely advertised statesmen is supposed to have said to a German staff officer with the sniffs: "It's nothing to worry about until it ceases merely to be a project."

Of course, before it can operate, Congress will have to authorize a conscript army. There's no reason why Congress should dally; the bill is already drafted—a delightfully comprehensive instrument, as terse and cold as a major's command, softened only by the delicate title of Selective Service Act. But let us assume that we do get into this peculiar European war and that Congress loses no time in passing the act. The chances are excellent that the President will sign it the same day. Then the juggernaut will begin to roll—and a lot of people are going to get hurt.

A Lottery That No One Wins

Within eight days 12,000,000 men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty will have been registered. The registration will be completed in one day. Sixty-four hundred draft boards are already in existence awaiting that day to end days which the Army calls M. Four days later the national drawing will begin—the national lottery in which everybody loses. The President himself will be asked to draw the first name, thus visiting a fleeting glory upon some obscure young man who will be the first American to be drafted into the Second World War. On the seventeenth day—seventeen days after Congress has made it illegal for an able-bodied man to refuse to go to Europe and be killed, the names of the first draft contingent will be posted. And somewhere between the ninetieth day and the hundred and twentieth day the lucky stiffs will be ready, the Army says, to fight somebody.

That's speed. In 1917 and 1918 the average American draftee was trained at home for six months before taking to the glory road. Then he had about sixty days of training in France before he faced the foe. And even when he went into the line he was put down in a quiet sector to get his nerves tuned. Thus he didn't get a decent chance to be shot for eight or nine months after he had donned his uniform.

If the President signs the bill, while we're still talking about the beauty of his War Proclamation, fifty thousand carpenters will be raising cantonments. Three hundred clothing manufacturers will be sewing on uniforms. Two hundred shoe factories will be cobbling hobnail boots. And this time we hope they fit. Fifty thousand trucks and railroad cars will be carrying rations. Celerity is the word for it. And none of that 1917 nonsense when we got to Europe almost too late to help pave the way for the second world war.

Anyway, 300,000 civilians would be drafted into the Army the first month and 200,000 each month thereafter until we halt for cause—run out of equipment, exceed a manageable number of men or come to the end of the war. And in the latter circumstance, provided victory has selected our banners for her lodgings, all we shall have to worry about is what to do about several million more veterans who will, naturally, organize for compensations, allowances, pensions and preferences. It's really something to think about—the economic consequences of the Second World War. We're still paying for the first one. It is not simple at the moment to tell how much it is going to cost merely to induct, equip and train this new conscript army—maybe no more than five hundred dollars a man if the speed envisioned by the General Staff is realized. But if we draft 5,000,000 men that's going to run into money. And this $2,500,000,000 will have nothing to do with transporting or maintaining or patching up the draft army in action. Nor have we taken into consideration the cost of maintaining the regular Army plus the National Guard on war footing. Figure it out for yourself. We spent considerably more than $1,000,000 an hour for two years for the privilege of fighting in the first world war. Exclusive of what we lent the Allies the direct cost to us was $22,000,000,000.

Of course, we may not get into the war. And it is possible that if we do pitch in that we shall not send an expeditionary force to Europe. Mention these hopes to the General Staff officers and they look at you as they might at a defective child and gently say that they hope so too. But somehow you get the impression (it's really more than an impression) that the professional soldier, being a realist, doing his thinking strictly according to regulations, does not believe that we can enter the war and not Europe too. He will grant you that at the moment considerably more than ninety per cent of us will utter a reverberating YES if asked whether we should remain neutral. Today a war declaration would have about as much chance of passing Congress as a salary cut. But it was like that in 1916 too. . . .

We're All Tabulated

All of which, we admit, is somewhat beside the immediate point. The General Staff, whose only job is to prepare for action that you hope won't come, has done a superb job. From every voting precinct in the United States they have compiled their lists. From Bellingham, Washington, to Clearwater, Florida; from San Diego, California, to Eastport, Maine, they've tabulated the man power of America. They haven't overlooked any of us from Noah's, Arkansas, to Frenzy, Montana. Every doctor, dentist, lawyer, chiropodist, veterinarian, clergyman, engineer and schoolteacher is listed and classified. Whether you're an acting alternate deputy sheriff or a dust-bowl refugee, an apprentice angel in a Father Divine heaven or a sweeper-up in a six-hand sweatshop, you're down there. From the Census Bureau, from the files of the Social Security Board, from the polling lists of every election precinct, from half a dozen other agencies, they've compiled and compared the rosters. They have found that 10,000,000 married women are gainfully employed and that 3,000,000 of them have husbands who also bring in money. They know too what those 3,000,000 husbands do, if anything, and how much they

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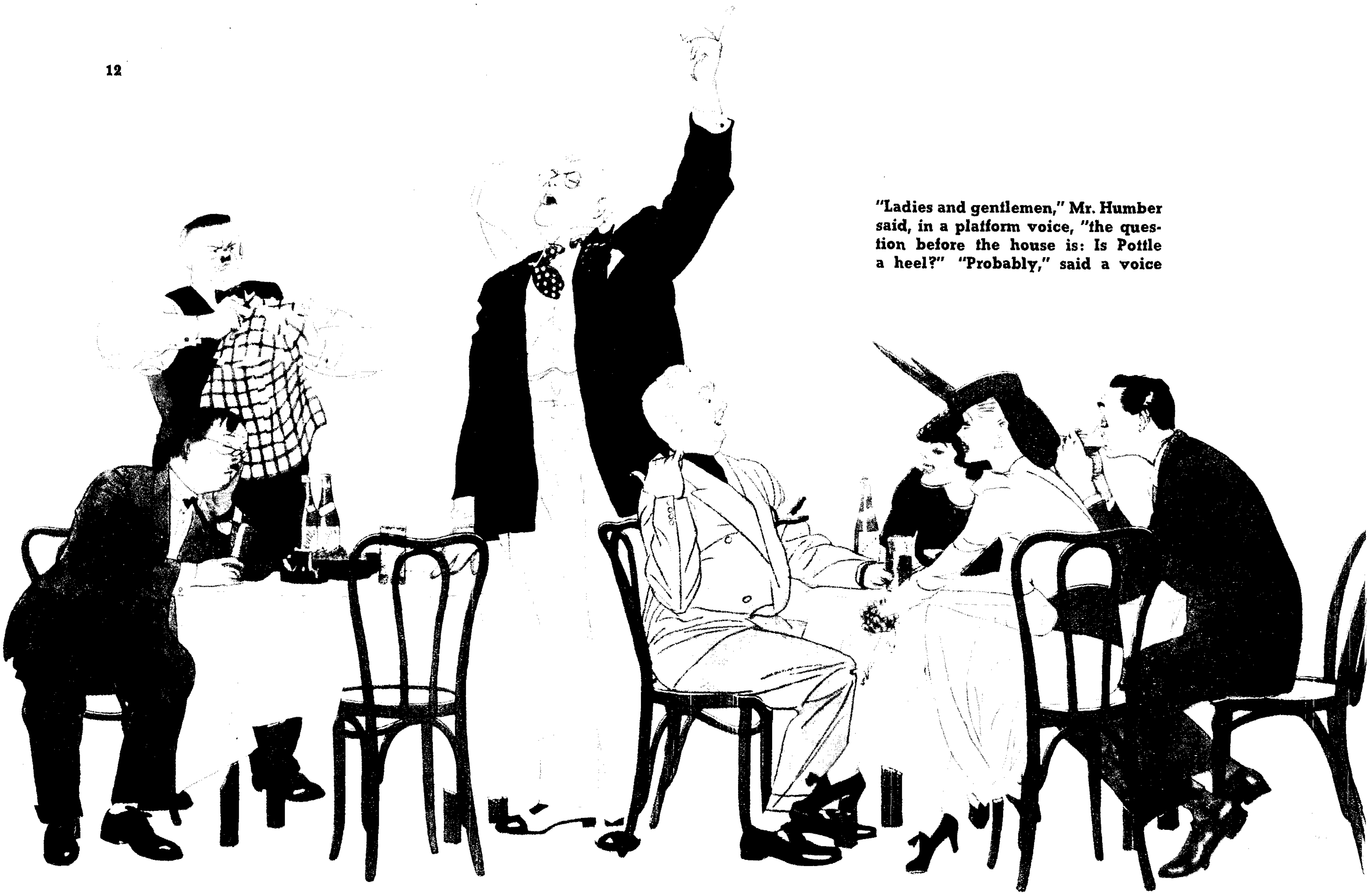

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Humber said, in a platform voice, "the question before the house is: Is Pottle a heel?" "Probably," said a voice

Afternoon of a Husband

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The lemonades at Gus's Grotto possess—shall we say, a certain potency. Yes, Mr. Pottle?

BLOND, plump Blossom Pottle panted into the living room. "I won," *she cried.*

Her husband made a matrimonial sound which means, "I love you, but, when I'm reading, why can't you let me alone?"

"Put down that paper and listen to me," said Mrs. Pottle.

His middle-aged head popped out of the paper like a trained turtle's.

"I won," repeated Mrs. Pottle.

"That's nice," said Mr. Pottle. "What was the score?"

"All you think of is ball games and the barber business," complained Mrs. Pottle.

"Well, booful," said Mr. Pottle, meekly, "you shouldn't have married a low-brow. But," he added, "I'm glad you did. What did you win?"

"The nomination for the presidency of the Minerva Club."

He rose to his tiptoes and kissed her. "Atta girl!" he said. "You got it coming to you, the way you've worked to build the new clubhouse. Nice going, Madame President."

A trouble cloud eclipsed Mrs. Pottle's dimples. "I'm not elected yet," she said. "Chances are I won't be. The old guard has put up Octavia Gulick."

"That skinny ninny!" hooted Mr. Pottle. "Why, she suffers from mental bald spots. She's not in your class, Blossom."

"That's just the trouble," said Mrs. Pottle, bleakly. "She's a goose, but she's a Gulick. My platform is that I raised most of the money to build the club. *Hers* is that her ancestors drove the Indians out of this part of Ohio."

"That," declared Mr. Pottle, "is un-American. And I'll bet a bottle of shampoo it's untrue."

"It's history," said his wife.

"If I know those Gulicks, and I'm sorry to say I do, they didn't have to drive out the redskins. The Injuns took one look at those human refrigerators and beat it—or maybe froze to death," said Mr. Pottle. "Honest, booful, those high-hats give me a pain in at least two places."

"THEY'RE related to a lot of important people," said Mrs. Pottle. "Generals, senators, bankers—"

Brown and grinning, Marveola stuck her head in at the door and in a mellow bawl called: "Suppah!"

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Pottle, "she *will* enter without knocking, and she just *won't* learn to say 'Dinner is served.' "

"She bakes a billion-dollar pie," said Mr. Pottle.

"Ambrose, do I *always* have to remind you to put on your coat for dinner?"

As he spooned his soup, Mr. Pottle asked: "Honey, is there any way I can help your campaign?"

He waited, hoping she would say "No." She said "Yes."

"We open the new club with dedication ceremonies a week from tonight," she said. "There will be a dedicatory address"—she lowered her voice to a reverent tone—"by guess who."

"One of the Gulicks?"

"No. Eggleston Humber!"

"No kidding!" said Mr. Pottle, impressed. "Say, how did you get a big shot like Humber to come to a woman's club in a dinky town?"

"Well, I didn't get him," said Blossom, unhappily. "Octavia Gulick did. That is, her cousin, the senator, did."

"Great man, Humber," said Mr. Pottle. "He'd made a good President, too. The White House kind, I mean. Yep, Humber would make a pip of a President—but a hell of a candidate."

"I'd vote for him," said Mrs. Pottle.

"So would I," said Mr. Pottle.

"He's a deep thinker."

"That's his trouble," said Mr. Pottle. "I heard him on the radio once. Right off the bat he made a crack about 'technological economic implementation.' I couldn't have followed him if I'd been on a motorcycle with an encyclopedia in my hand. His talk was all about Utopia—"

"HE HAS written many books about it," said Mrs. Pottle. "He describes himself as a practical Utopian."

"I'm glad to know that," said Mr. Pottle. "He spoke two hours, and, at the end, I didn't know whether Utopia is a country in Europe or a five-cent cigar."

"Utopia," said Mrs. Pottle, "is a place where everything is perfect."

"Then it ain't in Europe," said Mr. Pottle.

Marveola thumped the cutlet on the table.

"Of course," said Mrs. Pottle, "our distinguished guest must be met at the station and entertained. As chairman of the dedication committee, that is my responsibility."

"You'll wow him," predicted Mr. Pottle.

"Unfortunately," continued Blossom, "my many duties will prevent me from looking after him. Five hundred ladies, representing women's clubs all over the Midwest, will be here and I'll have my hands full with them. I must leave Mr. Humber to you."

"Me?" quavered Mr. Pottle. "Aw, now, Blossom, *you* take Humber. *I'll* handle the dames."

"Ambrose Pottle," said Blossom, a colonel addressing a corporal, "you will meet Eggleston Humber when he arrives on the five-seventeen express from New York; you will show him the sights of the city; you will take him to dinner at the Hotel Mortimore; and you will see that he is at the Minerva Club in time to speak at ten sharp."

"But what can I talk to him about?" wailed Mr. Pottle.

"Let *him* do the talking."

"I won't understand a word he says."

"Try to *look* as if you did."

"Blossom, can't you get somebody else?"

"Who? A Gulick?"

"Well," said Mr. Pottle, "a Gulick wouldn't be scared to talk to him."

"They'd bore his ears off. All they can talk about is their family tree."

"They ought to live in it," said Mr. Pottle, gloomily.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Pottle. "Anyway, Ambrose, *you* are going to meet Mr. Humber—*for me!*"

Mr. Pottle shivered. Then he reached across the table and hoisted his wife's hand aloft.

"You win," he said.

MR. POTTLE paced the station platform, nervous as an expectant father, but less hopeful. The humid July day made him think of a hot towel; his mission made him feel like one. From the express flowed a massive, stately personage with a dreaming brow and a doing chin. Mr. Pottle touched him on the arm, timidly.

"I'm Pottle," he said.

Eggleston Humber glanced down from Olympian heights.

"Are you?" he said, with little interest and less enthusiasm. "That's too bad."

He started to stride away.

Mr. Pottle trotted after him, a Peke at the heels of a mastiff.

"But—but—look—I'm not Pottle—I mean 'pottle' isn't something the matter with me; it's my name," he said, and was inspired to add, "I'm Mrs. Pottle's husband."

The great man peered down at the small man as if he were looking at something through a microscope.

"The day is far too warm to discuss domestic troubles with a stranger," he said.

"But I'm not a stranger," said Mr. Pottle. "I'm here to meet you. Welcome to our city, sir. In fact, thrice welcome."

"Thank you," said Mr. Humber. "Forgive me for being so short with you. I thought you were affected by the heat. Also, I was rather expecting to be met by a committee of ladies."

Mr. Pottle had been carefully drilled in what he was to say. He began:

"Mrs. Pottle, chairman of the dedicatory committee, regrets exceedingly that she could not be here to welcome you, but pressing duties prevent. She—"

He got rattled and went up in his lines.

"She couldn't make it so she made me come," he finished.

"Ah, she *made* you come, eh?" said the Utopian.

"Oh, it's a pleasure, I assure you," said Mr. Pottle, with a patently spurious smile. "My car is parked over here. This way, sir."

As the family sedan puffed away, Mr. Pottle said, hopefully, "Guess you'd like to go to the hotel and lie down and rest till dinner."

"I had a siesta on the train," said Mr. Humber. "I think I'd find a drive in the fresh air, if you have any here, most salutiferous."

"We'll drive out through Gulick Park, past Gulick Lake, and up Gulick Hill and around the Gulick monument," said Mr. Pottle. "It's just a rock—but it's historic. They claim it was there the Miami Indians scalped a Gulick."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Humber, fanning his damp, austere profile with his panama. "And what, pray, is a Gulick?"

"The Gulicks are our first family," Mr. Pottle told him. "Anyway, they got here first."

"Are you of that ilk?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Mr. Pottle. "The Pottles are just folks."

THEY left the broiled streets of the town for the baked roads of the country.

"This calefaction is Plutonian," said Mr. Humber. "My throat is in a Sahara-like state of aridity."

"Want me to take you to a doctor?" asked Mr. Pottle, anxiously.

"To an oasis," said Mr. Humber. "For a cooling beverage, say, iced tea."

"Oh, you're thirsty," said Mr. Pottle. "Same here. Well, the nearest spot is Gus's Grotto—but that's a kind of low sort of joint. You wouldn't like it."

"I dare say," said Mr. Humber. "But I must allay my siccity."

Mr. Pottle stopped before the roadhouse, and he and the Utopian penetrated into the cool and beery gloom of the Grotto, a cave of palpably synthetic rocks and fraudulent flowers.

"Name it, gents," said Gus.

Mr. Pottle looked across the table at Mr. Humber.

"The beer here is good," said Mr. Pottle.

"I do not drink beer," said Mr. Humber.

"Two lemonades," ordered Mr. Pottle.

"Plain?" asked Gus. "A little gin makes 'em taste better."

Mr. Pottle ventured an interrogative look at Mr. Humber and got back a negative frown.

"Plain," said Mr. Pottle.

Gus lumbered barward.

"In Utopia," said Mr. Humber, "man will not feel the necessity of spirits."

"You're a hundred and one per cent right," agreed Mr. Pottle. "When everybody is rich and happy, folks won't have any reason to light themselves up with firewater. Buttermilk will do."

"Precisely."

"Of course," said Mr. Pottle, "right now the world needs a pretty big repair job to put it in perfect shape. I don't doubt tomorrow is going to be grand; but, you and me, Mr. Humber, we got to do our living today."

"Well put," said Mr. Humber. Mr. Pottle sensed he was boring his guest. He was tempted to tell him the new one about the old maid and the burglar; but one look at the Utopian's stern and rock-bound face deterred him. Gus brought the lemonades.

"Here's seeing you in Utopia!" said Mr. Pottle.

They downed the drinks sedately.

"Shall we go?" said Mr. Pottle.

"Not for a moment, if you don't mind," said Mr. Humber. "Frankly, Mr. Pottle, I am beset by an almost cosmic fatigue. Twenty-nine lectures in twenty-two days! A thousand letters! Five chapters of a new book! Problems, foreign and domestic! I am spent, Mr. Pottle, spent."

"You need a tonic," said Mr. Pottle, sympathetically.

"I need Nirvana," returned Mr. Humber.

"Your wife?" Mr. Pottle inquired.

The look that came to Mr. Humber's face was distinctly un-Utopian.

"No! Nirvana is not my wife. Not my wife at all. Nirvana is a state of complete contentment and peace," he said.

"I read that your wife always travels with you wherever you go," said Mr. Pottle.

"She does," said Mr. Humber. "She does, indeed. In twenty-three years she has seldom left my side. She would be with me now but her mother, who lives with us, is ill with a bad case of hives. My wife, Mr. Pottle, is a remarkable woman."

"So is mine," said Mr. Pottle. "Shall we have another lemonade?"

"No, thank you." Mr. Humber was emphatic. "I don't really like it."

"Neither do I," admitted Mr. Pottle. "It's not so bad if it has a stick in it. I mean," he hastened on, "if a fellow likes a stick. I don't any more. I haven't had a drink since prohibition."

"Nor I," said Mr. Humber.

"It's poison, anyway," said Mr. Pottle.

"Unquestionably."

"Makes you do things you shouldn't want to do."

"Invariably."

"One little drink—maybe at the most two—are all right; but some fellows don't know when to stop. Am I right, Mr. Humber?"

"Indubitably."

"I'm glad I'm off the stuff for life."

"My wife won't let me drink, either," said Mr. Humber.

Mr. Pottle raised incredulous eyes to Mr. Humber's visage and detected the wraith of a twinkle. Mr. Pottle grinned.

"Bring us," said Mr. Pottle to Gus, "two more lemonades."

"Yes, sir. Plain?"

Mr. Pottle looked at Mr. Humber. Mr. Humber looked at Mr. Pottle.

IN THE world and in the Grotto, that perennial parader, Time, marched on.

"—and so, lastly, and in conclusion, and to put it in a nutshell," said Mr. Pottle, "my idea of a Utopia is a place where a guy is glad to get up in the morning and glad to go to bed at night."

Eggleston Humber nodded ponderously three times.

"I concur unanimously," he said. "Your sagacity is only equaled by your lucidity. You've got a head on you, Pot."

"Thank you, Egg. But I guess I got a nerve lecturing to you about Utopia. That's *your* racket."

"Confidentially, Pot," said Mr. Humber, "I get awful tired of it sometimes. Being a Utopian isn't much fun. What I've always wanted to be is a wrestler. Here—feel my arm."

"Gosh, it's like iron," lied Mr. Pottle, as he pinched Mr. Humber's large, flabby biceps. "You must be as strong as a bull."

"Two bulls," said Mr. Humber. "Ho,

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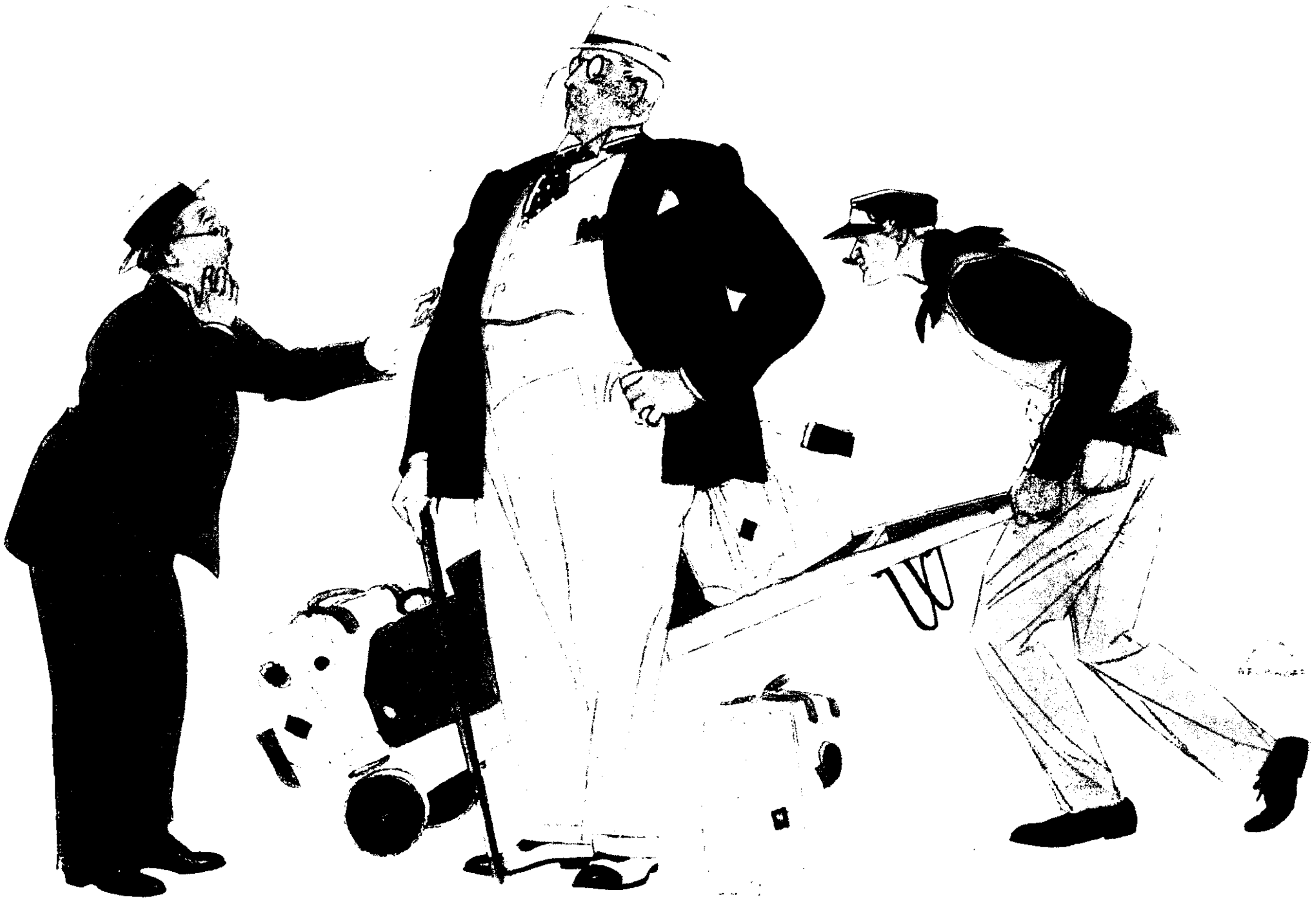
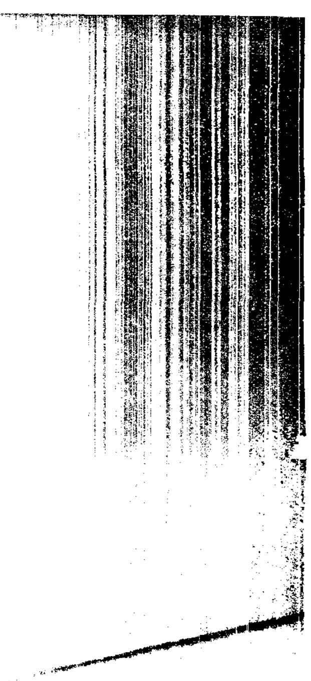


"I'm Pottle," he said. "Are you?" replied Eggleston Humber. "That's too bad"

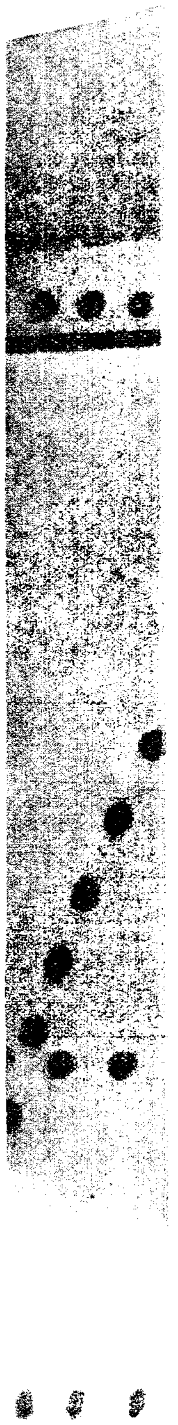


Interrupted Take-Off

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The purpose of the flight was to forget the girl. Pete hadn't thought beyond that point but the girl had



PETE URQUHART got Kit Valentine's wire shortly after dark, just as he was leaving the hangar. All it said, when the code abbreviations were taken out of it, was that she was taking off at once from Tucson to San Diego (where he was), and that he was to wait up for her, because she had to see him.

After he had shrugged off the electric tingle he always got from any word either from or about Kit Valentine, he immediately got in touch with Tucson, in an effort to stop her. Pete himself had a reputation for being willing to fly his ship on its back through a knothole, but whenever Kit Valentine flew at night he was nervous. There wasn't any real reason for it; Kit was a good pilot. It was just the way he felt about it.

He didn't know then that Kit meant to fly back again in the same night. And he didn't have any special hunch about it. Even afterward, thinking back, he knew that he had had no particular premonition of anything happening to her. He couldn't stop her, of course, and his try was a waste of telephone tolls. Later he got no satisfaction whatever out of recalling that he had done what he could.

Kit did not land until after eleven, and he had plenty of time to figure out what she wanted with him. She had found out what he was going to do. She had found out by pumping it out of Henry Halsey.

Blaming Henry for it was no use—he probably couldn't help it. Henry in the air had precision and dependability, but Henry on the ground was likely to drop the ball—a serious-minded little man, very intent on "getting someplace," but easily flustered because he was easily worried. He wouldn't be able to keep anything from Kit Valentine, once Kit suspected there was something to be found out.

Quite a few people necessarily knew that Pete was about to take off for somewhere with a tremendous special-tank fuel loading. But only two or three knew what he actually meant to try. Henry Halsey was one of those; and now, Pete realized, Kit must be another who knew. It would be too much of a coincidence, that she should make a night flight to land in on him on the very eve of his take-off, if she hadn't found out.

When the radio finally picked her up he put on a pair of headphones and listened to her voice, unclear and muffled behind a great hissing and crackling of interference—"Coming in. Coming in. . . ." When he heard her voice the heart dropped out of him, and he wished he had refused her wire. Yet he knew that to forego any chance of seeing her would have been too much for him. So far, at least, it hadn't done him any good to run away.

Actually seeing her, as the plane taxied to a stop under the floodlights, was even worse, much worse. As he walked toward her it seemed to him hopeless that the flight he was about to make would do anything for him at all. He wasn't going to be able to forget this girl.

"I'll fix you," she told him at once. "I know exactly what you're up to—I made Henry spill the whole thing. Take me someplace where we can split a plate of beans, while I put a currycomb over your notions!"

Pete saw that she was still wearing the solitaire that she wore for Henry Halsey; and thereby perished Pete's faint, disloyal hope that she had somehow broken with Henry. It was an almost microscopic solitaire, but Kit Valentine wasn't the type to care about that. She had been wearing it the first time he ever saw her, and he had never seen any reason to doubt that it was there to stay.

PETE URQUHART had known Henry Halsey for a long time. They had learned to fly together, which always seems to link men up, if they are going to be linked; and Henry admired Pete as one of the best friends he had ever had. When Pete first met Kit, Henry was hollering for help. Kit had had to make a trip to New York, to straighten out an aunt who was going to sue somebody, or something, and Kit's plane was laid up. Henry couldn't fly Kit there because he had a crop-dusting contract. There were others, though, who could and would be glad to; and Henry was feeling pretty insecure about the whole business, and full of jealous jitters.

So it had been Henry's idea that Pete Urquhart, the only friend he had whom he thought he could trust much, would have to fly Kit to New York for him. On the surface the whole thing was pretty silly, and typical of something Henry Halsey might think up when he was on the ground, but he finally managed to talk Pete into it. So Pete had flown Kit across the continent and back; and for nearly two weeks, what with a lot of weather delays, he had been with Kit nearly every day.

Spending all that time with her was the worst thing he could have done for himself. Kit Valentine, lazy-moving, always restless, was good company. She was much too good. She kept using a throaty kind of laugh that got hold of Pete, automatically, in spite of anything he could do. He was annoyed with himself, but that didn't seem to help him. By the time it was over he was solidly hooked, and knew it—and in a position from which he could do nothing about it without low treachery to poor old Henry.

Later, when weeks without seeing her had done nothing to take her out of his mind, he had concluded that something would have to be done about himself. The diversion he picked was typical, in a way, of Pete Urquhart. He guessed he would see if he could fly from South America to Africa—Natal to Dakar—the wrong way of the wind.

His plane—he would have to use the one he had—was too light for it, and the instruments he quickly scraped together were too few, and not as good as they sounded when you read them in a list. But because everybody liked him he was able to pull strings and wires, and stretch a point here and there, until he had somehow managed the permissions and passports he had to have. And, by a world of ingenious diplomacy, he had managed to hush the whole thing so well that Kit Valentine had not even known about it—until now.

Presently, sitting at a side table in the best night spot he could think of offhand, she was ready to tell him what she thought of the general idea. A Mexican band full of snapes and rattles was producing swing with a Yaqui accent, which usually pleased Kit, and the lights were subdued and pleasant, but Kit was not mollified. She was trying to give the impression that she didn't like anything about it—and didn't like Pete Urquhart very well, either.

"What kind of arrested development is this?" she demanded. "You know that crate won't fly the Atlantic uphill. You're going to look pretty silly, floating up to your neck in salt water, while you think it over all by yourself."

"Shucks, Kit, it isn't anything. People fly it every week."

"And half of them fall in the creek," she said. "You're a fair pilot, sure, but how are you so much better than the rest? I haven't seen any reason to think your flying is so extra hot."

She didn't look the way she sounded. She was trying to tell him something more than she was putting into words, and her eyes were unguarded. He could not look at her without thinking how much this girl had to give, how loyal she could be, how understanding, how tender—sometime, for someone. He recoiled from the thought of Henry.

He said, "Don't get fresh with your betters. How do you know I won't turn you over my knee?"

"Stop playing with your eating irons and try to talk sense," she insisted. "What's the theory of this? What's there supposed to be in it? Are you trying to pull a Corrigan?"

"That's it. I'm a hero-worshiper. I want to be just like Corrigan."

That stopped her for a minute, and she fiddled with her glassware. "I don't even know your route," she admitted. "Are you going to try for the Azores?"

He could have told her his course, he had felt like it, in precise detail. H flight plan took him first southward ov Mexican waters to Mazatlán, then i land across Guadalajara's great rang to Mexico City; thence over tropic ju gle by Tapachula and San Salvador Panama, where he would take to pc toons already waiting for him there.

Then eastward and southward do the long slant of South America, Maracaibo, Port of Spain and Pa maribo, and across the equator to Nat At Natal the more optimistic air ma sometimes show a thin black line ru ning northeast into open sea; and whe the line runs off the edge of the ma small, hopeful print says, "To Daka To Dakar, in Africa, beyond the equ torial Atlantic.

Beyond Dakar lie magic names: P Etienne, Villa Cisnéros, Rio de Oro, L Palmas, Cabo Yubi, Agadir, Ca blanca, Tangier. Those names had r in Pete's head a lot lately, but just n it seemed to him that they sounded s of flat. He did not want to talk about

He said, "Shucks, Kit, this is j a shakedown-avoidance cruise. Sort o general no-purpose tour. What do I wa a route for? You know darned well you keep flying one direction you someplace."

"Sure—you get back to the sa place. You don't need to tell me if y don't want to, Pete."

"You know too much already. I going to strangle Henry!"

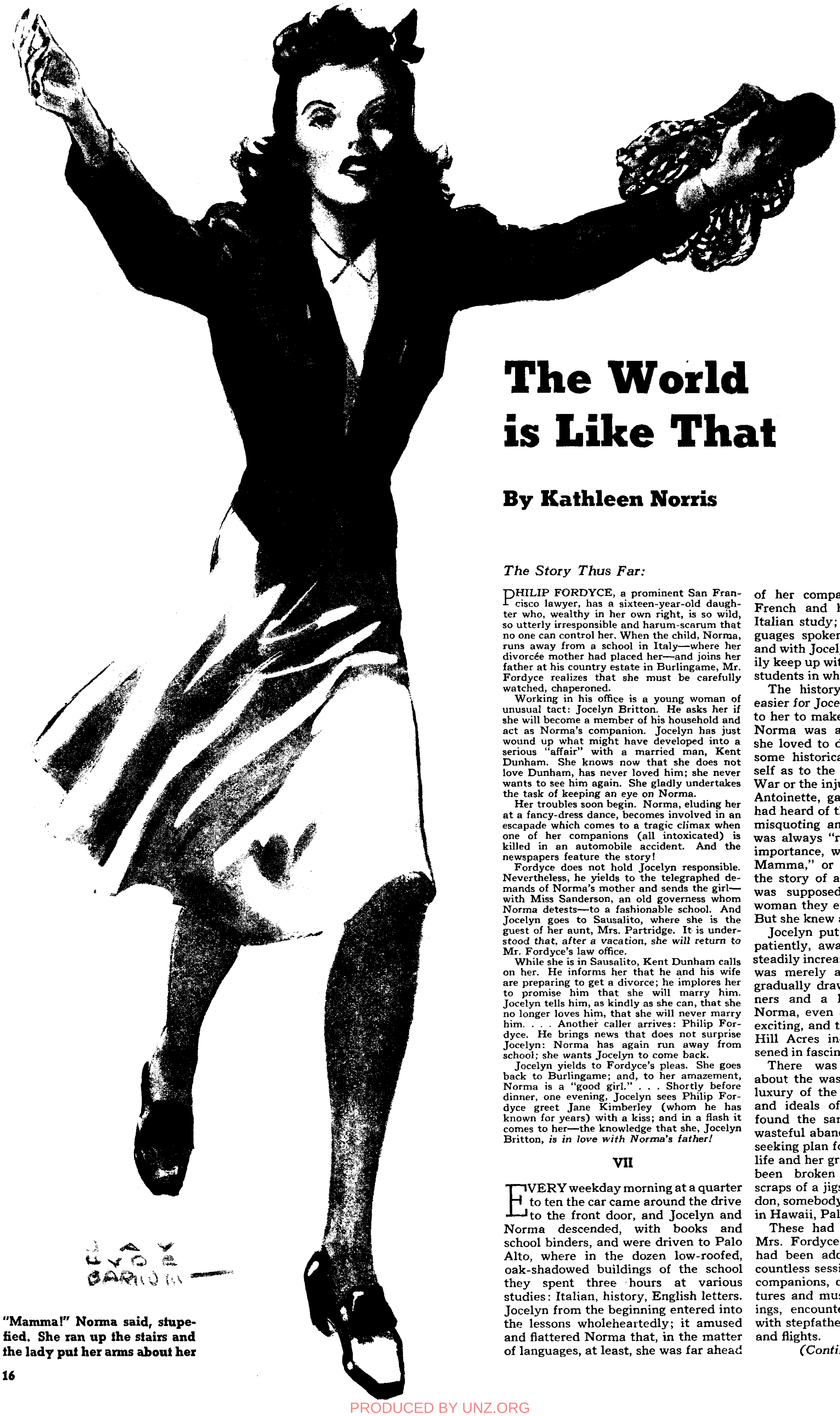
HE DIDN'T want to talk; he want to get out of there. There was anything in this for either one of the except that he was slowly going to f worse. A girl was singing into a mic phone, and now Pete took his eyes aw from Kit and tried to think about t scat singer. The singer knew him slight and she was trying to help him to thi about her, singing directly to him w all the sultry business that was mak her fortune. Vast mobs of men thou the scat singer was the soul of glam but Pete couldn't keep his mind on h with Kit there.

"You can't do this," Kit told him. isn't right for you to do it. You're you Pete; you have the whole world ahe of you. What do you want to pitc screwball for?"

He had never seen her talk so e nestly before. When she talked like t she had the same full, crushed lips

(Continued on page 42)

"I'll fix you," she told him once. "I know exactly wh you're up to—I made Hen spill the whole thing to n



"Mamma!" Norma said, stupefied. She ran up the stairs and the lady put her arms about her

The World is Like That

By Kathleen Norris

The Story Thus Far:

PHILIP FORDYCE, a prominent San Francisco lawyer, has a sixteen-year-old daughter who, wealthy in her own right, is so wild, so utterly irresponsible and harum-scarum that no one can control her. When the child, Norma, runs away from a school in Italy—where her divorcée mother had placed her—and joins her father at his country estate in Burlingame, Mr. Fordyce realizes that she must be carefully watched, chaperoned.

Working in his office is a young woman of unusual tact: Jocelyn Britton. He asks her if she will become a member of his household and act as Norma's companion. Jocelyn has just wound up what might have developed into a serious "affair" with a married man, Kent Dunham. She knows now that she does not love Dunham, has never loved him; she never wants to see him again. She gladly undertakes the task of keeping an eye on Norma.

Her troubles soon begin. Norma, eluding her at a fancy-dress dance, becomes involved in an escapade which comes to a tragic climax when one of her companions (all intoxicated) is killed in an automobile accident. And the newspapers feature the story!

Fordyce does not hold Jocelyn responsible. Nevertheless, he yields to the telegraphed demands of Norma's mother and sends the girl—with Miss Sanderson, an old governess whom Norma detests—to a fashionable school. And Jocelyn goes to Sausalito, where she is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Partridge. It is understood that, after a vacation, she will return to Mr. Fordyce's law office.

While she is in Sausalito, Kent Dunham calls on her. He informs her that he and his wife are preparing to get a divorce; he implores her to promise him that she will marry him. Jocelyn tells him, as kindly as she can, that she no longer loves him, that she will never marry him. . . . Another caller arrives: Philip Fordyce. He brings news that does not surprise Jocelyn: Norma has again run away from school; she wants Jocelyn to come back.

Jocelyn yields to Fordyce's pleas. She goes back to Burlingame; and, to her amazement, Norma is a "good girl." . . . Shortly before dinner, one evening, Jocelyn sees Philip Fordyce greet Jane Kimberley (whom he has known for years) with a kiss; and in a flash it comes to her—the knowledge that she, Jocelyn Britton, *is in love with Norma's father!*

VII

EVERY weekday morning at a quarter to ten the car came around the drive to the front door, and Jocelyn and Norma descended, with books and school binders, and were driven to Palo Alto, where in the dozen low-roofed, oak-shadowed buildings of the school they spent three hours at various studies: Italian, history, English letters. Jocelyn from the beginning entered into the lessons wholeheartedly; it amused and flattered Norma that, in the matter of languages, at least, she was far ahead of her companion. She spoke fluent French and had had some years of Italian study; she had heard both languages spoken more or less correctly, and with Jocelyn's urging she could easily keep up with the class of four special students in which she was placed.

The history and English work was easier for Jocelyn, and it was a pleasure to her to make it interesting to Norma. Norma was abysmally ignorant here; she loved to dash off a glib opinion of some historical event, expressing herself as to the basic causes of the Civil War or the injustice of the fate of Marie Antoinette, garbling some account she had heard of the Russian royal tragedy, misquoting an English statesman who was always "right next to the king" in importance, who had "had a crush on Mamma," or detailing at great length the story of an Austrian countess who was supposedly "the most beautiful woman they ever had seen in Europe." But she knew absolutely nothing.

Jocelyn put up with these fantasies, patiently, awaiting the occasional, yet steadily increasing minutes when Norma was merely an intelligent, nice child, gradually drawing her to quieter manners and a less exaggerated speech. Norma, even at her worst, was always exciting, and the drama that was life at Hill Acres increased rather than lessened in fascination as the days went by.

There was something magnificent about the waste, the extravagance, the luxury of the place. And in the ideas and ideals of its inhabitants Jocelyn found the same elements—a constant wasteful abandonment of one pleasure-seeking plan for another. Norma's short life and her grandmother's long one had been broken into the irreconcilable scraps of a jigsaw puzzle; Antibes, London, somebody's yacht, somebody's villa in Hawaii, Palm Beach.

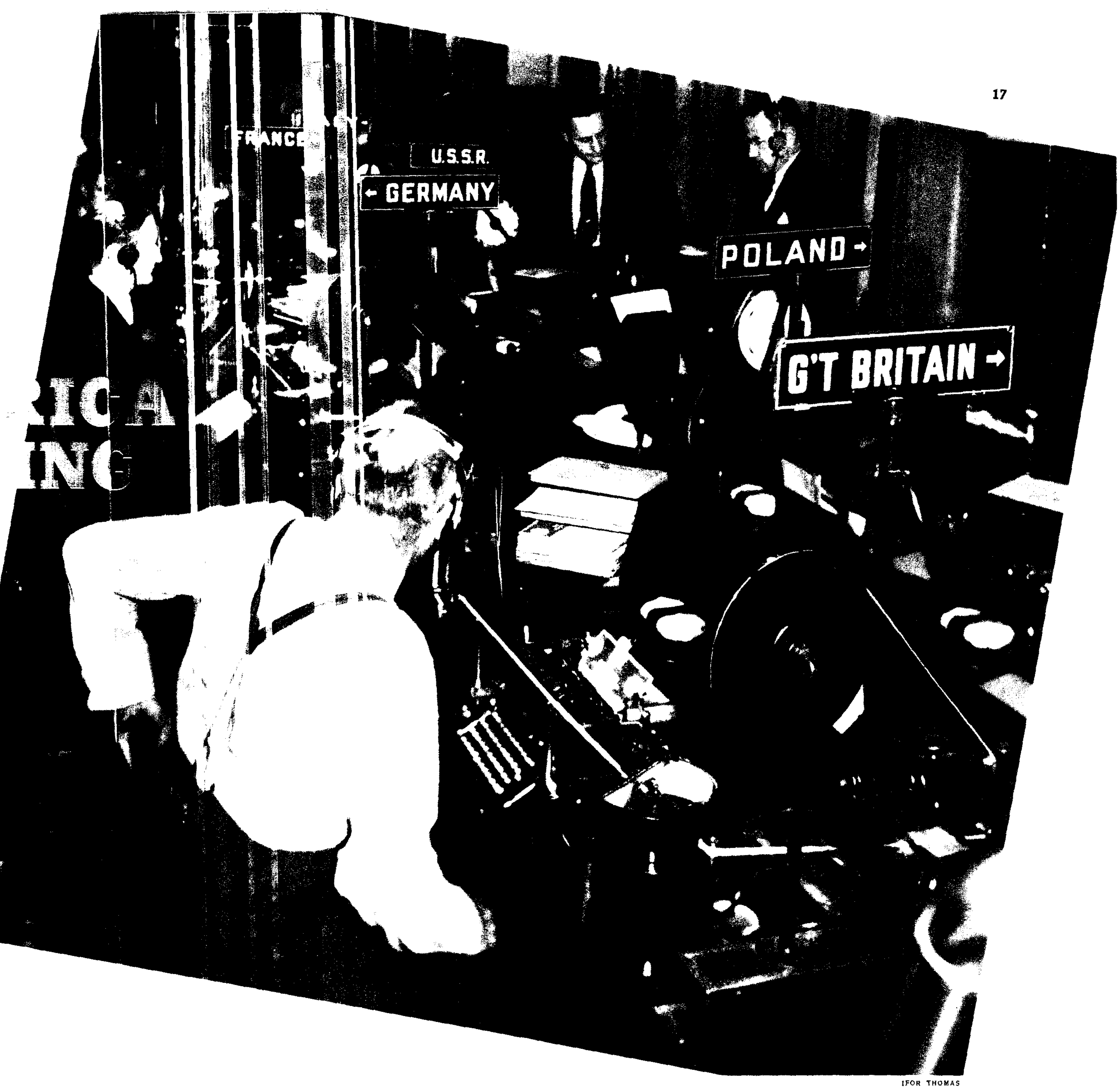
These had been only a fraction of Mrs. Fordyce's activities; to Norma's had been added innumerable schools, countless sessions with governesses and companions, countless educational lectures and musicals on Saturday mornings, encounters, always unsuccessful, with stepfathers and a series of escapes and flights.

(Continued on page 57)

RIC A

ING

By
Owen P.
White



IFOR THOMAS

The foreign room of RCA Communications in New York. This is the last photograph made as the room was closed to visitors on the outbreak of the European war

One radio transmitter can shout another down, but the strongest voice will get through. Any time this nation has anything to say, it can say it—and no one can shut us up. Here's the apparatus by which America can talk to the world

NOON in Germany. The air is silent. Suddenly it crackles with a strange signal: POZ-POZ-POZ de NFF-NFF-NFF. What does it mean? POZ is the German wireless station near Berlin; NFF is the U. S. naval radio station at New Brunswick, New Jersey. The two have not spoken for a year and therefore it is with a good deal of amazement that the Berlin operator replies: "Signals are fine, old man. What is it?"

He gets the answer. So does every wireless operator in Europe; so do the German people and the German press, and so does the world. Radio history is made. It is a message in plain, blunt language from the President of the United States addressed directly to the German people in which he says:

"The nations associated against Germany cannot be expected to agree to a cessation of arms while acts of inhumanity, spoilation and desolation are being continued which they look upon with horror and burning hearts. . . . A prerequisite to peace must be the destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice disturb the peace of the world. The power which controls the German nation is of the sort described. It is within the choice of the German nation to alter it."

The German nation did alter it. As the result of that radio message, which was dated October 20, 1918, and signed WOODROW WILSON, the Kaiser fled Germany and the first World War came quickly to an end. Something else, however, that was started by that message has not come to an end. Germany had been conquered for the Allies, but, as an individual victory for Uncle Sam, so had the air waves of the Atlantic. An American had done it. His name was Alexanderson. Through sheer genius he had created an alternator whose 16,000-meter waves penetrated the static and overrode the magnetic storms of the North Atlantic with as much force and energy as characterized the words of the American President.

The alternator established for us our supremacy of the air waves. It was an American contrivance and it remained American-owned simply because President Wilson, while at the Paris Peace Conference, suddenly conceived the idea of using it as the basis upon which to build a system of international communications for the United States. With the co-operation of the giants in the electrical industry he acted upon it, and look at the result. At the end of the first World War, President Wilson had at his command one wireless transmitter with which he could send a dot-and-dash message to the people of Germany, whereas now, at the beginning of the second war, President Roosevelt, in the White House, is linked to more than sixty foreign countries by direct radio circuits that cannot be broken or destroyed by any other nation.

How the System Works

These circuits serve us in two entirely different ways. First, as a medium that brings us, via 44,000,000 receiving sets, news, programs and propaganda from all over the world, and second as a messenger service, which from point to point, or person to person, either by transoceanic telephone or telegraph, is sure, swift and secret. The first service, which implies broadcasting of course, is one that we all know a great deal about and so we will, for the moment, dismiss it. But what of that other service? Who owns our point-to-point radio circuits, how are they operated, and in what way do they form an indispensable link in our system of national defense?

To begin with, these circuits, under federal license, are controlled by American Telephone and Telegraph, International Telephone and Telegraph, Press Wireless, Tropical Wireless and RCA Communications, Inc. Handling the actual radio facilities of these companies, which have all been staffed under the quiet supervision of the United States Navy, is a small army of all-American experts more than sixty per cent of whom belong to the Naval Reserve. That settles that. In case of need our country has at its instant disposal the most comprehensive system of international radio communications on earth. And now, at a very critical moment in the history of the world, let's watch that system at work.

As RCA Communications, Inc., handles the domestic end of fifty of our foreign circuits let's step into its foreign

(Continued on page 50)

Shake a Leg

By Kyle Crichton

Ann Miller, a discovery that Hollywood had to make twice. They found it well worth their while, though

HOLLYWOOD suffers from a bad hang-over. Anyone who has observed the popeyed expression of the movie moguls at reading of a Broadway opening will appreciate the situation. Either these gentlemen have once worked on Broadway themselves or they have looked upon the possibility with all the longing of a child before a bakery window. Whereas New Yorkers sometimes regard the legitimate theater as a dead horse, the Hollywood tycoons have the utmost reverence for what happens in the debilitated area that centers upon Times Square.

Which is a long-winded way of introducing the subject of Ann Miller, dancing star of the current George White Scandals. Rumors about the long-legged lady had already reached town from Boston and Atlantic City but when she swept out on the stage of the Alvin on opening night the movie scouts almost disrupted themselves getting around to her dressing room. What Ann said was "See my mother," and what her mother said was, "See our manager," and what he said was, "What d'ye mean, Hollywood? Why didn't you keep her out there when you had her?"

Of course it's an old story. It happened last year with Mary Martin singing My Heart Belongs to Daddy. She had been coursing around Hollywood on her knees for years pleading for a chance. After her Broadway success, she went back out as a star.

With Ann Miller the situation is even worse because she had established herself in Hollywood. From being merely a child hoofer she had progressed to good parts in Stage Door and You Can't Take It With You. R. K. O. rewarded her for this success by putting her into "B" pictures and Miss Miller responded with an agonized scream that could be heard as far south as Mazatlán on the west coast of Mexico. When the rumpus subsided it was found that R. K. O. was still making "B" pictures and Ann was on her way out of town. No harassed managers sought to prevent her departure, no reporters clamored for the story of her flight, no machine-gun brigades covered the station platform with threats of disaster if she boarded the train. For all practical purposes Hollywood and Miller had phfft. They were through and she was through. And then she did two dance routines in a very routine Broadway musical show and her return to Hollywood was as certain as if she bought a controlling interest in Will Hays.

On the Stage at Seven

Behind all tales of this sort there is a reason and in Ann's case it is her mother and the Baptist Church. Her grandparents, the Birdwells of Chireno, Texas, were devout people who had little use for dancing or the stage. Eventually three things happened: (1) Miss Birdwell married Mr. J. A. Collier, an attorney originally from Georgia, (2) they went to live in Houston, and (3) a daughter named Lucy Ann was born. Lucy Ann Collier became Lucile Collier and is now Ann Miller. Ann's grandparents maintain that she was crazy about dancing ever since she was a child but her father insists that only her mother's ambitions for her kept her at it.

"She was always sort of lazy," says her father.

In any event she started her lessons with Billy Truehart, an old vaudevillian, and later "took" from Hallie Pritchard, who ran a dancing academy. By the time she was seven she was appearing at local affairs, achieving her first success as the pink rosebud who sloughed them at the annual Police and Firemen's Ball. She was also the cute little tot who tapped out a welcome to Santa Claus at Loew's State Theater and once she was an official danseuse of the Mickey Mouse Club, a Saturday morning kids' revue at the Kirby Theater.

What she really wanted to be was an athlete and later she played third base for the Albert Sidney Johnston Junior High team.

"Whenever anybody starts getting up a baseball team, they always pick me first," she once told her father. "You want to know why?"

"Because I can always hit them home runs," said Ann.

But her mother would have none of the sporting stuff. She had always wanted to be an actress and now her ambitions were transferred to her child. The next obvious step was Hollywood and that eventually broke up the family. Although they are now divorced, the Colliers are still friendly and there are regrets on both sides, although no possibility of reconciliation.

"I guess it was my fault," says Mrs. Collier. "I couldn't give all my time to Ann and Mr. Collier, too, and he felt bad about it."

Back In the Tough Days

For a time after they went to Hollywood, Ann studied at Lawler's dancing school and later with Fanchon & Marco, and the money came promptly each month from Mr. Collier. Later it came only intermittently and then things became tough.

"Lots of months we lived on ten dollars," says Ann. "First Mamma sold her jewelry and then she sold all her clothes."

What worries Mrs. Collier about the experience now is that it gave Ann an inferiority complex from which she still suffers very badly. "She had dollar dresses and looked cute but the other girls in school really dressed fine. They looked down on her," she explains.

One Christmas Day they had nothing left but a little flour, half a can of cocoa and some sugar. Out of that they made cookies and were bravely eating away when their landlady came in with a chocolate cake. "Just a little something to top off your Christmas turkey," she said gaily. At other times they lived mostly on canned soup and beans. ("No more soup for me, ever," says Ann.)

Mrs. Collier didn't want to write home and admit they were stranded and were failures ("You just got to stay in there and pitch," she says in her Texas burr, determinedly) and things were bad till Ann landed a job at the Sunset Club, which paid $25 a week and gave her a chance to dance. It was a small place with gambling upstairs and the surroundings were a bit less than proper for a kid of twelve but they weren't bothering about propriety at that time. It was there that she did the machine-gun taps, later to be popularized by Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire.

She won a contest at the Orpheum in Los Angeles and landed a contract for two weeks' work, $65 a week. Still later she went into the Casanova at Hollywood for four weeks and then was signed by the Bal Tabarin at San Francisco, where Benny Rubin saw her and recommended her to Sam Briskin at R. K. O. She was getting $150 a week at the Bal Tabarin and signed for the movies at $100. She danced in New Faces and then annoyed Bill Seiter till he allowed her one line in Life of the Party.

When Gregory LaCava began casting Stage Door for R. K. O., Ann stalled around the hallways outside his office until his secretary went out for lunch and then went in and bearded the great man. This was the form of desperation well-known in unsure people and she revealed it at once by blurting out to LaCava: "I can dance as good as she can and I can act too!" This was a comparison with Ginger Rogers but wasn't meant as a reflection because all she

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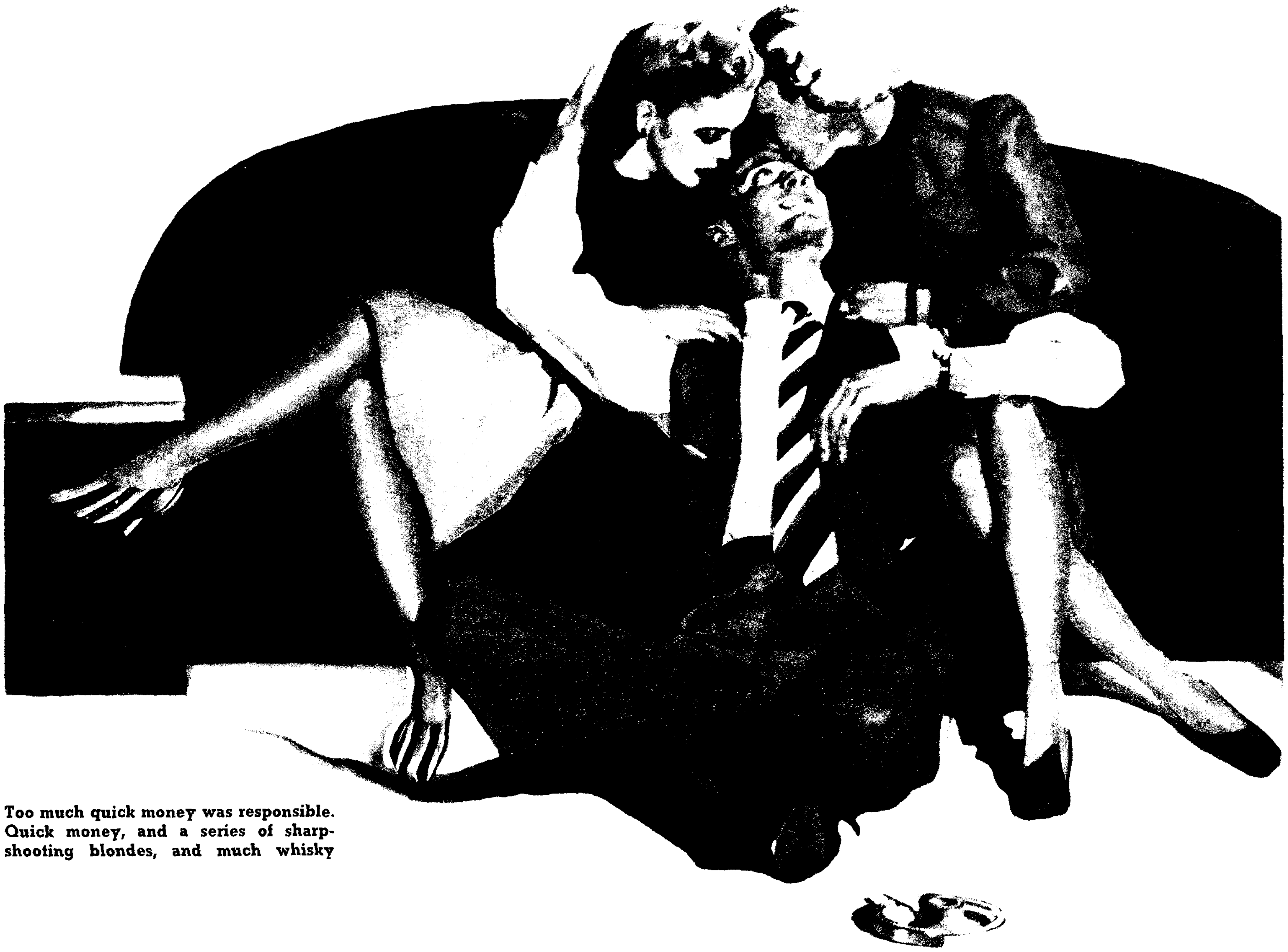


Too much quick money was responsible. Quick money, and a series of sharpshooting blondes, and much whisky

Champion's Return

By D. D. Beauchamp

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

He thought he was licked when he started; he found himself winner when he finished

FINALLY the time had come. Outside the noises of the street beat against the window, and the neon signs threw a garish light into the darkness. Across the way in a pawnshop window a clock had its hands set at exactly eight o'clock.

Augie Davis threw his legs over the side of the bed, sitting up, and fumbled for his shoes. The single electric bulb in a wall bracket behind him threw a sickly light over the dirty walls and the cracked plaster of the ceiling. The room was costing Augie three dollars a week, and it looked it. The shoes he was putting on he had bought for two dollars a year and a half ago, and they looked it too. Augie Davis was on his uppers.

It wasn't that he minded being broke. He had been broke for so long that it seemed a natural condition. The thing he minded was that he was going out and have a Swede named Barson kick the hell out of him.

When he got his shoes tied he went over to a washbasin in the corner and splashed water over his neck and face, and combed his hair. The mirror gave back a contorted image, but without the contortion the face wasn't exactly a thing of beauty. His nose was flattened and there were pads of scar tissue over his eyes.

He looked like a fighter, but that was all, because he hadn't been in a ring for five years and he didn't want to step in one now. He was going to though. He had to. He had to go in there and make a fight of it for three rounds, maybe four. Four would be better, he guessed. After that, the hell with it.

His boxing things were already packed, the trunks, strap, shoes and robe jammed into the black bag on the table. The bag looked old and battered, the way Augie felt. He slipped his arms into the sleeves of his mildewed overcoat and pulled a cap down over his eyes. He was ready to go then. He picked the black bag up and went out, leaving the door unlocked because he didn't own anything that was worth stealing.

The air outside was moderate with a smell of spring, but Augie shivered inside the coat. If he could have had a steak to eat in the afternoon it might have helped, but the best he'd been able to do was a half pound of raw hamburger. He felt hollow and cold inside. He walked a block and a half to Amsterdam Avenue and caught a streetcar bound for St. Nicholas Park. It took the last nickel he had in the world to pay his fare.

There was no one else on the car. Augie sat on the straw seat, with the black bag between his feet, staring at the floor. There was a smell of dust and stale smoke in the air. The car rattled and jumped over the rail ends and switch points, and the sounds and the smells made him think of riding on a streetcar on the way to the first fight he'd ever had out in Terre Haute, Indiana. Thinking of that first fight made him think of all the fights in between, and all the things that had happened to him since he had quit fighting. . . .

AUGIE DAVIS was an old man at twenty-nine. He had fought his first professional fight when he was eighteen. He had been the welterweight champion of the world when he was twenty-two, and he was a bum when he was twenty-four. Too much quick money had been responsible for that. Quick money, and a series of sharpshooting blondes, and a great deal of whisky in a great many bars.

The last fight he'd had he did his training in night clubs, and topped it off with a shoeshine and a haircut, and a second-rate fighter by the name of Kaplan had practically killed him in the sixth round.

Augie hadn't quit on it. It was simply that after the first four rounds his arms were too tired to hold his hands up, and his legs were wooden, and the only thing he could do was to stand there and take it. In six minutes against a hard puncher you can take a terrific beating.

(Continued on page 36)

Block and Tackle

By Quentin Reynolds

The players he manhandles rate Mel Hein the best center in the business. He made one mistake in his first pro game and has starred for the last eight years to make up for it

HANS GROENHOFF

Mel Hein, captain of the Giants, in foreground with his teammates in a defensive huddle. Facing the camera are Will Walls (24), end, and Johnny Dell Isola (2), guard

STEVE OWEN turned casually to Mel Hein and said, "Go on in there, kid." The Giants were leading by one touchdown and the regular Giant center was tired. Mel tore off his sweater and dashed out on the field. The Giants were on the defense. A Brooklyn back tore around left end and Mel came up fast to knock him down with a teeth-chattering tackle. There was a fumble on the next play and Brooklyn lost ten yards, which put them far back in their own territory.

Mel dropped back a bit. Why, this wasn't any tougher than college football. Now it was third down and thirteen to go. It was Mel's first game with the Giants but he already felt like a veteran. Let's see now, third down and thirteen to go? Why, Brooklyn would have to kick. Mel's job on a kick was to follow the end down and help protect the punt receiver.

The ball was snapped and the end came down fast. Mel went for him. He raced shoulder to shoulder with the end and was just about to throw a block at him when he felt a dull, blunt instrument hit him on the back of the neck. Actually it wasn't a blunt instrument at all. It was the football. Brooklyn had crossed him up and passed on that third down from deep in its own territory. The pass had missed its receiver but had hit Mel instead.

"It was then," Mel Hein says now, "that I realized the difference between college and professional football. They don't always play by the rules in pro ball. You can't turn your back on the ball as I did in that first game. You've got to be awfully jealous of the ball in a pro game. You've got to be a ball hawk."

Since then Mel Hein hasn't made any mistakes. Today, in his ninth year as a Giant player, Mel Hein is generally recognized by football men to be the greatest center they've seen. For six years he has been the all-league center, the first time in the history of professional football that any man has achieved all-league honors six successive times. When you consider that the ordinary college team wouldn't be able to give the all-league team anything more than a brisk warm-up, the excellence of Mr. Hein as a center is apparent.

It is not very often that a lineman manages to emerge from the anonymity of his calling. The fans usually go for the lads who carry the mail or who throw it; the Davey O'Briens, the Dutch Clarks and the Sid Luckmans are the ones who listen to the sweet plaudits of the leather-lunged. It is different with Mel Hein. Today he is the most popular member of the New York Giants, and when he intercepts a pass or makes an open-field tackle the yell that comes from the faithful Polo Grounds fans will be even louder than the huzzas that greet a long run by Tuffy Leemans or a beautiful pass by Ed Danowski. Mel Hein is very much at home in Gotham today, much more so than he was on a hot August day back in 1930 when he saw that fair metropolis for the first time.

It was quite an entrance Mr. and Mrs. Mel Hein made that August day. He had just graduated from Washington State. In his last year he had gained considerable prominence by intercepting eight forward passes in the game against the University of Idaho. Centers aren't supposed to wander around intercepting eight passes in one game, and the feat was duly and quite prominently recorded in the public prints.

Mel had played in the Rose Bowl against Alabama. Pretty Florence Porter had also been a Washington State student. She was the most popular girl in college; Mel was the most popular lad. So they decided to follow the storybook pattern—get married and live happily ever after.

Mel worked his way through Washington State by manicuring the gymnasium floor with a large broom once a day, but he still owed about $900 worth of college bills. Then came an offer from the New York Giants. Better than that, Mel asked for and received a hundred-dollar advance from owner Tim Mara and that was the most money Mel had ever had at one time. So he and Florence decided to forget for the moment that $900 debt and get married right away.

They bought a very old but very honorable automobile (on credit), gave a preacher in Spokane five dollars to say the right words, loaded all of their worldly possessions into the jallopy and headed for New York town. It took them ten days to make the trip because the car developed a temperament. One can hardly blame it. It was loaded in the most undignified fashion with crates and packing boxes and hat boxes and even a violin. The brand-new Mrs. Mel Hein thought that if things didn't go too well with Mel's football she might take up the slack by giving music lessons.

For a time he thought that maybe she had been wise bringing that fiddle. The Giants had a good center that year, the veteran George Murtagh, and no one noticed Hein much. That is until he got into that game against Brooklyn. They noticed that he had been hit on the back of the neck with a pass that wasn't good, but they noticed, too, that everything else he did was decidedly good. The backs liked the way he passed to them. The linemen liked the way he "backed up."

Anyhow, Mel Hein *(Continued on page 30)*

We Will Meet Again

By John and Ward Hawkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

MAX SANDSTROM, wealthy and politically powerful, invites Peter Kincaid, a young lawyer, to join his legal staff. Suspecting that Sandstrom is a crook, Peter asks for time "to think the matter over." A few days later, he is approached by a deputy sheriff, Joe Hicks, who offers him a large sum if he will withdraw from the case of one of his clients—Freddy Bascom, charged with a crime he did not commit.

Peter promptly knocks the fellow down—*and kills him!* . . . Peter's predicament, when he is arrested, delights Max Sandstrom. Peter has a beautiful wife: Paula. Sandstrom wants her. If Peter is convicted, sent to prison . . .

Pretending to be Peter's friend, he suggests that Peter plead guilty. He says that he will "fix" the district attorney, and that Peter's sentence (a mild one) will be suspended. . . . Peter follows the suggestion. He pleads guilty, is sentenced to eight years in the state penitentiary. *And the sentence is not suspended!*

Sandstrom professes to be shocked, horrified. He says that he has been double-crossed. But, after a time, he tells Paula that he loves her, wants to marry her, and that if she will divorce Peter and become his wife, he will see to it that Peter is released.

Adoring her husband, Paula—who loathes Sandstrom—is willing to make any sacrifice to secure his freedom. She gets a divorce, marries Sandstrom. On the day of her marriage, Peter is paroled. By this time—thanks in large part to the efforts of his father, Stanley Kincaid—he has a fairly clear idea of what Sandstrom has done to him, and to others. . . .

Alone with Paula, in his country estate, Twin Hills, Sandstrom has a talk with her. She makes it quite clear that she cares nothing for him, and, leaving him, goes to her room. Marion Cantrill (who for years has been Sandstrom's mistress) is there. The woman tells Paula how Sandstrom has betrayed Peter.

While she is talking, someone says: "Am I intruding?" They turn. Max Sandstrom confronts them. Woodenly he stares at them, waiting.

VI

MARION'S face was paper-white. "Max! How nice."

"I heard you were here," he said, and the harshness of anger held in rigid control colored his words. "Why did you come? I don't remember inviting you."

"You didn't," said Marion Cantrill. "But you forgot to tell the servants that. I knew the way up here—this was my room once."

"You'll leave now, and without a scene." Max Sandstrom turned to Paula. "Shall we go downstairs?"

Paula said, "I haven't . . . changed clothes."

"No matter—we can't keep our guests waiting."

Marion Cantrill said, "Just a moment!" The words had a ring to them; had the bright, almost flippant, manner as of old. Her lips laughed, though her eyes did not, and the hand that took the cigarette from the silver box upon the table was steady.

"I've nothing to say to you," said Max.

"But you have," Marion answered. "I've been talking to Paula. Ex-mistress and new wife—all very modern and very gay. I've been telling her something of her duties, how she'll have to entertain your dogs. The district attorney, the parole-board members, certain judges . . ."

Max Sandstrom lifted a clenched fist. "I told you I'd have no scene, Marion. I meant exactly that."

"I'll give you a scene—of proportions," said Marion. "We'll talk of cabbages and kings. Yes, and sidecars in slender glasses and men who knew too much. Would you like that better?"

Max Sandstrom smiled, showing the white edges of even teeth. There was anger in him—not temper, but the fine anger of a fighter who knows his way.

"Just what do you want?" he asked.

Marion Cantrill said, "You elected the district attorney. He obeys you. He *is* your dog. Right, Max?"

"Yes—if it pleases you."

"The parole board and the judge? You own them, don't you, Max? They do as you tell them?"

"Yes." He said it lightly in the half-humorous tone another would have used addressing a child. His eyes found Paula when he spoke as if to say, "This is the simplest way. D'you see?"

Marion said, "You sent Peter Kincaid to prison!"

"Of course. Anything else?"

Marion Cantrill wet her lips. "No, that's all."

"I'll see you to the door." Max Sandstrom moved to Marion Cantrill's side and put his hand lightly upon her arm. "I'll be back at once, Paula. You'll wait, please."

Marion said, "I can find my way out."

"This way," said Max Sandstrom.

A hunted look came to Marion Cantrill's eyes. Her mouth trembled. All inner strength had crumbled; and she was alone and afraid. "So . . . long," she said, and went unsteadily from the room.

There Max Sandstrom said, "The back stairs, please."

They moved along the hall and went down stairs that were white-walled and narrow. He looked at her once out of eyes that were bleak and pointed in the wooden mask of his face.

"You are a fool," he said.

Marion murmured, "Fool—another name for woman."

"Perhaps." His fingers closed upon her arm. "A moment ago you mentioned cabbages and kings and men who knew too much. Remember what happened to those men? The same thing can happen to a woman who speaks out of turn. *Now go!*"

MAX SANDSTROM found Sam Krause in the library. He was standing near the window—a sleepy lath of a man who held a tall glass in one hand. His wet eyes had the shine of liquor, but his voice was even enough.

"Hi, sweetheart," he said. "You've got a nice brawl here. Nice band, nice Scotch"—he grinned and drained his glass—"even if I had to get it out of your desk."

"Marion was here," said Sandstrom.

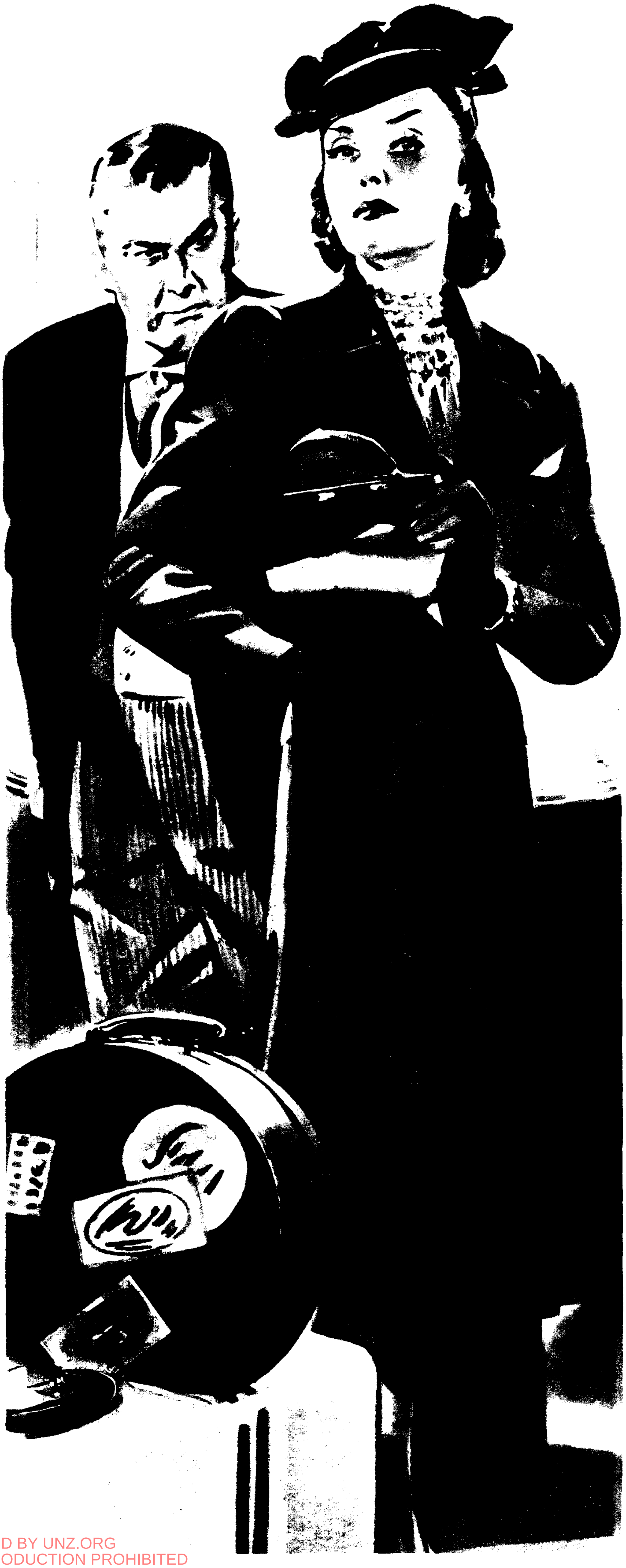
Krause chuckled. "So?"

"She got to Paula. She talked."

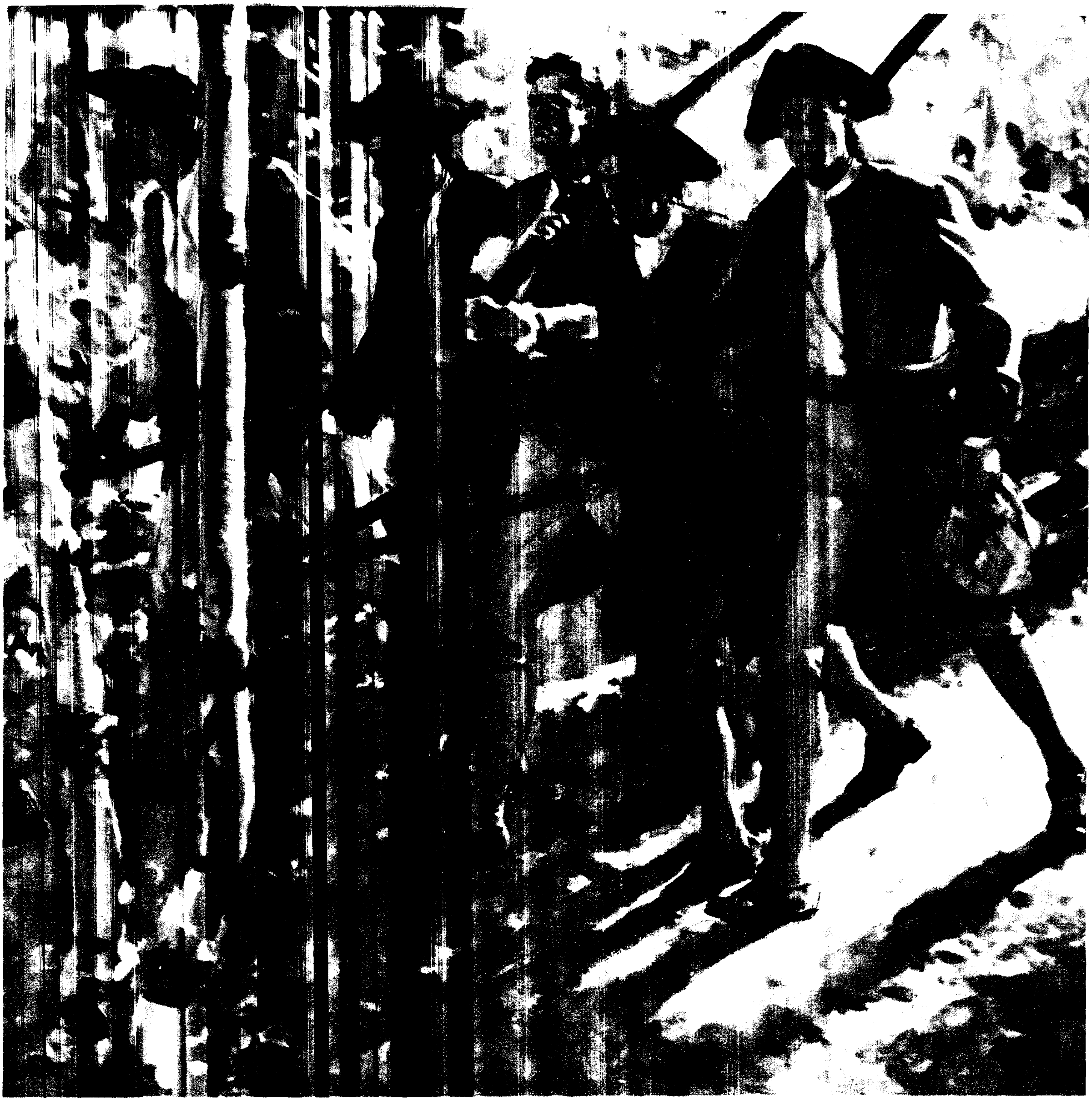
"You have a time with your women, don't you, boy?"

A muscle jerked in Sandstrom's face. "This is no time for clowning, Sam. Marion left just a minute ago. She was driving a gray roadster. Take my car and follow her. I want to know where she can be found."

(Continued on page 52)



"Your husband's word against that of a jealous woman," he said. "Your trust flatters me"



The Tory

By Burke Boyce

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

A drama of the American colonies' fight for freedom. The British redcoats made only part of the trouble

"YOU'LL get a red coat," said the man with the squat nose and the Dutch face, "a hundred acres of land, fifty acres for each of your children if you got any, five dollars bounty, and a dollar to drink the King's health."

He lifted the noggin Alex Campbell had fetched out from the house and let the rum gurgle down into his throat, looking at Daniel Scanlett over the rim. Daniel looked back at him.

"It's a good offer," said Alex Campbell. He stood beside the two men and shuffled his feet uneasily in the hay dust that lay in the square of April sunshine along the barn floor. "A fair offer."

"It's the King's offer," said the man.

He took the noggin from his lips and swiped at his mouth with a stiff-haired hand. "The King's offer to his friends. It's that or a hanging when the regulars come up into the county. They'll come fighting up from New York, and Johnson'll be down from the Mohawk with his Indians. You know what that'll mean."

Daniel Scanlett said, "I'm not afraid of Indians."

THE King's agent gave his head a wag. "You can do as you like." His name was Jacobus Roosa. He had fine whole breeches and his queue was tied with a silk ribbon. "Only if you choose against going with us, don't tell what you know. The militia are scouring on our trail, and it'll be as much as your life's worth to open your mouth."

"Daniel won't talk," said Alex Campbell. "He's one of us. He's a Tory."

Daniel didn't deny it, but he didn't say yes, either. He'd never been one to commit himself before he had a good clean notion in his own mind as to the set of things. "How you aim to get through the Highlands and on down to New York?" he asked. "There's guards on the Highland roads, both sides of the Hudson."

Jacobus Roosa set the noggin down on a feedbin so that it banged. "I don't give a damn about the guards. I've done it before, ain't I? Took a lot through last year, in '76. Seventeen of 'em. They're with General Howe in the Jerseys this minute, with good pay to bless me for."

Alex Campbell nodded, fingering his round chin in its stubble of sandy beard. "It's a big thing to lead a march of

They crossed the creek where it ran over round pebbles above the cleft. As they splashed through it, dogs were barking back along the road they'd come, and the men began to mumble under their breaths

loyal men through two rebel counties. All the way south from pretty near the Catskills. The King ought to thank you for it."

Roosa grinned, the rum still wet on his lips giving him a slavering, greedy look. "Maybe he has," he said. "Well, Dan Scanlett, speak up. Will you go with us?"

Daniel made a fist out of his two hands, and stood a minute cracking the knuckles of the left one slowly. He said, "What about you, Alex?"

"I daren't," said Campbell. He angled a nervous neck toward his house, a white oblong on the side of a fielded slope under some young elms. "I've got a wife. If the rebels ever found out I'd left her alone while I went down to New York to fight against 'em—"

"Damned murdering scalawags," said Daniel.

His upper lip went back over his teeth as he said it, and Jacobus Roosa clapped him on the shoulder.

"A hundred acres," he said. "And fifty for every one of your children."

"I don't need land," said Daniel, "and I haven't got any children."

The sound of horses' hoofs came from down along the road. Two men were riding by. They had cockades stuck in the crowns of their hats, and pistols in their belts. They went past without stopping. The three in the barn flattened themselves into the shadow behind the door and watched.

"The militia," Campbell whispered throatily. "That's the last of 'em. Theunis Van Vliet and Isaac Freer. They ride this road when they're going home."

"Last of 'em or not," said Roosa, "I'll do better out in the fields, where the rest of us are. Bring some buttermilk out at sundown if you can manage. We'll be thirsty."

He put his head around the edge of the barn door and slid his body after it. He turned back once, just before he ran with his heavy legs down the hill to the thorn hedge in the curve of the lower pasture. "Here's your chance to fight for your King, Daniel Scanlett. Think it over. We'll push on as soon as it's dark."

DANIEL thought it over. All the way home to his own farm, which was the next one, he thought it over, moving along with his rambling stride, his calloused brown hands hanging straight at his sides and his eyes hard and yellow as new-cut oak, and when he topped the slope and came in sight of the Blooming Grove church he was still thinking.

Alex Campbell had called him a Tory.

It was the first time anybody had called him that out loud, people not being given to idle talk about Daniel Scanlett, specially when he was around, and the Tory business startled him, coming out suddenly like it had. Campbell was probably right at that, though. It was two years to the month, exactly, since the news about Lexington and Concord had been galloped down from the New England colonies, and in those two years Daniel had come to have more and more distaste for the way things were going.

That made him a Tory in most people's eyes, he supposed. All over the county, all over York State, it was like that. You either went the whole hog, or you were a Tory and the patriots took it out on you. Patriots like his brother Matthew. Screaming for the war because of the gain they figured it would bring them

Daniel's lip curled back again over his teeth. Being a patriot came natural to Matthew. It fitted in with his ambitiousness. He was a year and a half older than Daniel, on the near side of thirty, and people said he was the shrewdest, dourest, most close-fisted man in the east part of Orange County since his father died. It was a wonder, they said, that he and Daniel had held together so long on the farm they'd been left, what with Daniel's spunk and his looking at things so different from his brother.

It wasn't hard to guess why Matthew was a patriot, although he would shut up like a trap every time the talk got around to the war. Whenever there was a profit to be made or a trick to be turned, Matthew knew about it, and anybody could tell if the colonies won there'd be plums enough to make rich picking. Talk was common, even yet, of how much property the Tories of Boston had had to leave behind them, sailing off in a scramble along with the British fleet.

Matthew was milking in the cow yard when Daniel got home. He looked up from the milking stool as he heard the bars of the gate being let down.

"You're late. Where you been?"

Daniel didn't answer.

"Campbell's place, like as not," grunted Matthew. "Well, we'll finish this up first." He swung to his feet, slapping the cow out of his way with a whack of his hand on her rump, and settled himself at the flank of another. "Cows suffer if you don't milk 'em. We can talk later."

They did the chores and went in to supper in silence, but after they'd eaten Matthew tilted back from the table to light his pipe, and Daniel guessed what was coming. Matthew said, "About Campbell. You better keep clear of him, Daniel."

"I don't see why," said Daniel. "A man I've known since I could walk."

"Keep clear of him," Matthew retorted quickly. "Maybe others can mess with treasonable doings, but I don't want to see my brother at it. One of these times you'll come to harm."

HE WAITED a minute before he spoke again. He had a build like Daniel's, and eyes like his, oak-yellow. "The militia were out today," he said.

"I saw them," Daniel said. "Theunis Van Vliet rides no better than he used to. And what's treasonable about visiting a neighbor?"

"You can choose a better neighbor," said Matthew. He moved his jaw sideways in his face, chewing on the stem of his pipe, and looked hard at Daniel. "Maybe you don't know," he said. "A traitor named Roosa's taking a party of Tories down through the county on their way to New York to join the lobsterbacks."

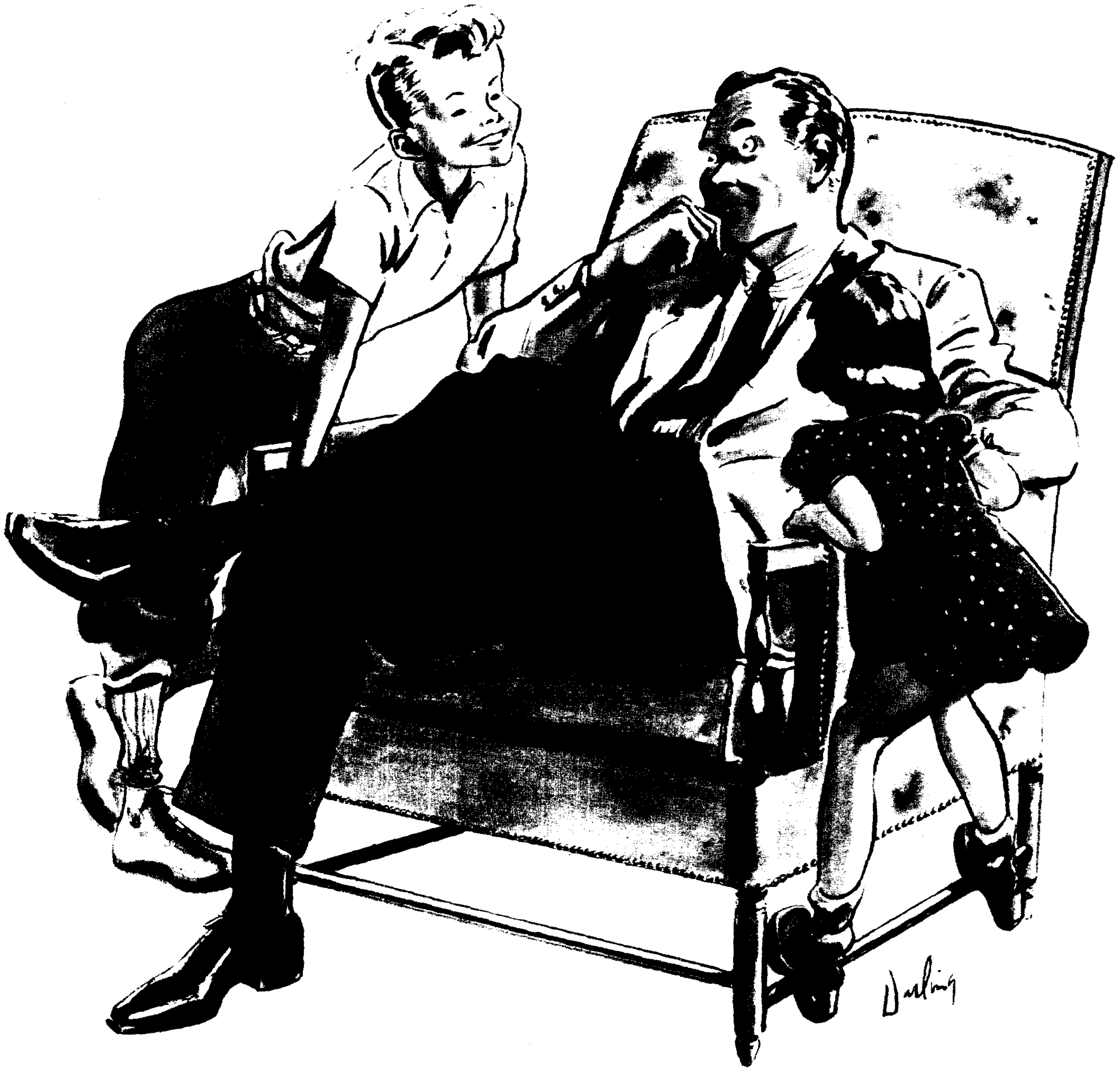
Daniel sat still.

"Two nights ago up on the Walkill they ran smack into a militia outpost," said Matthew. "There was some shooting and a lieutenant was wounded. Freer and Theunis Van Vliet were there, and escaped. The patriots sent a horse and man express to Newburgh with the

(Continued on page 67)

A Good Influence

By Paul Jones



"What are they showing?" Joe asked. "Passion's Pawns. Gee, Dad, can we go?" they begged

JOE MORGAN could always tell Cynthia's mood by the color of her eyes, as variable and exciting as the European honeymoon that had begun their married life, ten years before. Her eyes could be the warm, candid, caressing blue of the Grotto at Capri, or they could reflect the flinty ice of the glacier at Grindelwald. In between, came a whole range of intermediate shades, but the chilled steel of Grindelwald really worried him, because it meant that she was angry and unhappy.

Now, walking up the garden path of his suburban home, on a fine, bright Saturday afternoon, Joe wondered what Cynthia's mood would be when he opened the door. He had gone to the office before she was awake, but the night before they had pursued a discussion so far that the word divorce had fallen between them like a stone.

He opened the screen door, and went in. Little Honey, aged 7, and young Buck, aged 9, were lying in complicated attitudes on the living-room carpet, reading the comic strips. "Get up out of there," Joe said sternly. "You'll ruin your eyes. Where's your mother?"

"She's out," the little girl said, running to kiss him. "What's in the box under your arm?"

"Nothing for you, Honey," said Joe. He put the carton on the top shelf of the closet, and closed the door. On the mantel, he perceived a note, and read it: "Have gone out." No salutation. No signature.

His son folded the paper, and stood up. "Can we go to the movies, Dad?"

Joe sat down. "What are they showing?"

"Passion's Pawns and Rustlers Ride West. There's a swell Mickey Mouse, too. Gee, Dad, can we go? *Can* we?"

"All right," Joe capitulated, fishing a half dollar from his pocket. "But no staying in twice, mind."

They were gone in a flash, and Joe lay down on the couch, with his arms crossed behind his head. His resentment had passed. And the argument last night, he reflected, had been silly. It wasn't anything either of them could help. What with earnings in a state of depression, and bills, current and overdue, most of his conversations with his wife were like board meetings of Joe and Cynthia, Inc., Children Clothed and Educated. It was more his fault than hers, he concluded, because it was harder on her than on him. He ought to avoid the tone of a cheese-paring treasurer looking over the salesmen's expense accounts. You really couldn't blame Cynthia for getting sore. At this point in his reflections he yawned, turned over and fell asleep.

When he awoke, he saw that Cynthia was standing in front of the mantel mirror, patting her wheat-colored curls into place. He had been dozing for over two hours. "Hello," he said, swinging to his feet.

"Hello." Cynthia allowed a pause to hang between them. "Well, have you decided?" Her tone was neutral.

"Decided what?" Joe asked amiably, moving toward the closet and the box he had brought home with him.

"Who's going to get the divorce? You or I?"

Joe stopped short. The box could wait. "Now, just a minute," he said angrily.

Cynthia looked around. "And incidentally, where are the children?"

"At the movies."

"You let them go to the movies, Joe Morgan, when they're showing that divorce picture—Passion's Pawns?"

"Certainly I did. Why not?"

Cynthia appealed to an invisible jury of intelligent parents. "He wants to know why not? Everybody knows that pictures like that are not good for children."

Joe plunged his hands deep in his trousers pockets. "I find that highly amusing," he stated. "You object to their seeing a picture about divorce, and yet you can stand there and talk coolly about plunging them right into the middle of the real thing."

Cynthia looked at him, but before she could compose a suitable retort, the screen door banged, and Little Honey ran in. "We went to the movies, Mother."

"I know, darling," said Cynthia. "Where's Buck?"

"He went to get the papers. Gee, Mother, there was an awfully funny picture."

"Mickey Mouse?"

"Well, yes; but, Mother, the funniest picture was Passion's Pawns. Honestly, it was silly." Honey posed in an attitude of insufferable sentiment. " 'Oh, darling sweetheart! Kiss me!' And this lady was always crying because her husband had to work very hard, and there was this other man with a mustache—it was crazy, Mother. Fathers always have to go to the office. Sally Ann's, and—"

"I know, dear," Cynthia said, giving Joe a freezing look. "Now run along and take your bath. You can eat dinner in your pajamas."

"I knew they wouldn't understand it," Joe said masterfully.

THE screen door banged again, and Buck came in with the evening papers. "How many times must I tell you not to bang that door?" Joe remarked severely.

"Yes, Dad," said Buck. He seemed subdued, as he began to shake out the funnies page.

"How was the picture?" Cynthia asked.

"Rustlers Ride West was neat, but that other one—gosh!" A shadow passed over Buck's face, and he looked straight into Cynthia's eyes. His hands were plunged deep in his pockets, in a nononsense gesture that Joe recognized as his own. "Listen, Mother, would you and Dad ever get a divorce?"

"Certainly not," Joe said quickly. "What put that in your head?"

"Well, darling," Cynthia said, speaking carefully, as though she were following a parents' handbook. "People do, sometimes, you know, and you mustn't think—"

"I don't care about other people," Buck interrupted. "I mean you and Dad. Because if you ever did, I'd lock you up in a room together with a minister and I wouldn't let you out till you got married again."

Cynthia's mouth twisted, and she caught Buck to her side. "Oh, Buck, Buck!"

"Listen, kid," Joe suggested, watching Cynthia's eyes. "Quit worrying about the nonsense you see in the movies. Take the funnies up to your room."

As his son went upstairs, Joe went to the closet and got down the box with the two handsome orchids. "Here," he said uncertainly. Cynthia's eyes were no longer glacial, but they were not yet the warm, caressing blue of Capri. "I thought we might go out somewhere and dance tonight."

"Oh, Joe!"

Her head was on his shoulder and he was smoothing her hair when she spoke again.

"Don't spoil my new wave," she said gently. She raised her head and looked at him. "Anyway, I was right, wasn't I? You shouldn't have let the children go to that awful movie."

"Yeah," said Joe solemnly. "We'll have to watch that."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

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Shake a Leg

Continued from page 18

wanted was the part as Ginger's dancing partner. LaCava, half convinced by the fury of the attack, brought Ginger into the conference, but affairs took a bad turn immediately when it was found that she was two inches shorter than Ann. Now thoroughly frantic, Ann cried: "Let her wear a top hat; that'll do it." At this Miss Rogers surrendered. "Let the kid have it, Greg; she'll probably die if she doesn't get it."

She did well in the part and then was taken on by Frank Capra for You Can't Take It With You, winning the part after several better-known players had fallen down in auditions. She also had the lead in Radio City Revels and she thought she was getting along well until the unfortunate episode of Tarnished Lady, the "B" classic, arose.

She's the Toast of Broadway

The story is that George White hired her for the Scandals on the strength of her movie parts and was amazed to find that she was a dancer, but this seems slightly farfetched. On the road she did speaking parts in sketches but dropped the notion when the material turned out to be so blue that even the chorus girls were blushing. White had a hand with her costumes but left her entirely alone with her dance routines, which she has always done for herself. The two things that bother her at the Alvin are the linoleum floor (put there for Astaire in a previous show), which gives her the feeling of dancing in a plowed field, and the microphones, which give off the echos of her taps like the Grand Canyon afflicted with a stutter.

At the moment she is the toast of Broadway, with wealthy blades sending in flowers, mash notes and invitations to midnight suppers. It is somewhat embarrassing because La Miller is almost the most naïve lass ever to appear on the native stage. Her mother says she is nineteen but reports from Houston say that she was born in St. Joseph's Infirmary in that city on April 12, 1923. No matter what the official date may be, the girl is a kid. It is a baffling matter. On the stage she has all the allure of Gaby Deslys, and s.a. radiating from all directions. At home she is the long-legged tomboy who lives down the street. She has never had a date with a boy alone, doesn't smoke or drink and always says her prayers before going to bed. She has a feeling that nothing she does is any good and during the road tour of Scandals it required the combined efforts of her mother, George White and assorted press agents to keep her bolstered up. When anybody says her dancing is swell, she peers up eagerly and says: "You really mean it?"

In New York she lives with her mother in a one-room apartment in a mid-town hotel, in which they have to wait till the guests leave before they can go to bed. She is making good money and will make more when she decides which Hollywood contract she wants to take, but that one experience of starvation has forever kept the Collier-Millers from ever being extravagant again.

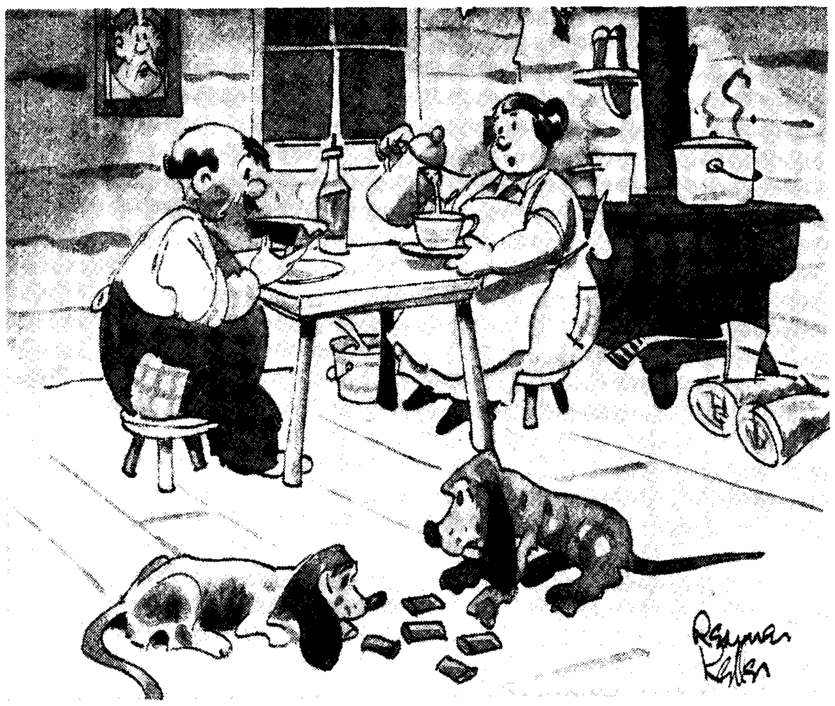
When she gets a vacation she goes back to Texas, carefully avoids Houston and goes to her grandparents' 600-acre farm at Chireno, which has a total population of 438. There she climbs trees and throws rocks and makes an absolute monkey out of her stage performances, where she comes forth with her mouth as large and reddened as that of the end man in the minstrel and looks as sophisticated as sin. Her hair is jet black and she looks sexy and her tap routine is as miraculous as anything now extant.

All stories to the effect that Annie is a frail little thing infuriate her father, who was former featherweight boxing champion of Georgia.

"She's always been husky and she has the appetite of a longshoreman," he cries. "You can tell a good athlete by the way he sweats in a workout. Well, Ann gets soaked the minute she starts to dance."

If the Houston statistics are correct, she is only sixteen years old. If her mother's story is right, she is nineteen. In any event she is a kid.

She doesn't give that impression in the Scandals but she *will* most certainly prove that to the eager gentlemen who are wasting their time on the theory that she is Woman Incarnate. They might better be sending dolls.



"If I eat your pie, Bessie, then could I have some of them dog biscuits for dessert?"

REAMER KELLER

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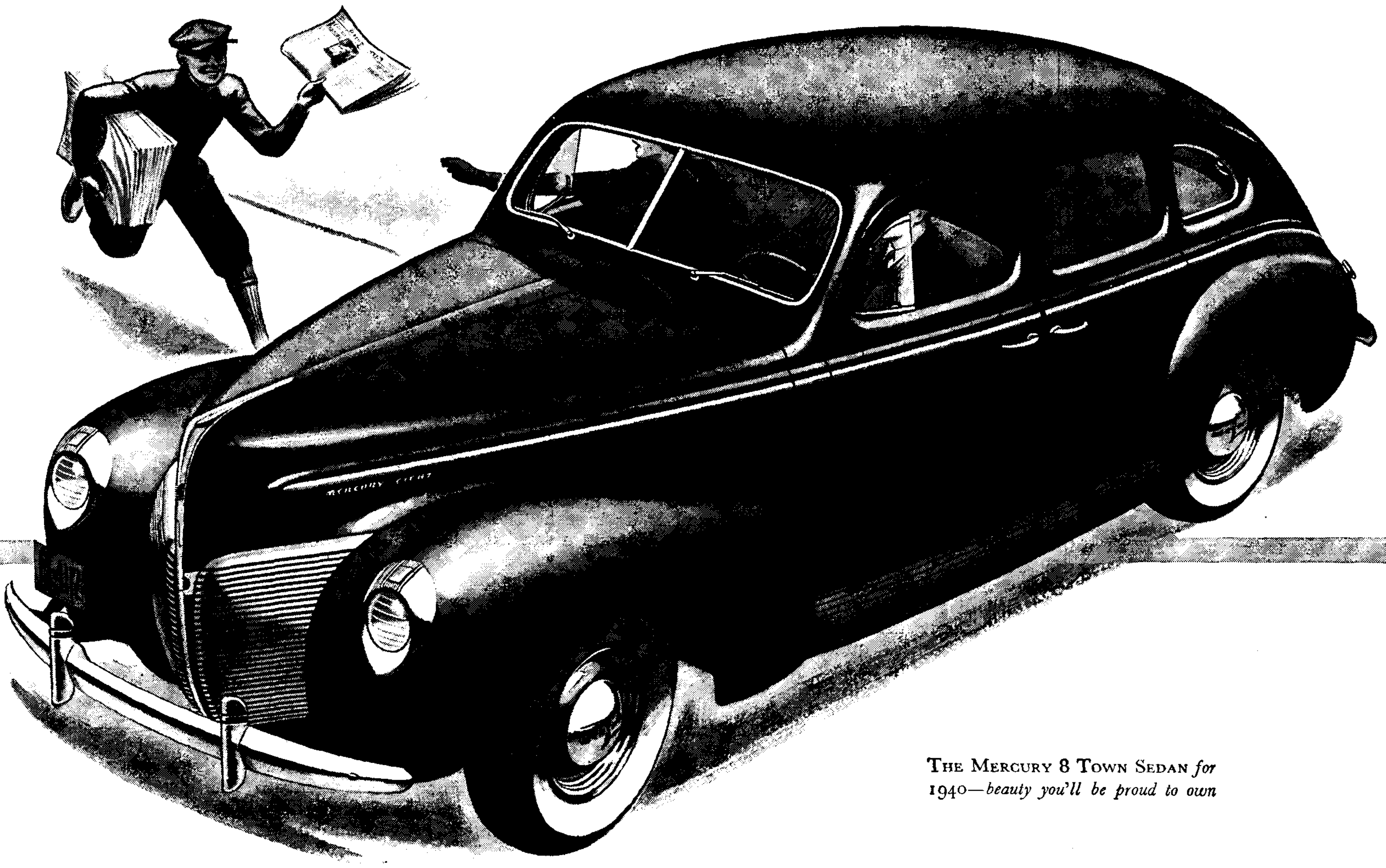

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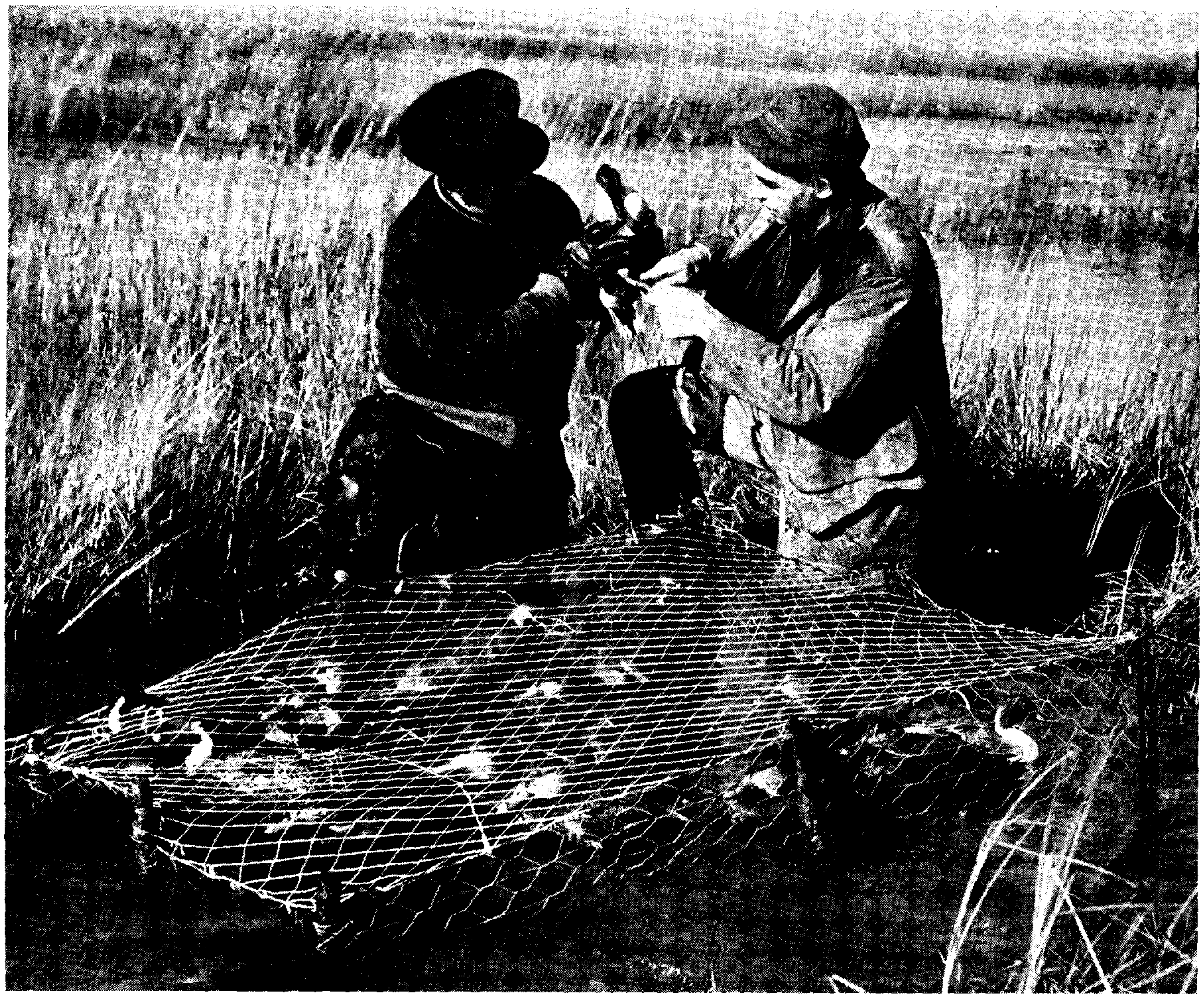


U. S. BUREAU OF BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

THE oarsman's worn leather jacket was the same dull brown of the marsh grass into which he pointed the battered rowboat. His face seemed drawn in two pinched lines—a long ridge of a nose so thin that it scarcely managed to keep his eyes apart, and a mouth that was only a dark thread between cheeks chilled blue-gray to match the heavy sky. He was as unbeautiful, as grim, as the bleak November weather.

His companion, a big fellow snug and amiable in a yellow overcoat and pearl gloves, tried to talk but the screaming wind ripped off the words and threw them into the soddenness of Chesapeake Bay. The few that survived the oarsman ignored, devoting all his mind to snaking the boat between grass clumps and into the shallow water marsh of the lower Eastern Shore. Occasionally he rested, cocked his head toward land, listening; and at last, through the soprano squealings of the wind, came a deeper note, a sinister whirring and a frantic jumble of quacks, faintly like the blats of automobile horns on a city street. "Nigh there," he grunted. The man in the yellow coat tensed, and stopped talking.

The noise grew louder as the boat moved, until it seemed a solid thing, blocking out the wind, the drip of the oars, even the cold itself. Suddenly a few feet from the boat the water seemed to swell into the air and fall back, and swell again like some huge pulse, and with each surge the noise increased. The thin-nosed man eased the boat into a grass thicket and shipped his oars. Squinting through watery eyes, he surveyed the throbbing mass. "Nice bunch," he mumbled.

It Doesn't Take Long

A six-by-nine-foot cage of heavy fish net was anchored in the water with eight stakes driven deep into the swamp. Bits of corn on the marsh bottom made yellow trails to the cage. Inside was a seething heap of magnificent wild ducks—pintail, black duck, mallard—jammed together in layers of twos and threes. Frenzied with fright, they strained upward rhythmically, lifting the knotted cord of their prison to the top of the concealing grass. And as they strained, their senseless quacking told of the awful terror in their hearts: their longing to be free again in the fierce clouds where they had been a few hours before.

The heads of several birds hung limply in the water. Trapped early in the day, they had drowned when high tide flooded the cage. Three feathered necks were caught in the mesh top; two had strangled and the gulls had picked off their heads, the third still fluttered weakly.

The thin-nosed man mumbled, "Right nice bunch," and stepped over the side into ankle-deep water. Reaching through the funnel-shaped entrance to the trap, he seized three necks, one between each finger. Lifting the flapping creatures into the air, he twirled his arm once, expertly, and after a final, fearful squawk, three carcasses fell in the boat, still twitching and thumping spasmodically.

Again the man twirled, and again and again, a metrical, murderous machine. Once only two bodies thudded down. The third bird skittered madly through the grass, its twisted neck dangling on its breast. The man splashed after it, afraid a warden might spot it if it got away.

The job was quickly done, and as the hunter wiped his hands on dun-colored trousers, his companion noticed between the fingers of his right hand heavy calluses worn by the soft heads of hundreds of slaughtered birds. The thin-nosed man saw the scrutiny and his mouth twisted into a smug smile. "Don't take long my way," he said proudly. "And them's clean birds. Not a shot mark nowhere. A hunnerd and twenty-two in one trap, and them three that choked is the onliest ones in the bunch that ain't fat as a houn' at whelpin' time."

"That's real nice work," said the man in the yellow overcoat, "how much y' gettin' for 'em?"

"How much you payin'?"

"Forty cents apiece."

"I'm gettin' forty-five."

"I'll give you forty-five."

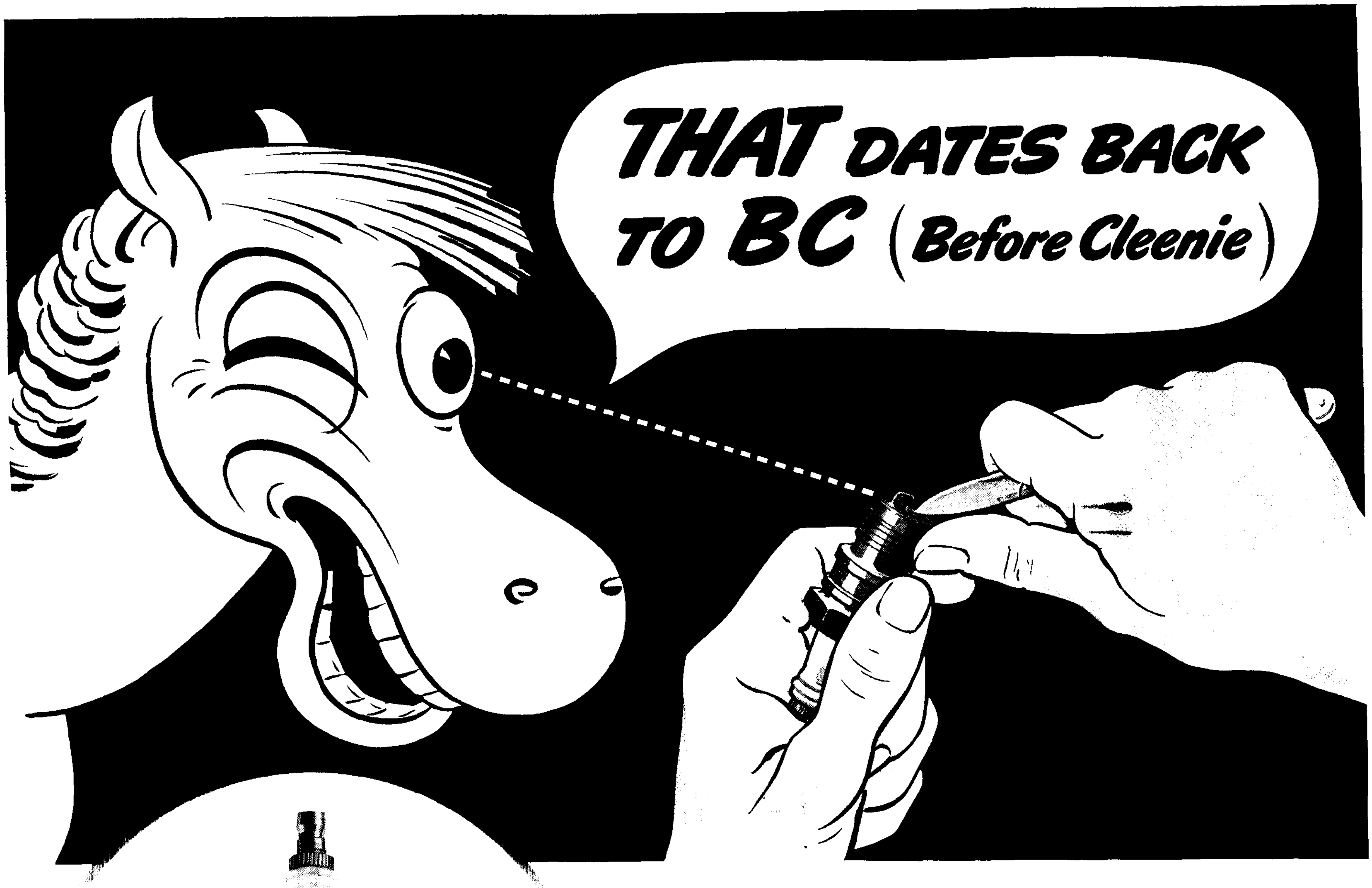
"These is promised. Couldn't let y' have 'em even for fifty. But I can get you three hunnerd next week."

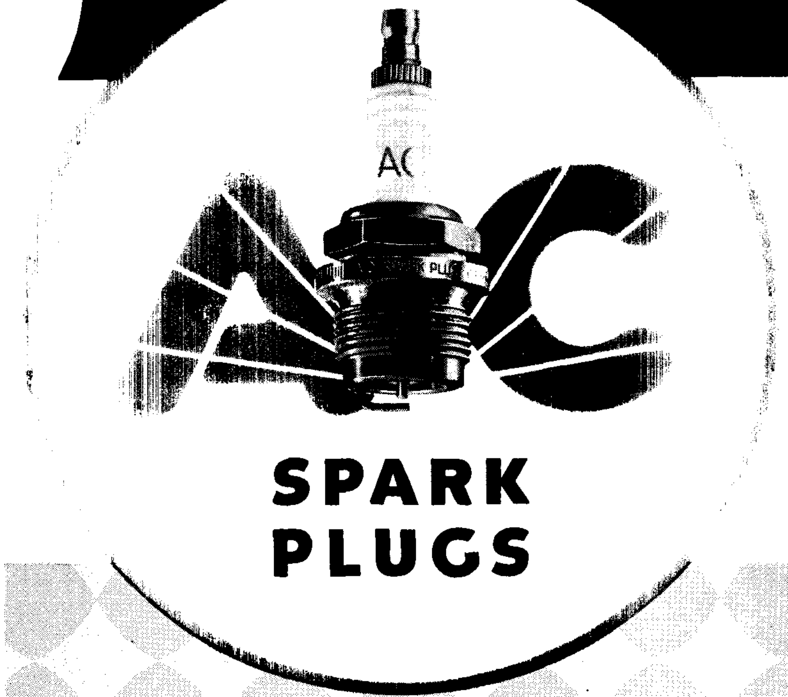
The Ultimate Market

Those particular birds first were sold to a middleman, a big buyer and distributor on the Eastern Shore. He resold them to a fine restaurant in Philadelphia, and the restaurant served them, at remarkable prices, at an exclusive banquet attended by prominent businessmen and public figures. A few weeks later the thin-nosed man, now abject and cringing, stood in a federal court at Norfolk to be sentenced, on the testimony of his companion of the yellow overcoat and other undercover agents for the Federal Bureau of Biological Survey, to two months in jail for bootlegging wild game.

Killing wild fowl for the commercial market has become a million-dollar

(Continued on page 47)


THAT DATES BACK TO BC (Before Cleenie)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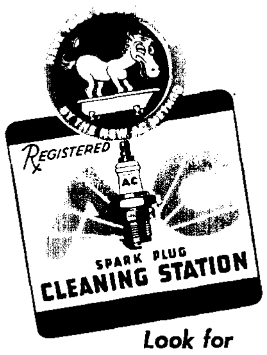
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"...BUT, WHEN SHE'S BAD, SHE'S HORRID!"

Think of the "little girl who had a little curl" when you buy articles closed with slide fasteners.

For, when an article has a *good* slide fastener, it is "very, very good." But when it hasn't... then, alas, your entire purchase is "horrid"!

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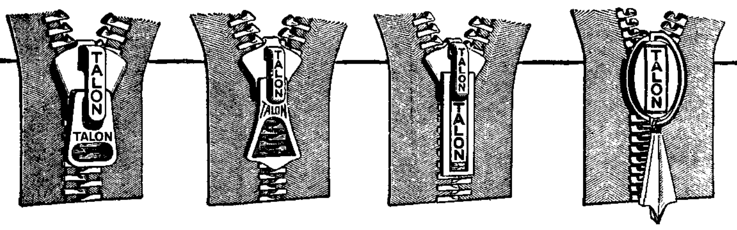
In buying clothing or anything else, it's important to make sure the slide fastener is marked "Talon." Then you *know* it's a slide fastener that will be "very, very good"—not just at first, *but every time you use it!*

ALWAYS "TAKE A SECOND LOOK" FOR THE TRADEMARK

TALON



TALON SLIDE FASTENERS, MADE BY TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.
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Block and Tackle

Continued from page 20

finished the season nicely enough without attracting much attention from anyone except fellow players and coaches. The coaches of the National Professional League pick a first and second all-league team at the end of each season. Rookie Mel Hein was put on the second team, a rather extraordinary occurrence. He was also picked his second year for second all-league honors and ever since then has been the unanimous choice of the coaches for first all-league laurels.

It is rather difficult to describe just what it is that makes Mel Hein the greatest center in the game. When we give him this accolade let us hasten to say that it is also given to him by virtually every football player and coach who has played against him or has seen him play. To find out what makes Hein great suppose we go to the coaches whose teams oppose Hein each year; suppose we ask his fellow players.

Expert Testimony

There was a gathering of the football faithful at a Loop hotel the night before the Giant-All Star game in Chicago a while back. A dozen of us sat around punching the bag, quite forgetful that bombs were dropping somewhere else; conscious only of the fact that we were all football fans and that for the moment football was king. In such a gathering it is inevitable that the talk finally shifts to, "Who was the greatest . . ."

We had settled the question of the greatest backfield and had hurled the dissenters out of the conveniently placed window. We had talked of ends and tackles and then finally someone asked, "Who was the greatest center?" There was an embarrassed silence for a moment as though the listeners were trying to find excuses for the man rash enough and silly enough to ask a question with such an obvious answer.

"I've been with the Chicago Bears for twenty years now," George Halas said, "and there's only one all-time center for me. That's Steve Owen's boy. How that Mel Hein gets in your hair! We've played against the Giants maybe fifteen times since Hein has been with them. We've never been able to fool him and he's the only player in the league we haven't been able to fool at least occasionally."

Halas, one of the greatest coaches in the game, has developed a particularly devilish attack based on what he calls his T formation. From this apparently innocuous tandem (the quarterback behind center and the other three backs arranged behind him in the old orthodox formation) many, many things can happen. In professional ball a man may pass from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. Passes, reverses, spinners, all come out of the Bears' T formation.

"We think that Hein has overshifted," Halas moaned, "so we try a short side play. Wham! Hein is pulling our men down. We try a short pass and it ends up in Mel's hands. This is his tenth year in our league. I think we ought to have a rule that no one can play more than ten years, or we'll have him on our hands another ten."

Potsy Clark, the Brooklyn coach, nodded gloomily. "I've seen only two great centers in my time and that goes way back. They were Clare Randolph and Mel Hein, and I have to give it to Hein. He's never made a bad pass. He's impossible to fool. He's so darn' good that you can't even get mad at him."

Curley Lambeau, who has been coaching the Green Bay Packers for these many years, said decisively, "Hein is the perfect center—that's all. He does everything right and he seems to do everything instinctively. He has a genius for diagnosing plays and he's always where he can do the most harm. I agree with Halas. He should be barred from football. He's just too good."

Dutch Clark has always been the ideal of football players. Now he's coaching the Cleveland team. As back for Portsmouth and Detroit he has played against Hein a dozen times. He added something to what the others had said.

"None of you fellows were ever tackled by him," Clark said unhappily. "I have been—hundreds of times. Once he gets hold of you you're dead. Just when you figure out a way to slip past him he'll figure out a new way to get you. He'd tackle Nagurski one way, Grange another, and when he'd go after me he'd have some different method of dragging me down."

Now we could go on and add to this testimony, but that's enough to give you an idea. But first let's talk to Johnny Dell Isola, the Giants' guard who plays alongside of Mel. Hein made a great guard out of Dell Isola in a rather peculiar way. Johnny was a center at Fordham and a very good center he was. He came to the Giants in 1934 to find Hein playing sixty minutes of every ball game.

Johnny sat on the bench gloomily. He knew that he was a good center, but he knew that Hein was a great center. He became very weary of holding down that bench. One day he went to Coach Steve Owen in very high dudgeon. "Coach," he said, "if I just want to see games I can sit up in the stands. Now that guy Hein will go on forever and I know I'll never get a chance in there. So from now on I'm a guard. If I can't play center I want to play somewhere else."

Steve, liking the youngster's spirit, made him into a guard, and if you follow your professional football you'll know that Dell Isola is one of the best guards in the business.

Full Pay for Half Time

Before this cacophony of praise becomes too, too much to bear, let's switch to something else. We should mention that Mel Hein is a sixty-minute ballplayer. He played it that way at college and once he had made the Giants' team he kept on playing sixty minutes. That was his idea of this game called football. Two years ago astute Steve Owen conceived an idea that has since brought the Giants remarkable results. He would use two teams, the first playing the first and third quarters while the second went through the second and fourth. He had two teams of about equal caliber and the experiment was a distinct success. A man knowing that he was going to play only fifteen minutes and that there would be a good rest at the end of that period was quite willing to play his heart out for that comparatively brief space of time. The idea was fine. Everyone liked it except Hein.

When Steve Owen handed him this year's contract, Hein grumbled, "Steve, what are you paying me a full salary for? Why not give me half salary. I'm only playing half a game for you."

But Mr. Owen insisted upon paying him full salary. Mr. Owen only wishes that he could pay full salaries to several more Mel Heins. Sometimes Hein will pull an unorthodox stunt that will fool even Mr. Owen. He did that against Green Bay two years ago. The passing combination of Arny Herber to Don Hutson was deadly that year. Arny could throw them and Hutson, a great end, could catch them better than anyone else in the league. During the first part of the game Mr. Owen was mildly disturbed to notice that Hein was playing back farther than usual; he wasn't tearing up to nail the ball carrier as was his custom. This was especially true of plays that Green Bay launched on the side of the line where Hutson played. Gains of three, four and five yards were being made there. Between halves Steve said, "Mel, how come?"

Mel said, "I'll tell you, Steve. I figure it's better to have them make those short gains than for Arny to toss one to Hutson and have him go all the way. I thought I'd just watch Hutson all the time. He's caught passes for long gains in every game Green Bay has played this year. He's awfully dangerous, Steve."

Strictly Durable

Steve nodded. Mel was right. He continued being right, and when the game ended with the Giants on the long end, even the boys in the press box realized that for the first time that season Don Hutson hadn't caught a pass. Hein had been in his hair all afternoon.

Hein himself, tall, blond, handsome, is a little puzzled at the praise that comes his way. He's learned his trade well, and he knows it, but he has any special aptitude or any qualities that make him stand out over other centers is something about which he isn't sure. Tricks? He has no tricks that he knows of.

"Of course you keep picking up things," Hein says. "Now, the best center I ever saw was Nate Barrager. He played with Southern California and then with Green Bay. I watched him and I noticed that on the offense he'd charge about a split second before he passed the ball. Most of us pass the ball and then when we get around to it we charge. By then the defensive guards have the edge on you. Well, I practiced that stunt of Nate's and now I guess I can charge pretty fast.

"To be a good backer-up," he went on, "you've got to keep guessing but you've got to guess right. That's the tough part of it. When you're playing against Sammy Baugh, for instance, you've got to have second sight. He starts off as if he's going to run, and then he'll pass you dizzy. You've got to guess him right and play him accordingly. Then you have to tackle runners differently. Take Hinkle. You've got to tackle him very low like you had to tackle Nagurski or else he'll bowl you over. When Cliff Battles was playing you couldn't tackle him low—he'd step right over you. Or Dutch Clark now. That was the hardest man to bring down I ever saw. In pro ball you've got to learn the individual characteristics of every player you face. Say, there was a guard, Ox Emerson, played for Brooklyn. Well, I tried for a long while to figure out how to handle him, but he always fooled me."

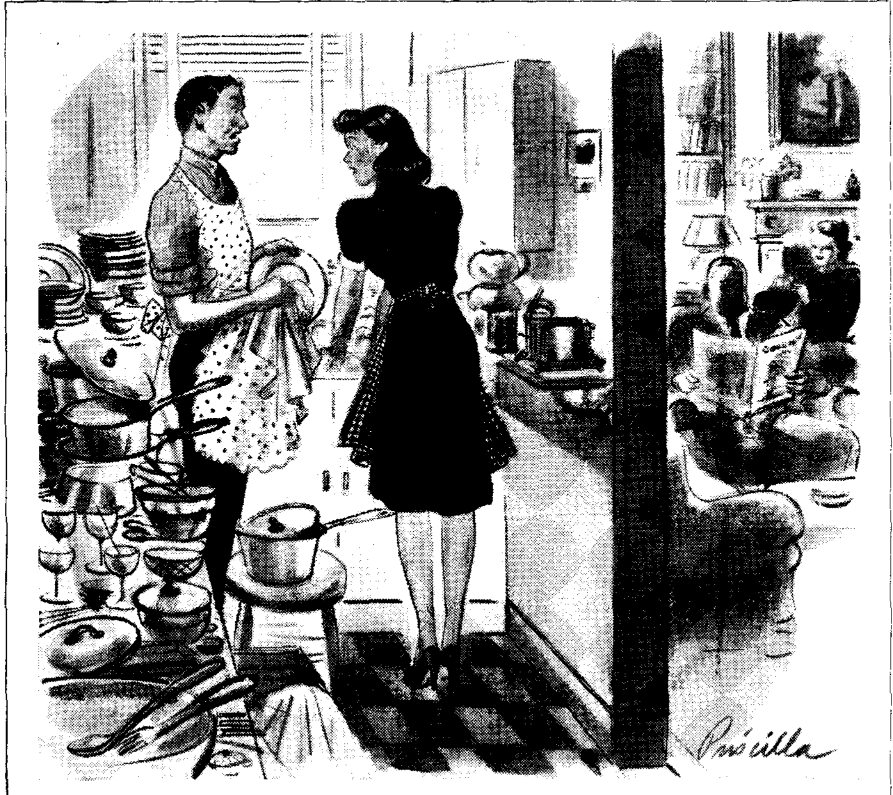
In many ways pro football is a lot rougher than college football, albeit a lot cleaner. It is rougher because you get hit harder even though you get hit cleaner. An amazing commentary on the durability of Hein is the fact that he has never been hurt during nine years of professional football.

Steve Owen tells of the one time when Hein was, if not actually hurt, a little bit bruised. It happened in the all-important Green Bay game a year ago. On the last play of the first half Hein met the hard-driving Hinkle head on. He stopped Hinkle all right, but the lights went out. The whistle blew and Mel managed to walk to the dressing room. Then he collapsed.

"He was out for a while and we were worried," Steve says. "Well, we went out for the second half without Mel. Long toward the end of the third quarter out he comes waiting to go in again. 'Are you all right, Mel?' I asked him. Mel looked surprised and said, 'Why, sure, nothing wrong with me.' So he went in and played the game of his life during the last period."

Today Hein is one of football's highest-paid players. He will average about $400 a game. Last year he made about $6,000 out of football. During the off season he looks for a job that will keep him in condition; he doesn't care much what it is because football is his life and he can't visualize ever being out of the game. When his active playing days are over, and he should be good for two or three years, he intends to coach.

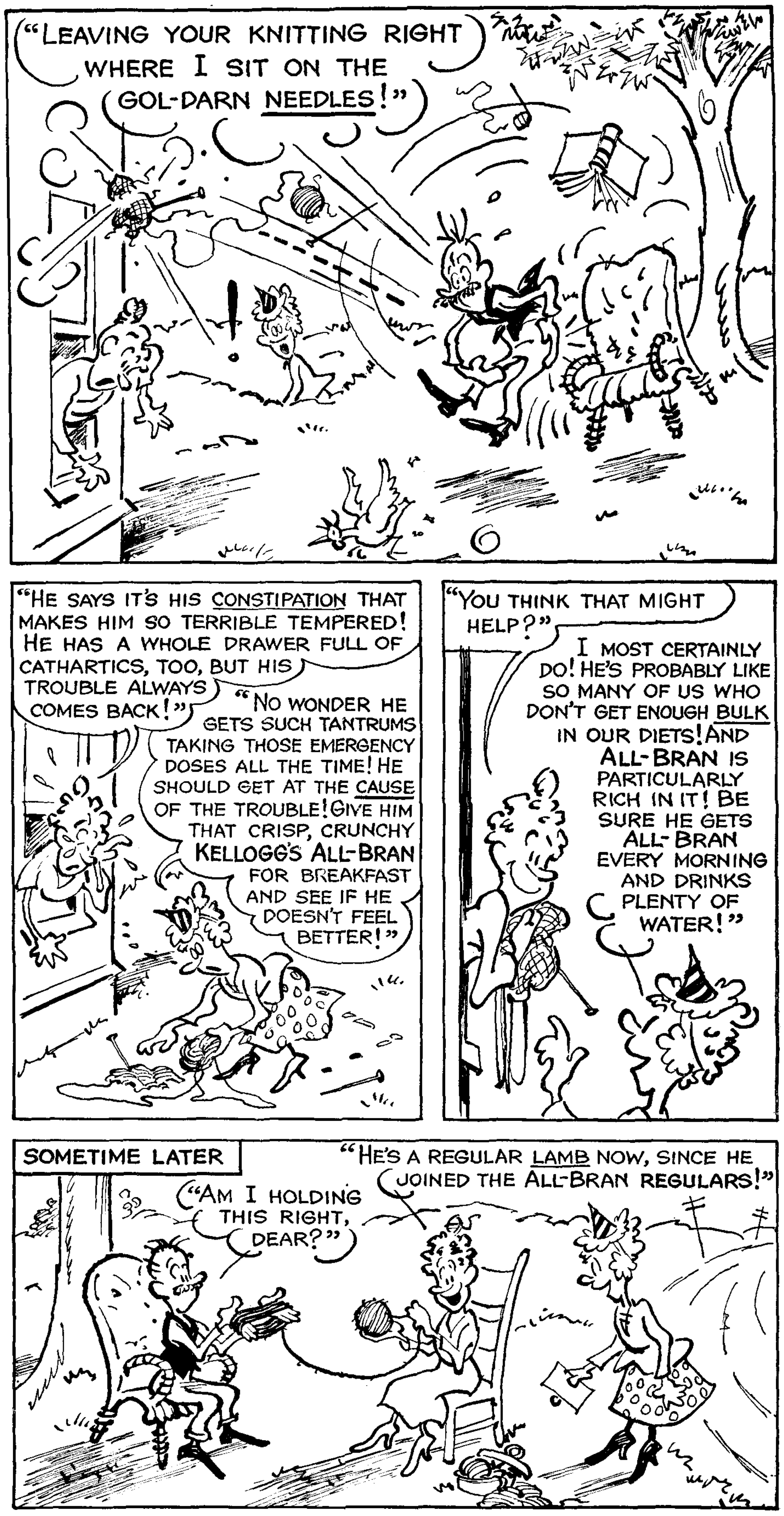
Well, that's Mel Hein—a very great football player, in my book, the greatest I ever saw.



"I hope this is the last time they invite us to dinner"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG —by Fontaine Fox


"LEAVING YOUR KNITTING RIGHT WHERE I SIT ON THE GOL-DARN NEEDLES!"
"HE SAYS IT'S HIS CONSTIPATION THAT MAKES HIM SO TERRIBLE TEMPERED! HE HAS A WHOLE DRAWER FULL OF CATHARTICS, TOO, BUT HIS TROUBLE ALWAYS COMES BACK!"
"NO WONDER HE GETS SUCH TANTRUMS TAKING THOSE EMERGENCY DOSES ALL THE TIME! HE SHOULD GET AT THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE! GIVE HIM THAT CRISP, CRUNCHY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST AND SEE IF HE DOESN'T FEEL BETTER!"
"YOU THINK THAT MIGHT HELP?"
"I MOST CERTAINLY DO! HE'S PROBABLY LIKE SO MANY OF US WHO DON'T GET ENOUGH BULK IN OUR DIETS! AND ALL-BRAN IS PARTICULARLY RICH IN IT! BE SURE HE GETS ALL-BRAN EVERY MORNING AND DRINKS PLENTY OF WATER!"
SOMETIME LATER
"AM I HOLDING THIS RIGHT, DEAR?"
"HE'S A REGULAR LAMB NOW, SINCE HE JOINED THE ALL-BRAN REGULARS!"

WOULDN'T *you* like to avoid those dull, uncomfortable days due to constipation? And wouldn't you welcome a better way out than just "dosing up" after the damage is done? If your constipation is the ordinary kind (due to lack of "bulk" in the diet) there *is* a better way! Go straight to the *cause* of the trouble by eating a crunchy, ready-to-eat breakfast cereal — Kellogg's All-Bran. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water, and watch the world grow brighter!

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Join the "Regulars" with
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

Afternoon of a Husband

Continued from page 13

there, *garçon, encore zwei* Thomas Collinses!"

"Maybe we ought to start back for the hotel and get some grub inside us," said Mr. Pottle.

"Don't be gross," said Mr. Humber.

Gus set the two drinks before them.

"*Merci, sommelier*," said Mr. Humber, with a courtly bow.

"Bottoms up and let's blow," said Mr. Pottle.

"I like it here," said Mr. Humber.

"But there's that talk you got to give."

"What talk?"

"At the club—on 'The Place of the Clubwoman in Utopia.' "

"It can't be did," said Mr. Humber, roguishly. "Clubwomen in Utopia! What indelicate mind ever conceived so preposterous a notion?"

"Yours did," said Mr. Pottle.

"My dear Pot, I am incapable of so revolting a thought."

"But, Egg, you just got to give that talk," insisted Mr. Pottle, getting a shade frantic.

"I like you, Pot. I like you very much," said Mr. Humber, "but I do not recall that I have asked you to be my wife."

"You didn't, Egg—but—"

"Then don't talk like a wife," said Mr. Humber, with a touch of asperity.

"I can't let Blossom down," Mr. Pottle said. "She's bossy, but she's a mighty nice woman. Too good for a human goose egg like me. Much too good."

A FEW tears trickled down and salted his drink.

"There, there, don't cry," said Mr. Humber, soothingly.

"She'd be president of the club if it wasn't for me," blubbered Mr. Pottle. "Now, if she was married to a big bug like you—"

"We big bugs," said Mr. Humber, haughtily, "are too busy for bigamy."

"She's a swell woman," said Mr. Pottle. "For a wife. Look—here's her picture." He fumbled a snapshot out of his wallet.

"Hmmmmmmm! A splendid specimen of American womanhood," pronounced Mr. Humber. "Sorry I can't oblige you. Polygamy is so inconvenient for a public man. You keep her, Pot. And be good to her."

"I've betrayed her," wept Mr. Pottle. "I'm nothing but a miserable, little, rundown heel."

"Just a minute there, stranger," growled Mr. Humber, suddenly bellicose. "You can't talk that-a-way about a pal of mine."

Mr. Pottle stopped crying. He looked apprehensively around the Grotto, crowded with patrons. "Please don't holler so loud," he begged.

Mr. Humber stood up, rapped for order with an ash tray and addressed the assemblage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, in a rich platform voice, "the question before the house is: Is Pottle a heel?"

"Probably," said a voice.

GUS bore down on them, flexing thick, tattooed arms. "Now, boys, don't be boisterous," he cautioned.

"You don't expect boys to be girlsterous," said Mr. Humber.

He giggled and sat down.

"Don't you think I'm in rare form tonight, Pot?" he inquired.

"You sure are. Now, please finish your drink and we'll be off."

"It's so nice in here," said Mr. Humber. "A regular little Utopia. And it's so scorching outside—a regular inferno. Do you think I'm Dante?"

"I never heard it called that before," said Mr. Pottle.

"Dante was a poet who went to hell."

"He probably deserved it," said Mr. Pottle. "Guys like that think they got a right to lead fast lives. Feel like going now?"

"No. I won't go till I feel fine and Dante."

Mr. Humber whooped with pleased laughter.

"Boy, am I in form tonight!"

"It's getting kind of late," pointed out Mr. Pottle.

"*Carpe diem*," said Mr. Humber.

"I don't speak French," Mr. Pottle said.

"That's Latin. It means 'seize the day,' 'grab the golden moment,' 'scatter ye rosebuds while ye may and make whoopee.' "

"Suppose we carpe some diem after your spiel," said Mr. Pottle.

"Tonight," said Mr. Humber, "I intend to do a number of things I have long wanted to do; and that may be one of them. Who knows?"

Fuzz was forming in Mr. Pottle's brain cells. Across the table a second Humber had materialized. Mr. Pottle thought of his wife, and rallied his forces. He glared belligerently at Humber No. 1 and Humber No. 2.

"Listen, you two stiffs," he yelled. "You're a couple of stuffed shirts, full of words and wind."

Mr. Humber blinked.

"What have I done?" he asked.

"Done?" shouted Mr. Pottle. "What could you do, you puffed-up, flannel-mouthed, pup-brained lunkhead? I despise you. And that goes for your brother, too. Come outside, the both of you."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Humber, "that you have been drinking. I have no brother."

"You're a liar," said Mr. Pottle.

"I am an only child," said Mr. Humber.

"So am I," said Mr. Pottle.

"Oh, yeah? How can you say that when your brother is sitting right beside you?" demanded Mr. Humber.

"So *I'm* tight!" cried Mr. Pottle. "Listen, weak-wad, I can hold my liquor."

"Unless you quiet down, Pottle, I shall have to ask your brother to take you home," said Mr. Humber.

"I tell you I never had a brother," bellowed Mr. Pottle.

"WELL, you've got one now," said Mr. Humber.

He inclined his head toward the seat next to Pottle's. Mr. Pottle swiveled round and looked.

"Why, so I have," he said. "Well, let's all four of us go outside and fight."

"It is against my principles," stated Mr. Humber, "to strike Siamese twins."

"Yah—you're yellow," sneered Pottle.

"I may be outnumbered," said Mr. Humber, "but I will not be insulted."

"Come outside, you pair of cheeses, and I'll smear you," challenged Mr. Pottle.

"I should take umbrage," began Mr. Humber.

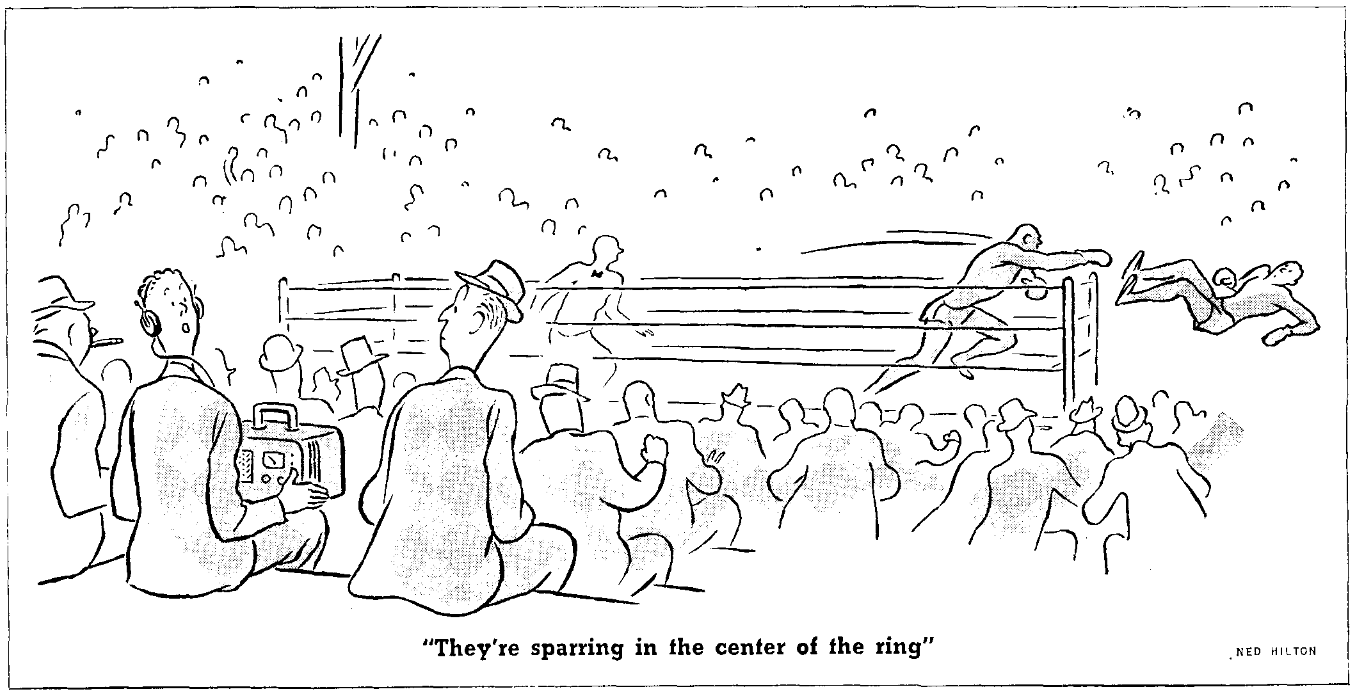
"Take mucilage, for all I care; but come outside," shot back Mr. Pottle. "I dare you. I double dare you."

A crafty, wary look appeared in the Utopian's eyes.

"Oh, no, my Machiavellian mouse," he said. "I suspect a ruse to get me out of here."

"You got the heart of a hen," charged the thwarted Pottle. He lowered impotently at his guest. Blossom's face floated in the smoky murk, accusing, stricken and ominous. Mr. Pottle wavered to his feet.

"On guard, lump," he cried, and



"They're sparring in the center of the ring"

NED HILTON

"JUST LOOK AT OUR HEEL-LIFTS. ALL FRAYED OUT—AFTER ONLY A FEW DAYS' WEAR."
"I WISH JANE WOULD GET US TAWPS. THEY LAST TWICE AS LONG!"

IF you're sick and tired of having to go to your shoe repairman every few days to have new heels or lifts put on your shoes—next time try TAWPS.

TAWPS are those clever little Goodyear heel-lifts *that wear at least twice as long as ordinary ones.*

They're a *combination* of fine leather and tough rubber... they do not fray or "sqush" out at the edges... they keep their trim, neat, smart-looking appearance... and they *cushion* every step in comfort.

TAWPS cost only a few cents more per pair. And they last so long they're actually *cheaper* in the end. Have a pair of TAWPS put on your heels today at any good shoe repair shop.

Tawps, Wingfoot—T. M.'s *The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company*

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WHEN YOU WANT HEEL-LIFTS
PRONOUNCED TOPS

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
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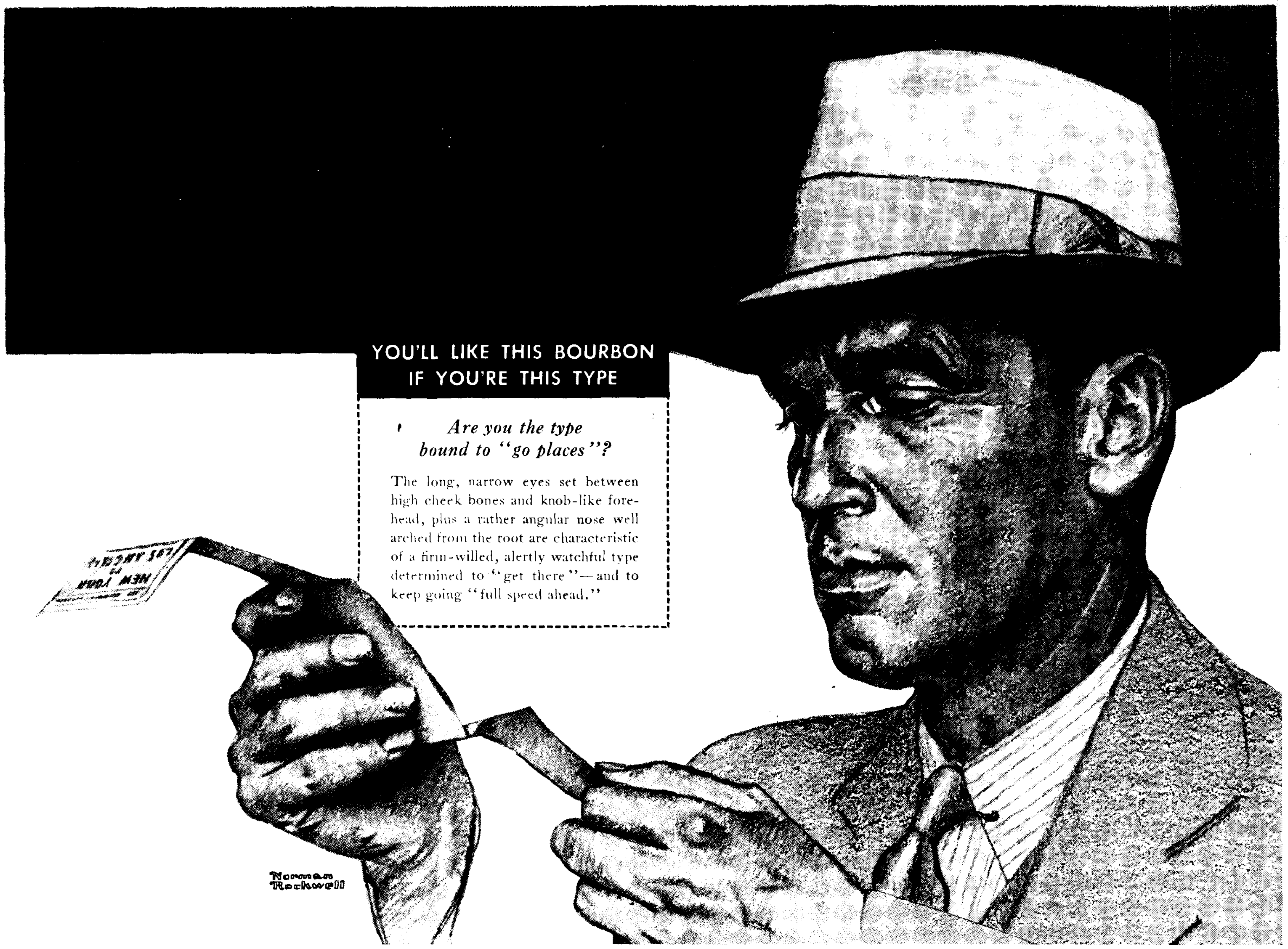
MORE PEOPLE WALK ON GOODYEAR RUBBER HEELS THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

FOR MEN: *Wingfoot Heels* for men's shoes (and for women's walking shoes and children's shoes) are the longest-wearing, handsomest rubber heels—at their price—your money can buy. They wear *evenly*—help keep feet and shoes straight. Your shoe repairman has them for you.

GOODYEAR CORD SOLE. Ask for it on new work and sport shoes. Doesn't buckle, warp or stretch. Made like the carcass of an auto tire.


NEW YORK
Norman Rockwell

YOU'LL LIKE THIS BOURBON
IF YOU'RE THIS TYPE

Are you the type bound to "go places"?

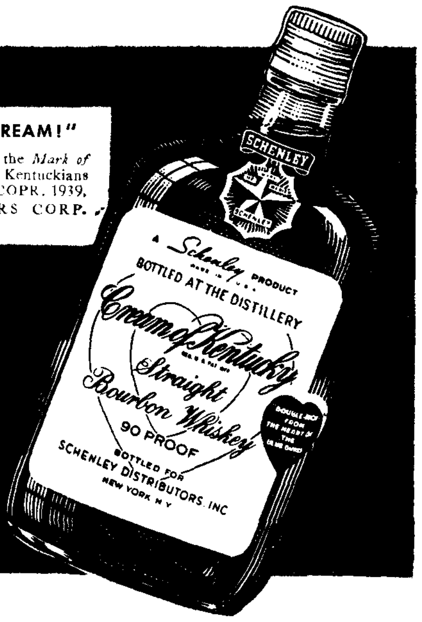
The long, narrow eyes set between high cheek bones and knob-like forehead, plus a rather angular nose well arched from the root are characteristic of a firm-willed, alertly watchful type determined to "get there"—and to keep going "full speed ahead."

If you are the type bound to *"go places"*... meet Kentucky's *"Double-Rich"* Bourbon that has *gone* places. *The world's largest selling straight Bourbon!*

SCHENLEY'S

Say "MAKE MINE CREAM!"

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit*. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. COPR. 1939, SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP. New York City


SCHENLEY
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS INC
NEW YORK N.Y.

Cool Ingram's Cream
Is really twins—
A foe to beards,
A pal to Chins!

Thrifty Ingram's
brings you smooth,
face-comforting shaves

LIGHTNING-FAST, Ingram's wilts down bristly beards. And from the first cool contact of lather to the finishing razor-stroke, you enjoy that soothing Ingram's *difference* . . . that far-famed Ingram's *kick*. But Ingram's ace asset is its bracing, freshening after-effect! Ingram's helps relieve shave irritation. Long after your whiskers have departed, your face feels comforted and COOL. Get Ingram's in economical tube or jar—*today* at your druggist's.

A SPEED LATHER!
Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK!
With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING
Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, more attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

launched himself. Gus came. Chaos came.

When Mr. Pottle returned from a brief but thorough tour of the Milky Way, he was reclining under a tree, starkly alone. Most of the fuzz had been jostled from his mind. He pulled himself to his feet, saw across the road the parking space of the Grotto and wobbled toward it.

"Where's that blue sedan?" he asked the attendant.

"A big guy with a black eye just drove off in it."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear," moaned Mr. Pottle. "I'll be ruined."

The attendant inspected Mr. Pottle's clothes and features and sniffed.

"You had no right to let him take my car," stormed Mr. Pottle.

"I thought it would be okay to let him have your jallopy, mister," the attendant said, "him being your brother."

Mr. Pottle felt limp and futile.

"And a G-man," added the attendant.

"Lend me a car," said Mr. Pottle, feverishly. "I must catch him."

"Yeah? Why?"

"He's not my brother. He's not a G-man," yammered Pottle. "He's a dangerous lunatic. He—he burns down women's clubs. I—I'm a G-man. Look—I'll give you ten bucks if you catch him before he gets to that new club on Linden Avenue. Twenty bucks, thirty."

"Sold," said the attendant. "Hop in that heap."

THEY did not catch Mr. Humber. When they got to the Minerva Club, Mr. Pottle's car was already there. It was parked on the club's broad porch.

Mr. Pottle furtively slipped into the hall. The audience, nine hundred ladies and a driblet of tame husbands, was giving Mr. Humber an ovation. Mr. Pottle crept into a rear seat, and forced his gaze platformward. He saw the Utopian standing there beside Blossom, nodding acknowledgment of the applause with the assured complacence of a dictator. The tumult and the shouting died down, Mrs. Pottle sat down, and Mr. Humber stood surveying his audience with his surviving eye, the other being temporarily obscured by a purple lump. Mr. Pottle waited, waited for forty awful seconds, and then Mr. Humber began.

"Madame Chairwoman Pottle, and ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I deem it an honor to be here tonight, and I thank you for electing me to honorary life membership in the—in the—in this splendid organization."

Mr. Pottle relaxed a little. Mr. Humber's diction was impeccable, and, to the naked eye, he seemed to have the poise of a mountain.

"I am here," he said, "to dedicate this club to the future of womanhood. But," he said, and teetered a little, "I'm not going to do it."

He turned to the speaker's table, raised the carafe to his lips and took a long, audible drink of water. Hot and cold shivers shook Mr. Pottle.

"No," said Mr. Humber, "I am going to dedicate this club to something even more worthy of that high honor. Do you see this eye?"

He indicated his shrouded optic.

"It was given to me by one of your fellow townsmen, a man you all know," he said.

The ladies looked at one another, shocked. Mr. Pottle cowered abjectly in his pew.

"Today," went on the Utopian, "I had the pleasure of being shown your beautiful city. I saw your park, your hill, your monument, your lake—the names of which, I regret to say, elude me."

"Gulick," said Octavia of that name, from her seat on the rostrum.

"Thank you," said Mr. Humber. "Gulick, Gulick, Gulick. I won't forget again. I'll think of a sick frog."

Members of the Pottle-for-President party smiled; the opposition did not.

"Yes, I shall always remember Lake Croak," said Mr. Humber.

"Gulick," prompted Octavia in a nettled whisper.

"Thank you," said Mr. Humber. "Gulick, Gulick, Gulick."

He tittered benignly.

"I can laugh now," he said, "but your lake was not comic to me today when I fell into it. I do not swim. I was drowning. Once, twice, I went down. My life passed before my eyes. It was the end—the end—with so little done—so much to do—"

He paused dramatically.

"And then, with sturdy strokes, a man cleaved the water and sped to my rescue. In a panic I clung to him. I was dragging him down to a watery doom, when—biff!—he struck me. Merciful unconsciousness came, stopping my struggling. I woke to find myself on shore, my savior bending over me. 'I hope I did not hurt you,' he said. 'You were cruel to be kind,' I replied, and wrung his hand. In my eyes, tears of gratitude mingled with the waters of Lake Bullfrog. 'Today I have met a *man!*' I said. Together we sought the solitude of the woods, removed our saturated garments and, as they dried, we talked. Till twilight fell we talked, and under the stars we talked, out there in Garlic Woods. Rather, he talked, and I listened, listened with growing humility as I came to realize that I was but a disciple, sitting at the feet of a mighty mind. When I came to your fair city I did not know that you had living here one of the most profound philosophers, one of the outstanding intellects of our time—or any other."

Mr. Humber emptied the carafe with a fortissimo gurgle.

"It is said that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," continued Mr. Humber. "You may not be aware of the stature of the man who lives quietly, modestly in your midst. But, in the centuries to come, when you and I and all of us are forgotten, he will be remembered and esteemed."

The ladies goggled at him and at one another, and Blossom Pottle was the most bewildered of them all. Mr. Pottle's numbed mind was incapable of anything but a primitive urge to flee. Mental rigor mortis had set in.

"You know him well, but you do not know him," went on Mr. Humber, warming to his work. "*I* know him. And, knowing him, though all too briefly, I do not hesitate to rank him among the sages of the ages—Solomon, Solon, Plato, Socrates, Erasmus, Kant, Spinoza, James, Franklin, Freud, Einstein—"

He ran out of breath. The ladies held theirs. He filled his lungs and launched on a new flight of eloquence:

"I feel I should, I feel I must, dedicate this club, not to an abstraction, but to a *person*. Ladies, in fact, fellow members, I have the honor to honor a man who needs no honoring, but who confers an honor on us by letting us honor him. I dedicate this club to—"

He stopped. So did Mr. Pottle's heart. The Utopian stood there, groping. Then he spied the rigid Mr. Pottle. He waved a hand at him.

"Hi, Pot!" he called out. "What's your name?"

Mr. Pottle tried to duck down behind a thin Gulick.

"It's—it's Ambrose," got out Blossom in a dim, dizzy voice.

"I declare this club open and dedicated to that great, good man, Ambrose Thomas Collins Pottle!" said Mr. Humber.

With his audience still in a stunned coma, Mr. Humber turned, bowed toward Blossom, nearly lost his balance and made a landing field of her lap, righted himself and said:

"It is only fitting and proper that the first president of this admirable institution should be the woman who has stood by the side of the man to whom it is dedicated, sustaining him in the face of the world's neglect, with her appreciation and understanding. Fellow members, I move that we unanimously, and by acclamation, elect to the presidency of the Thingamyjig Club—that splendid specimen of American womanhood, Mrs. Plossom Bottle."

A PALE, dazed Pottle sat in the living room of his bungalow. His wife sat on his knee.

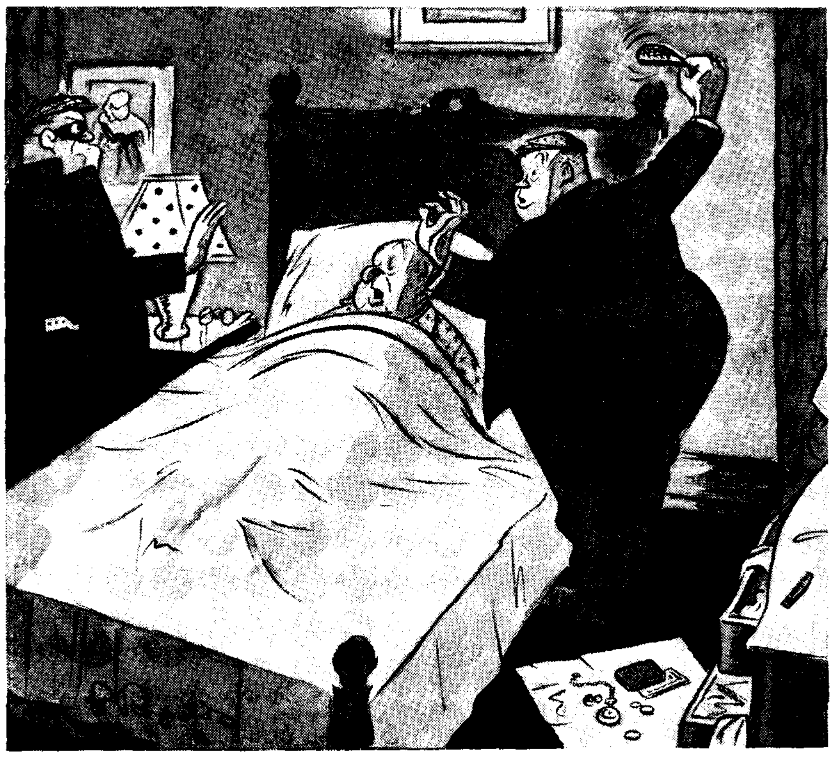
"Oh, Ambrose," she said, "to think I never knew! It must be true that still water runs deep."

Mr. Pottle stroked her blond curls.

"Happy, booful?" he asked.

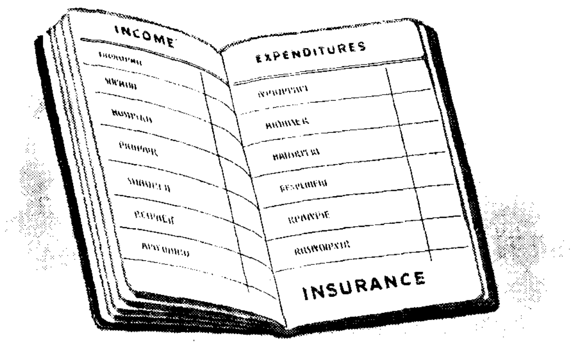
"Ecstatically! But, oh, Ambrose, now that I'm president, I'm kind of worried. I've a pretty big job to live up to."

"*You* have?" said Mr. Pottle.

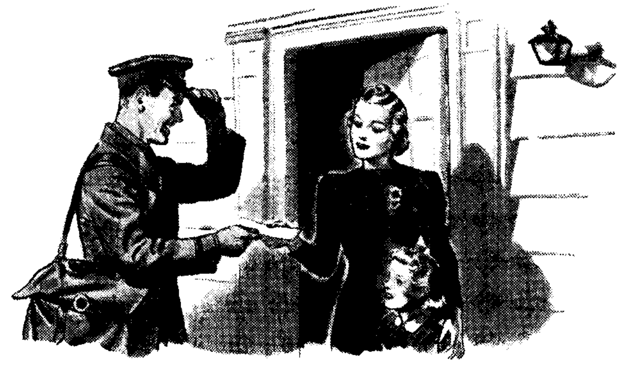


"Just a little tap? I can't stand his snorin'" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

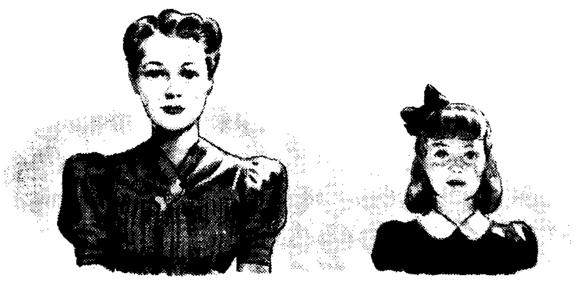
How many of these questions about life insurance can *you* answer?



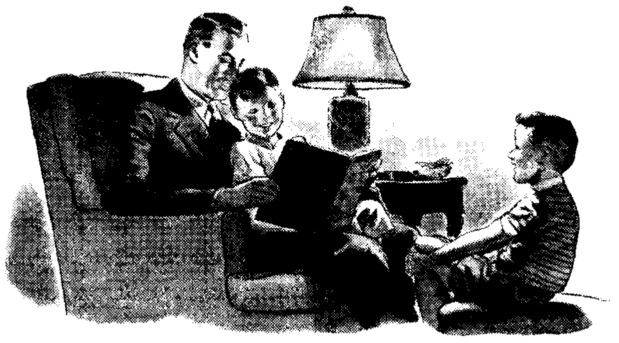
1. *How much of my income should go into life insurance?*



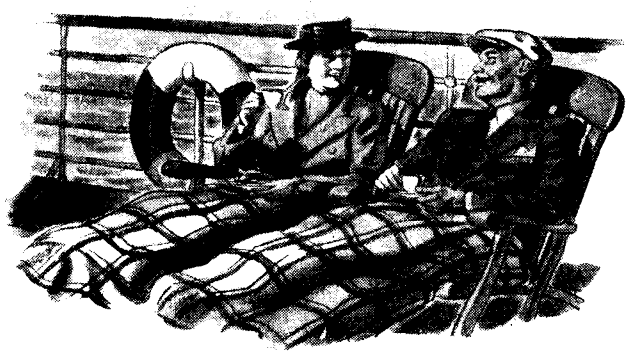
2. *What form of settlement will be best for my family? —Monthly check? Lump sum? A combination of both?*



3. *Should I reserve the right to change the beneficiary at any time? With my wife as beneficiary, should I name my child, or children, "contingent" beneficiary?*



4. *What is the best way to arrange my insurance program to assure the education of my children?*



5. *Can I make provision under an ordinary life policy so that my wife and I may receive a life income in later years?*

THESE are some of the things people frequently want to know—and *should* know—about life insurance. The answers to such questions will vary, of course, according to the individual circumstances of the person asking the questions.

▶ Is it difficult to get the answers? Not at all—*you need only ask your life insurance agent.*

You will find that he considers it his business in life to be of service to you. You will discover, too, that his experience with problems similar to yours has given him the necessary background to help and advise you.

You would understand why this is so if you could "sit in" on a few of the many extensive training courses which Metropolitan, for example, maintains both at the Home Office and in the field, in order to help its representatives to serve policyholders better.

▶ Last year, for instance, with 122 instructors continuously engaged in carrying on Metropolitan's educational program, 1,146 agents received intensive instruction in the company's schools . . . 3,113 representatives enrolled in the company's correspondence courses . . . almost 1,000 were enrolled in the course which, when completed, brings the coveted designation "Chartered Life Underwriter". . . and 1,436 managers and assistant managers were given training designed especially for their benefit. In addition, Metropolitan constantly issues instructive publications, including a monthly magazine, all of which are designed further to improve the agents' service to policyholders.

▶ So if you own a Metropolitan life insurance policy, and want advice on questions like those above, or desire any information whatsoever about your insurance—*see your agent.* If he doesn't know the answer, *he knows who does.* He has merely to consult one of the Metropolitan specialists who stand ready, at all times, to help him serve policyholders to the utmost.

▶ If you prefer, don't hesitate to consult the company's nearest district office, or write directly to the Home Office. The company welcomes such inquiries from its policyholders. *And, naturally, there is no charge for the information you receive.*

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This is Number 19 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Champion's Return

Continued from page 19

He had looked so bad that the commission suspended his license for six months. At the end of that time he was twenty pounds overweight with whisky bloat, and he didn't have a dime. He never wanted to fight again, because that whipping had done something to him. It had taken away his confidence, and his pride, and his heart. All he wanted to do was to stay drunk so he'd never think of it again.

In the three years following that Augie had held a variety of jobs, each one being worse than the last one. He had been a bartender, a ticket taker in a cheap dance hall and a cab driver, and occasionally he picked up a couple of dollars handling some boy in a club fight. When he met the Kid he was cleaning out spittoons in a small-town barroom for a dollar a day, and whatever drinks he could cadge off the customers.

He saw the Kid for the first time in the athletic side show of a two-bit carnival. The boy was up there in the ring trying to pick up ten dollars the quick way, and all he did was almost get his head knocked off. It was a bad fight, but the boy had certain things about him that Augie Davis could appreciate. He had a lot of guts for one thing. And he had a beautiful build for a fighter, big in the shoulders and light in the legs. An idea began to take shape in Augie's head.

He met the boy outside the tent. He made it look like an accident but it wasn't. The boy was walking away from the tent like he was in a daze, and Augie fell in step with him.

"Well, kid," he said, "that guy sure cleaned your plow for you, didn't he?" The boy didn't look at him. "You're a sucker for a left hook, kid," Augie said. "A guy comes to you like that you ought to step inside and murder him."

The Kid had a black eye, and his mouth was cut open, and he was almost crying.

"I could lick that bum one-handed," he said. He put his fist up to his puffed mouth. "Only I ain't had anything to eat for two days. If I had a good meal under my belt . . ." he said.

"You could eat a side of raw beef and he'd still belt the hell out of you," Augie said. His idea was complete now. Take a kid like this and really teach him how to fight, and you had a bank roll. He fingered the loose change in his pocket and headed for a hamburger stand across the midway. "If you really wanted to fight now," he said. "With me to teach you . . ."

HE WORKED harder with the Kid than he had ever worked for himself. He laid out a daily schedule of training and made the Kid stick to it. He taught him to box first. He taught him how to hit straight and sharp instead of swinging. He taught him how to lead, block and counter, how to slip punches, and how to ride with them. He skipped rope with him, and did road work, and worked out on the bag. And every day he cleaned out the saloon, and used his dollar to buy food instead of whisky because the Kid had to eat properly.

In the beginning it was strictly a business proposition. In the beginning all Augie had wanted was a good fighter, but after the first few months the relationship had changed. It was something that Augie couldn't understand, and didn't try to understand. But after a while he began to feel toward the Kid the way a father might feel toward his son. He didn't see even then that for the first time in three or four years he was important to somebody. He had been kicked around, and called a bum, and treated with contempt for a long time, but the Kid respected him for what he knew, and it made him feel good to have somebody respect him again.

At the end of a year the Kid had his first fight at an American Legion smoker and he won it by a knockout in the second round. They gave him ten dollars for it. Augie took the ten dollars and bought him a new pair of boxing shoes.

It took another year to climb out of the club-fight class, and it was a tough year. When they went out of town they traveled on freight trains, and they slept in two-bit flophouses. They were cold a lot of the time, and they postponed a number of meals indefinitely, but they finally got a break. They got the headline spot on a good card with a thousand-dollar guarantee.

Things looked fine to Augie Davis then. He had visions of new clothes, and clean beds, and good food. In a year maybe he could get the Kid a shot at the champion. It didn't look as though anything could stop them then.

Ed Nofziger

"Oh, dear! My new corset slipped!"

ED NOFZIGER

Three days before the fight the Kid couldn't get out of bed.

When the doctor came out of the room after his examination Augie met him in the hall.

"He's all right, ain't he, Doc?" he said. "He's gotta be all right. He's gotta fight Friday night."

The doctor stared at him. "My good friend," he said, "he'll be lucky if he can fight again in six months. That young man has as fine a case of pneumonia as I've ever seen."

Augie Davis was almost crying. It had a part of everything in it. A part of it was seeing all his dreams and hopes go away. But more than that was the fear that the Kid might die; and if the Kid died everything that was left of Augie would die with him.

"What have I gotta do, Doc?" Augie said.

"Get him somewhere out of the cold room. A hospital. Any place where he can get proper attention and care."

"All right, Doc," Augie said. "Get him to a hospital."

The doctor glanced up and down the shabby hall, his look saying better than words what he was thinking.

"And I don't want no charity ward either," Augie said. He knew what he had to do then. "You don't need to worry about the dough," he said. "I'll get the dough."

After the ambulance had gone he put on the old overcoat and his cap and walked twenty blocks downtown to save streetcar fare.

Jake Rose was in his office. Jake Rose made his living out of prize fighters, and five years ago Augie had pulled plenty of customers through the gate for him. He was a huge man with a broad, swarthy face. He sat behind a desk in his shirt sleeves, rolling an unlighted cigar around in his mouth. He didn't take the cigar out even when he talked.

"Well, Augie," he said. "What is it you're coming to see me about?"

"My boy's sick," Augie said. "He come down with pneumonia today."

"So," Jake Rose said.

Augie stood there twisting his cap in his hands. "You'll need a substitute on the card," he said. "I want to substitute for my boy."

Jake Rose took the cigar out of his mouth and leaned back in the chair, laughing until his fat belly shook.

"You're telling me jokes," he said. It was apparently a very funny thing. "You couldn't fight your way out of a bag of buns," Jake Rose said. "Five years ago I see you fight and you look like a bum. You look more like a bum now."

"I GOTTA have the dough," Augie said. "I can make it look good, Jake. I can stay there maybe four, five rounds and make a fight of it. The crowd always likes to see a guy get murdered."

Jake Rose stopped laughing suddenly. He was not a sentimental man, and all his life he'd seen has-been fighters trying to come back, but he remembered Augie as he had been once—a great fighter and a colorful one. He didn't want to postpone his card, and as a businessman and a showman he could see two things in Augie's favor. One thing was he had been a champion of the world. And the other thing was he'd probably settle for very little money. Jake Rose leaned forward over his desk.

"I'm doing it for you, Augie, and nobody else." He rolled the cigar around in his mouth. "Fifty dollars a round for every round you're fighting. Any fancy boxing or running away and I don't pay." Jake Rose prided himself on his sense of humor, and something humorous had just occurred to him. He leaned back in his chair, laughing again. "A thousand dollars if you're winning. Nobody can say old Jake isn't generous."

So Augie Davis was fighting again, and he didn't want to fight.

It was nine o'clock when he got to the arena. The attendant at the door let him in, glancing contemptuously at the overcoat, the ragged cap and the cracked shoes. The roar of the crowd inside rose and sank and rose again, and he got a glimpse down one of the aisles of two preliminary boys slugging it out under the arc lights.

He didn't have any seconds, but he managed to pick up a colored boy who was hanging around anxious to make two dollars. It didn't matter to Augie who was in his corner. All the advice in the world wouldn't do him any good. All he needed was somebody to carry a bucket.

HE PUT on the trunks and the shoes and sat on the edge of the rubbing table swinging his feet while the colored boy bandaged his hands. That part was important. It would be bad enough to take a licking without breaking his hands in the bargain. The colored boy was serious and intent at his task. When he finished, Augie got off the table and hit his hands against the wall to see if the bandages felt right. They felt fine. He started shadowboxing around the room.

"You better lay down," the colored boy said. He was taking his job seriously. His eyes followed Augie around the room, alert and anxious. "It's a long time yet, boss," he said. "You better lay down for a while."

He lay on the rubbing table with the robe thrown over him, and his hands shielding his eyes against the light, trying to relax. It didn't work though. He couldn't get his mind off what was going to happen, and it made him tense as a fiddle string. The colored boy rubbed his legs gently, loosening the muscles. After a long time a man stuck his head in the door and said, "All right, boys. The last prelim's over."

He slipped his hands through the sleeves of the robe. In spite of the rubbing his legs felt stiff and wooden. Outside in the corridor they met one of the preliminary boys being half carried to the dressing room. He had blood all over him and he was sick at his stomach. It didn't improve matters any.

People sitting on the aisle stared at him on the way down, but it was an impersonal curiosity. Nobody called him by name or tried to shake hands with him the way they used to do. The colored boy followed at his heels, carrying a bucket and sponge and a water bottle.

Up in the ring the lights hurt his eyes, and beyond the edge of the ring was a vast emptiness filled with a haze of smoke. The Swede was already in his corner. Augie put his hands out, stiffening his arm and shoulder when the colored boy put the gloves on him. Out in the center of the ring the announcer was bawling into a loud-speaker:

"In this cawnah, at one hunderd fawty-six pounds . . . former welterweight champeen of the world."

He got up and pivoted with his hands

ONE WAY
COLD WEATHER AHEAD
NOVEM
DECEMBER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
CHAMPION
PATENTED

For Winter Protection Install New CHAMPION Spark Plugs

The rigors of winter make it sound judgment for careful motorists to have their spark plugs checked and cleaned now—or replaced with a new set of Champions if the present set is old, worn out, or of inferior quality.

New Champions are particularly recommended *now*, (see convenient chart below) when their advantages are so much more noticeable than at any other season of the year. They insure prompt starting—cutting down excessive drain on the battery—and minimize the dangers and waste of crankcase dilution due to hard starting and slow warming up.

Champions are now sealed with a compressed dry powder, Sillment (patented), which banishes troublesome compression leakage common to ordinary spark plugs, and thus insures absolutely uniform ignition in each cylinder. Remember that even one "leaker" in a set can cause rough, uneven, and wasteful engine operation, so be sure to install Champions. Dependable dealers everywhere sell dependable Champions for every engine.

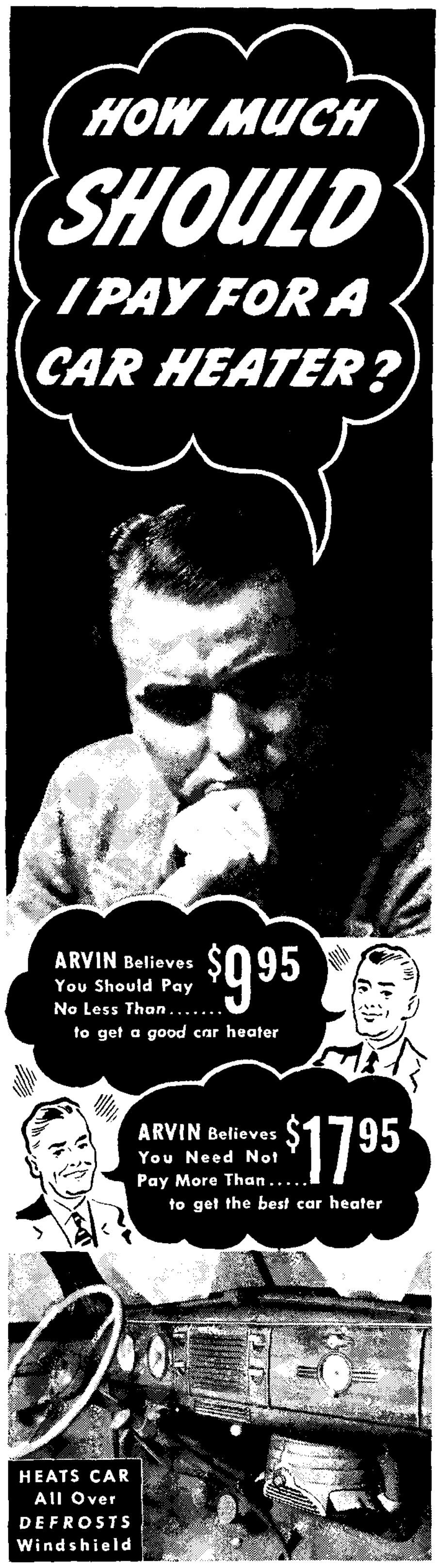
Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

MAKE	YEAR						
	'33	'34	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39
AUBURN	C4	7					
		H10					
		14mm. Hds.					
AUSTIN AM. BANT.	C7	C7	C7	C7	C7	J8	H10
BUICK	15	15	15	15	15	J8	J8
CADILLAC	7	7	7	8 cyl. J8			Y4
				Others 7			
CHEVROLET	J5	J5	J5	J8	J8	J8	J8
CHRYSLER	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
CORD	C7	C7	C7	H10	H10	H10	
DE SOTO	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
DODGE	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						

MAKE	YEAR						
	'33	'34	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39
FORD	Models A & B 3X						
	Big V8 18mm. Hd. 7	7	7	7	7	7	All mdls. H10
	1938 Big V8 14mm. Hd. H10						
	'32 V8-C4				60 HP H10	H10	
GRAHAM	C4	C4	7	7	7	H10	H10
	S'chgd 7		Superchgd & 95 Ser. H10				
HUDSON	Six J8		All Reg. Hds. J8				
	8s 7		All Hi. Hds. H10				
HUPMOBILE	C7	C7	C7	C7		7	7
LAFAYETTE		15	7	7	7	7	7
LA SALLE	7	7	J8	J8	J8	J8	Y4
LINCOLN	C4	7	7	7	7	7	7
MERCURY							H10

MAKE	YEAR						
	'33	'34	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39
NASH	To '29-6				J8	J8	J8
	L-Hd. C7 Over Hd. Val. 15 14mm. Hd., J5						
OLDSMOBILE	7	7	7	7	J8	J8	J8
OVERLAND							J8
PACKARD	J8	J8	J8	J8	Y4	Y4	Y4
PIERCE ARROW	12 Cyl.-J5			H10	H10	H10	
	8 Cyl.-C4						
PLYMOUTH	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10						
PONTIAC	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8
REO	C7	C7	C7	H10			
	1935 Alum. Hd. 7						
STUDE-BAKER	All Reg. Hds. 8						
	Hi. Hds. 7						
TERRA-PLANE	All Reg. Hds. J8						
	Hi. Hds. H10						
WILLYS 4, 6 & 8	C7	C7	C7	C7	C7	C7	J8
ZEPHYR				H10	H10	H10	H10

IT'S THRIFTY TO
INSTALL CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



HOW MUCH SHOULD I PAY FOR A CAR HEATER?
ARVIN Believes You Should Pay No Less Than .... $9.95 to get a good car heater
ARVIN Believes You Need Not Pay More Than ..... $17.95 to get the best car heater
HEATS CAR All Over
DEFROSTS Windshield

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clasped over his head. There was a sound of unenthusiastic applause. Five years ago they used to tear the house down. Five years ago he wouldn't have been afraid of the Swede either.

When the referee motioned to him he went out to the center of the ring and stood there studying the boy he was fighting. The Swede had straw-colored hair and hard light blue eyes. He smiled, trying to look friendly.

"I guess you boys know the rules," the referee said. "I don't want no low punches, and no stallin', and when I say break I want you to break. Now shake hands and come out fightin'."

Augie leaned on the ropes and worked his feet in the resin box. Below him the colored boy's face stared up, his eyes wide and rolling.

"I guess you know what to do, boss," the colored boy said. "You stay outside him or in close though. He's a hooker. He hits mighty hard. He's like to tear you in two he catches you in the belly with one of them hooks."

AUGIE nodded to him. The house lights went out, and the white glare from the arcs beat down into the ring. When the bell rang Augie whirled and came out fast. The Swede was slow and cautious. He came forward flat-footed and he carried both hands low.

He's a hooker all right, Augie thought. Let you hit him three times to get at you once, and then look out. He slowed up, waiting, and the Swede came in to him, shuffling his feet.

Augie hit him in the face with his left hand, and followed the blow, stepping inside fast. He felt the Swede's left go around his neck. The Swede's right socked home on Augie's left arm and elbow where he'd dropped it to protect his body. He dug his own right hand into the Swede's belly. It was like hitting sheet iron. His left arm was numb from the force of that right hook, and for just a minute he remembered the way Kaplan's fists had felt, slamming into his ribs and stomach. It made him feel sick.

He danced away, and the Swede shuffled after him. Out in the crowd somebody started to boo. The noise grew in volume and a bawling voice said, "Can I have the next waltz?" The sound of that brought Augie up short. He remembered the Kid then, and the fifty dollars a round, and what Jake Rose had said about running away. The thought of that stopped him. No fancy boxing, Jake had said. He had to stay in there and take it.

He hung poised, waiting for the Swede to come to him. He hit him in the face with his left hand, swayed back from the two hooks, and came in hitting him again. The Swede's nose began to bleed. Augie hit him in the face again, and slid into a clinch. The referee broke them, and the Swede got him on the ropes and hit him twice in the body. A stab of pain tore through him. He slid on the ropes and felt his feet taking him away, his left hand stabbing out in front of him. He was still going away when the bell rang.

He went back to his corner, not breathing hard, but with a feeling of weakness in him. His hands were cold and sweaty inside his gloves. Fifty dollars, he thought.

The colored boy shoved a stool under him. He tilted the water bottle and sloshed water around in his mouth and spit it out.

"You're doin' fine, boss," the colored boy said. He sponged water over Augie's head and chest. "Just stay away or inside," he said. "You're doin' fine." The ten-second buzzer sounded and he crawled through the ropes, then leaned back inside to put the rubber mouthpiece in Augie's mouth. "Almost forgot your teeth, boss," he said. "Don't want to forget your teeth. You're doin' fine."

The bell rang. Augie got up on unwilling legs and started for the center of the ring.

It was like fighting two men at the same time. He was fighting the Swede, and at the same time he was fighting that last fight with Kaplan again, waiting for the moment when his legs and arms would begin to tire, and the Swede would start getting to him. He lost track of the rounds. His mouth was cut open, and his forearms ached from the pounding of the Swede's blows.

In the rest periods the colored boy petted him, encouraging him: "He ain't touched you, boss. He ain't touched you at all."

It didn't mean anything, Augie knew. It was the old malarkey they always handed out in the corner. Like that old gag: "He ain't laid a glove on you."

"Well, keep your eye on the referee then, because somebody's kickin' the hell out of me."

The colored boy petted him. "Boss, he ain't touched you at all!"

In the sixth round the Swede got to him. Augie slipped on a wet spot on the canvas and the Swede bulled him into the ropes. He held him there and hit him three times in the ribs over the heart. Augie never felt the blow that hit him on the chin. The canvas came up to meet him.

At the count of five he was up on his hands and knees with his head hanging. He didn't want to get up. There was no strength in his arms and legs, and when he got up he wouldn't be able to protect himself any longer. He felt dizzy and sick. The trouble was he couldn't remember what round it was. Maybe it was the first round, and fifty dollars wouldn't be enough. Maybe the Kid would die because he didn't want to get up. He got his legs under him.

At the count of nine he got up. The Swede rushed him and Augie tied his arms up and got inside and hung on. The Swede pushed at him, swearing in his ear. He worked one hand loose and heeled Augie with the laces of his gloves, swearing at him. Augie hung on. This was when the beating started. This was the time when his arms and legs went back on him. The way they had against Kaplan.

HE HUNG on, and his head started to clear, and he felt the strength coming back in his legs and arms. That was the thing that surprised him. When you weren't in training your strength wouldn't come back to you. But he felt stronger now, and then suddenly he understood it. For two years he had been in training. For two years he had been getting himself in condition without knowing it, because he was so intent on the Kid. But all that time he hadn't had a drink, and all that time he'd been working. And he saw then that the colored boy was right. He'd been winning this fight all the way. The fight he had lost wasn't this one. It was one he'd had a long time ago.

He let the Swede push him away. He went back into the ropes with his arms hanging limp as though he were still dazed and the Swede fell for it. He came in fast with both hands low, wide open.

Augie came off the ropes and hit him in the face with his left hand and crossed the right. The Swede went down. A roar of sound came up from the crowd, and the referee was waving Augie to a neutral corner. He started to count, moving his arm up and down.

The Swede got up at nine, and started coming in again. Augie hit him in the face with his left, and then stepped in close and hit him with both hands to the body, and felt him go limp in the middle. He went back one step and hit the Swede twice in the face when he started to go forward. The Swede's face went blank. He did a half-turn on his heels and pitched headfirst out through the ropes.

AUGIE was drying himself off after a shower when Jake Rose came into the dressing room. Jake Rose stood there with his unlighted cigar in his mouth, and his thumbs hooked in his vest pockets.

"Boy," he said, "you looked pretty good in there. I guess you were fooling old Jake." He rocked back and forth on his heels. "All the time I knew you could win. A thousand dollars I said because I knew you could win."

Augie Davis threw the towel in a corner and walked across the room. He tapped Jake Rose with a forefinger right at the top button of his vest. "You cheap skate," he said, "you let me go in there because you thought I was a bum. You thought I'd get knocked clear up in the cheap seats in two rounds and you could pay off for a hundred bucks. I ought to bust you right in the nose."

Jake Rose stepped backward with his hands out in front of him. "Boy," he said, "don't get excited. You always got too excited." He reached in his pocket and drew out a wallet. "I guess you're needing some money now," he said. "That's what old Jake came down for." He counted out ten ten-dollar bills. "Tomorrow I give you the rest. Tomorrow we got some business to talk. You looked pretty good in there."

Augie Davis took the bills. "I could'a' knocked that tramp of yours stiff in the first round," he said. "Now get out of here before I change my mind and take a poke at you."

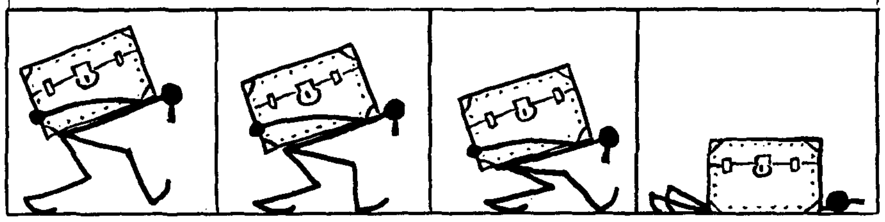
Jake Rose went out. Over in the corner the colored boy was laughing silently, showing his teeth. "Boss, you sure told him," he said. "Yes, sir, you sure told him." He rocked back and forth, laughing.

Augie Davis laced up the cracked shoes and slipped his arms into the mildewed overcoat, but it didn't matter this time. The old clothes didn't make him feel like a bum. Nothing could ever make him feel like a bum again. He took ten dollars out of his pocket and the colored boy grinned at him.

"Boss," he said, "when you fight again I'll be here. I ain't never handled a champeen before."

"All right, boy," Augie said. "You brought me luck." He picked the black bag up and started out the door. Right now he wasn't thinking about fighting again. Right now he was thinking about the Kid down in the hospital, and wondering if they'd let him in this late at night. He walked out into the now deserted street and lifted his right hand in a signal to a cruising taxi.

HAIRLINE HARRY



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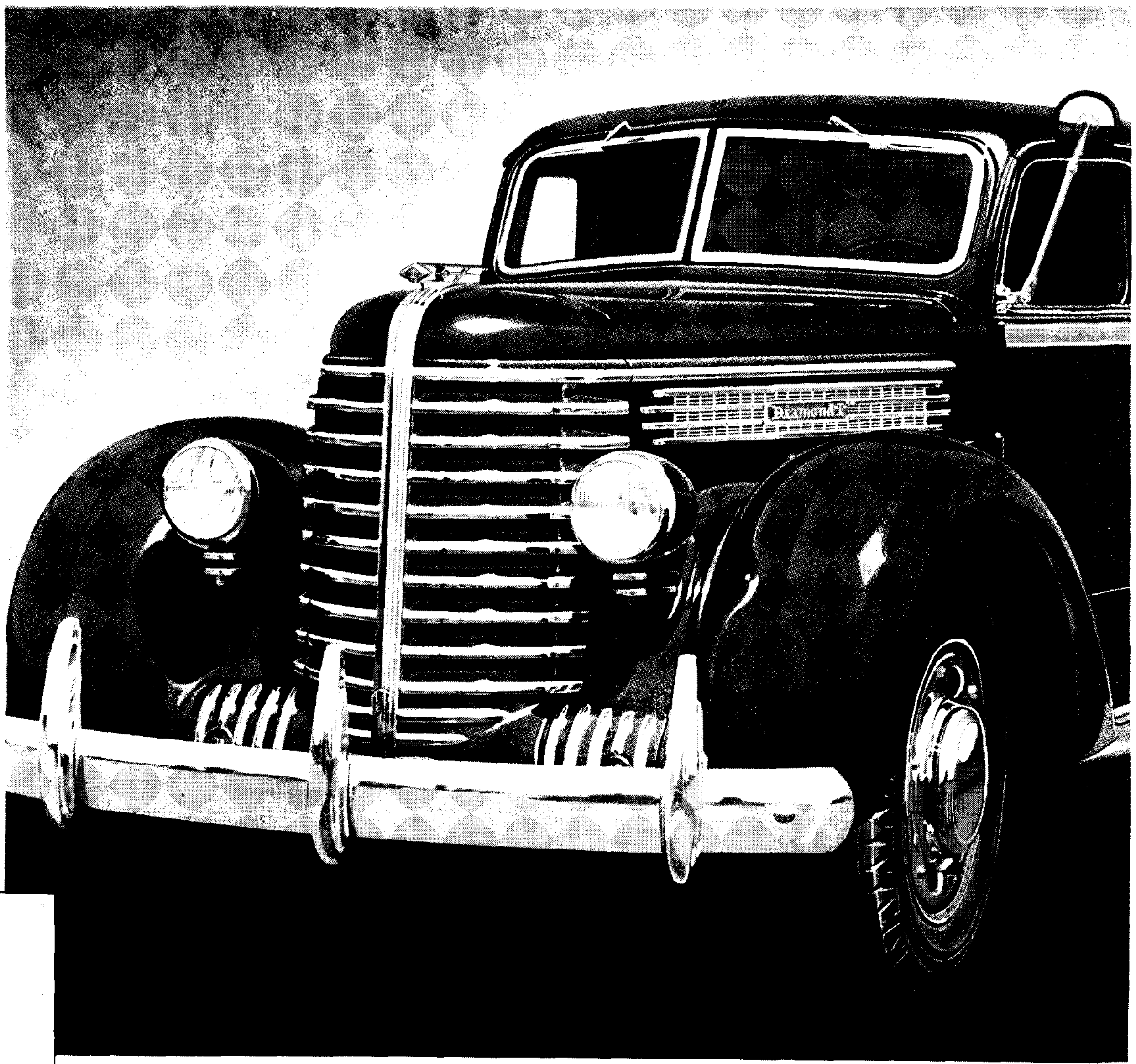

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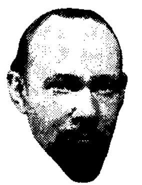

Sir Hubert Wilkins

First to explore Antarctica from an airplane; has led many expeditions into little-known regions.

*Harrison Forman**

Linguist, author, foremost authority on Tibet; designed film sets and costumes for "Lost Horizon."

J. Allan Dunn

Leader of many expeditions in the South Seas and the Orient; his books on adventure are widely known.

Capt Felix Riesenberg

Master mariner in sail and steam; author of books on seamanship and many novels; pioneer balloonist.

Arnold Haverlee

Explorer, foreign correspondent, artist; has lectured at the Explorers Club and throughout America.

**Both Harrison Forman and Capt. Riesenberg, it is interesting to note, were born in Milwaukee (home of Schlitz).*

TRAPPED on an ARCTIC "eggshell"

BY Vilhjalmur Stefansson

Heading across icebound Dolphin Strait in the Arctic twilight, I saw a large black patch in the distance. Here was a mystery! Focusing my binoculars, I caught the reflection of a star—the black patch was open water! Immediately I lay flat and stabbed the ice with my hunting knife. It went through with practically no resistance; the ice was not over an inch thick. I called to my Eskimo follower; our sled was already settling in a pool of water. We were trapped on an "eggshell" of ice. Crawling in a circle, we inched our way, hour after hour, back to safety over this fragile film. Had the "eggshell" broken, we'd have been swept in under the ice, for the current in the strait flows like a mill race.

Facing COLD DEATH *in the Tropics*

BY Hubert Wilkins

The bitterly cold polar regions hold no freezing terrors equal to the chill I received one night in tropic Northern Australia. Reading by camplight under an upturned boat, all at once I felt two spear points against my chest, saw two pairs of naked feet. Savage mutterings literally "froze me stiff" with fear. The natives, mistaking this seeming calmness for an iron nerve, retreated in awe. Later, I came to know these wild people. But never did I quite lose my original fears—particularly after seeing how fiercely they attacked other trespassers. My "freezing" terror had saved my life!

The Husband-hunter of TIBET

BY Harrison Forman

"I like you. I'll take all four of you as husbands!" The speaker was Drolma, a daughter of Tibet; the objects of her affection, me and my three camping companions. It looked desperate for us. In Lama land, this statement was a marriage ceremony, even though she already had three spouses—who were probably on the warpath for us. Knowing the language and customs, however, we induced a nearby religious order to enroll her, thereby cutting the quadruple knot. Just then, rifle shots! Husbands One, Two and Three arrived, demanding vengeance. This time it took even quicker thinking, but goblets of beer brought a happy ending as Drolma's seven ex-husbands held an informal convention.

White Man's MAGIC *in* CANNIBAL LAND

BY J. Allan Dunn

Deep in British New Guinea, where no white man had ventured afoot before, I faced death by hostile tribes. But white man's magic saved the day. I traced the tribal totem—a tortoise—on my arm with a stick of soap. Then I set fire to jungle bark-fibers with my burning-glass, rubbed the ashes over my arm, and lo, there was the turtle's outline, proving my kinship with the tribe. Soon I was pressing on, my most thrilling adventure now safely behind.

BLOWN *"Galley-west"* TO A RECORD

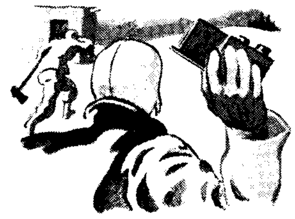
BY Felix Riesenberg

The thrill of my life? It came while commanding the *U. S. S. Newport*, a sailing vessel. Homeward bound from Teneriffe (off the African Coast), we hit a hurricane near Bermuda. Even with seasoned men I'd have worried; but my crew were boys learning to sail! Lives hung on my judgment. I weighed the odds, decided to "run for it" under close-reefed foresail. Through the storm's fury, my lads performed like veterans. The strip of sail held like a sheet of steel. In 48 hours we were safely 600 miles ahead. Our hurricane speed sent us into New London with a school-ship record of 26 days for the southern sailing passage—a feat that had been furthest from my mind as we fought for existence in the Atlantic!

SAVED *by a* CAMERA *"shot"*

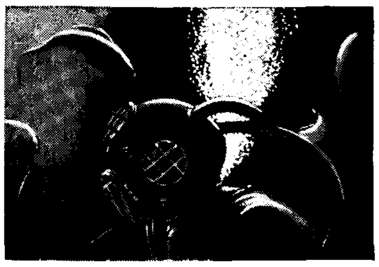
BY Arnold H. Haverlee

How friendly that lone cabin in remote Lapland looked after my weeks of solitude! So inviting, in fact, that I couldn't resist photographing it. Crash! A bushy bearded half-breed came leap-ing toward me, swinging a huge axe. I grabbed the handiest thing to throw in his face—it was my camera. The instant he saw it he screamed and ran into the cabin, bolting the door.



I realized then that he shared the belief of some primitive people, that one who gets a likeness of them has them in his power. My instinctive act was the only possible way I could have chosen to keep from being killed!

The air that sustains LIFE...



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

HE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Interrupted Take-Off

Continued from page 14

the night-club singer. But her eyes were different; Kit's eyes made those of the scat singer seem metallic and shallow.

"Nuts," he said.

"You've planned this flight for a long, long time, haven't you?"

"Yes," he lied.

"Isn't there anything I can say that will make you even think twice?"

"No."

She gave up after that; and the rest of their little time was taken up in a furious argument over her determination to fly back to Tucson without waiting for daylight. And presently he was watching her take off.

The polished black water of the bay looked clean and pretty, cut up by bright lines from a thousand reflected shore lights; but he was sick of looking at it. As Kit went aloft with an angry climbing turn over the harbor, much too steep for comfort, he was glad he was getting out of here, and that he would not see her again for a long time. If he were lucky, he supposed, he would never see her. And later he remembered that, too.

By morning he was able to think mostly about his flight plan and his ship. As he made his last preparations a few knots of people, who had got wind of what he was up to, gathered around the hangar and along the guard fences. He grinned blankly, and evaded questions as well as he could.

The last of his fueling had been handled before he found out that he wasn't going anyplace.

Henry Halsey wired him the word. Kit Valentine had not landed at Tucson. Neither had she landed at Imperial, or Phoenix, or Gila Bend—they had already checked every emergency field within her range, and she remained unreported anywhere. Kit Valentine was lost and down.

FOR a few moments Pete fumbled with the telegram in a daze, but that didn't last long. He took a hundred gallons out of his ship, and boomed out of San Diego for Tucson.

By the time he was flying eastward over the Volcans, Dakar had dropped into the back of Pete's mind. He tried to keep telling himself that Kit would soon phone in from someplace, with some simple, unexciting explanation, and that he could go back to get on with his plans. But he didn't believe it. He couldn't forget that Kit was missing because she had come to him, to talk to him. He didn't even remember, now, that he had done his best to prevent her. She had thought his number was up, and she had tried to do something about it, and that was the reason she was down somewhere in a lost ship.

He had plenty of time to think about things like that before Tucson spread out, flat and clean-looking, at the feet of its coppery hills. Pete had a feeling that Kit must have missed her course and overshot. Beyond Tucson the desert rolled out illimitably, broken by plenty of harsh, vertical country. A lot can happen to a pilot in country like that. And Kit must be out there somewhere, Pete believed.

There was no late news at the hangars as Pete taxied in, but Henry Halsey's plane was on the field. Halsey was just moving away from the pumps, but he throttled back and waited as Pete walked out to him. Pete swung into the seat beside him, where they could hear each other.

"You didn't have to come," Henry Halsey said. Henry's eyes were puffy, as if he might not have slept. "I'm sorry you let this bust into your plans."

"Damn my plans," Pete said. "You knew I'd come."

"Well, yes; I suppose so."

"What's being done?"

"Well—we've checked every possible field, even crazy places like Hurley and San Simon—all the way from the Shankle Ranch to Las Cruces. She just isn't anyplace."

"She'd have enough sense to phone in, if she were forced down, and could get to a phone."

"You'd certainly think so."

"How many planes are looking for her?"

"Everybody in the country will rush to the rescue," Henry said. His voice, thin behind the drum of the idling motor, sounded moody and ironic. Or perhaps he only sounded tired. "Planes will swarm the sky. The air will crackle with radio. Headlines will blaze. Everything possible will be done. But to tell you the truth, Pete, I don't believe Kit's lost."

Pete stared at him, and rumpled his sandy hair. "I don't know what you mean. She has enough sense—"

"Certainly. That's what I say. Kit's faking, Pete. She's running a phony on us."

Pete didn't look angry; he looked flabbergasted. The wind seemed to have gone out of him, and this somehow made him look thinner, so that his blue serge appeared to be hung loosely on a set of pipes.

"You must be nuts," Pete said. "Why would she—"

"How could she get lost? She knows that strip of country like she knows her own make-up kit. There were plenty of fields—"

"A million things can happen to a plane, you dope! She wouldn't have any reason—"

"Yes, she did have a reason," Henry contradicted. "Look at the coincidence. She loses herself for the first time in her life on exactly the eve of your big take-off. She had it jammed in her head that your number was up—you know that. All right—this is the way she took to stop you."

"Oh, for God's sake, Henry!"

"Sure, I know—she ought to have more sense. But you know how she is when she gets an idea wedged in her head."

Pete felt weary and impatient. Suddenly, for no reason at all, he had a picture in his mind of Kit's hair blowing across her face.

"Did you stir up the border patrol?" he asked.

"I think we ought to soft-pedal the whole thing, Pete. God knows there'll be enough commotion, without any extra put-in. She was nuts to do this at all; if the government is put to a lot of unnecessary expense she's going to get in trouble. I know just as well as I know I'm sitting here, Pete, the whole thing is a fake."

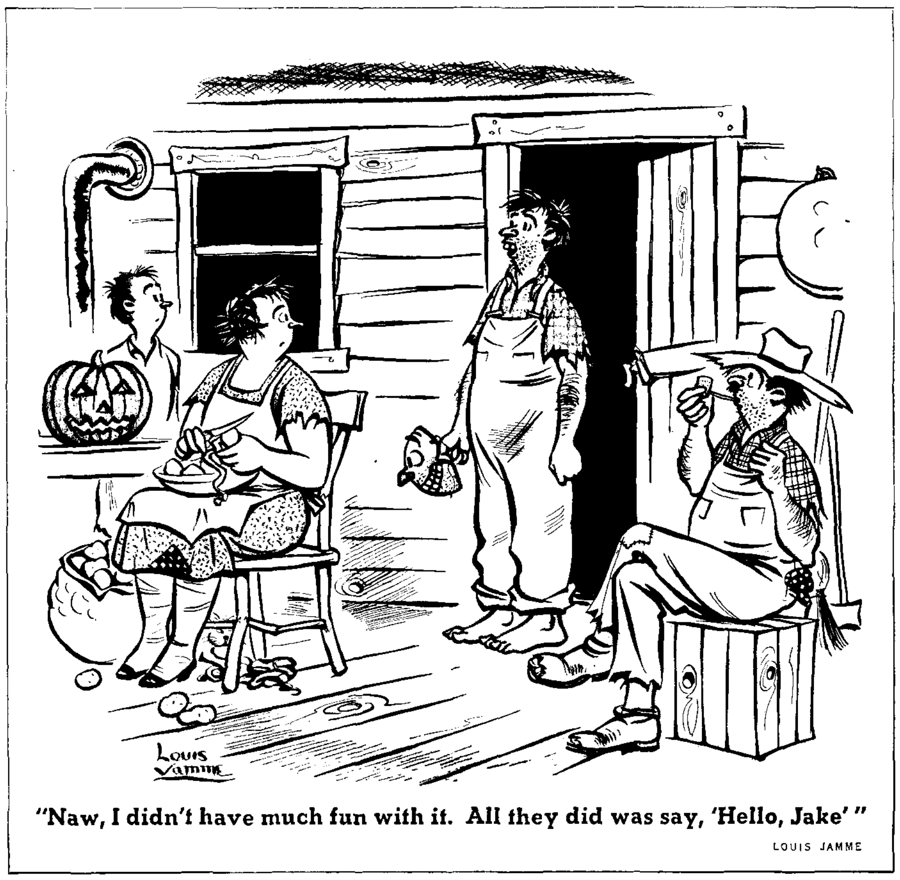
Pete let his eyes sweep out across the desert's thin brush to the gaunt blue ranges, deep-gulched and barren; and he angered.

"Listen, you," he said. "If there were only one chance in a hundred thousand that she was *not* faking, you ought to be moving heaven and earth!"

He stepped out of Halsey's ship and walked toward the hangars. Henry Halsey made an uncertain move to follow him, but changed his mind and presently took off.

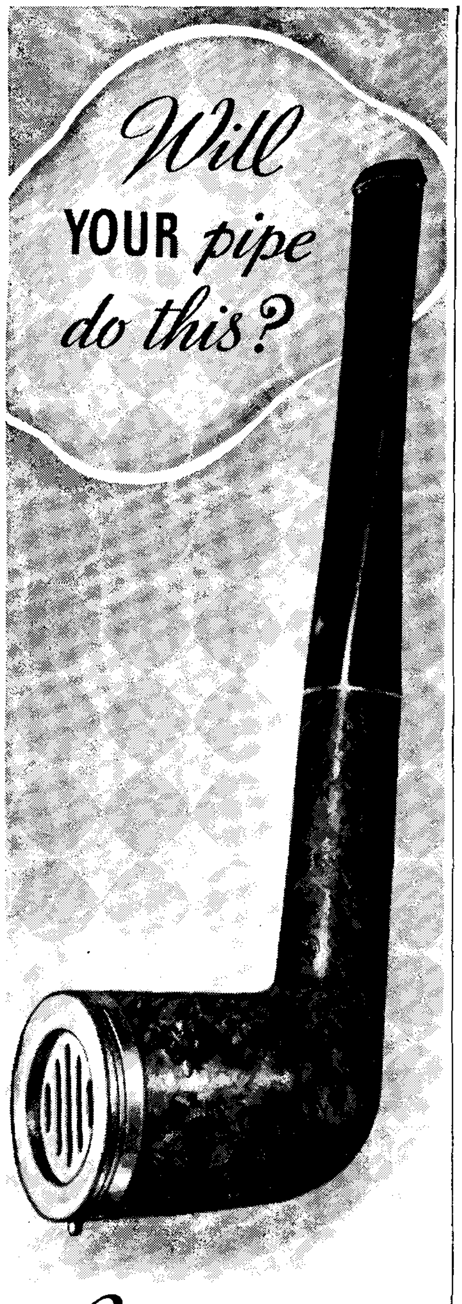
AFTER that, in those next days, Pete went to work. He went at it with energy, with imagination and with brains—with everything that is available to an intelligent man who is scared. Seven or eight people believed themselves to be directing the search for Kit Valentine, but it was really run by Pete Urquhart. He ran it without bossing anybody, by means of ready cash, the scope of his ideas and sheer insistence.

He got in touch with four or five people he knew in the border patrol. He sent out appeals to half the flyers he knew—and he knew a lot of them; he offered them their gas and all expenses, and most of them took him up. For days they kept drifting in—reserve officers, barnstormers, private flyers, from every quarter of the country and parts of New York. He established a map



"Naw, I didn't have much fun with it. All they did was say, 'Hello, Jake'"

LOUIS JAMME



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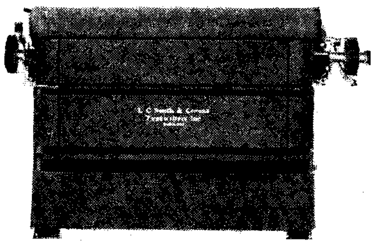

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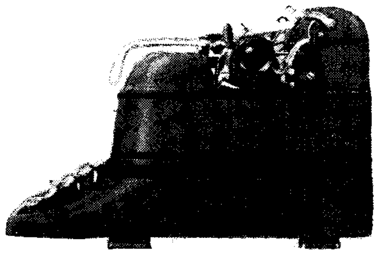

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Give your car "*Before-Anti-Freeze Service*" at Garages, Dealers and Service Stations.

Warner-Patterson Co., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A *mere movement* doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢.

Millions of miles of

TOUGH TEST

driving in every type of car ...under every type of condition...prove "Prestone" Brand anti-freeze the world's most dependable winter protection. It contains NO alcohol. NO glycerine. One filling lasts *all* winter!

(SEE PAGES 62 and 69)

control, from which the courses of the volunteers were governed, to cover the most possible ground in the least time.

By the time the search was taking care of its own organization Pete was able to spend most of his days in flight. He had assigned himself the worst and ugliest territory he could find, and, because of his extra gas tanks, the longest sweeps into mean territory. Eager as he had been to get into the air, his time aloft was a continuous strain. He was trying to see more keenly than any man can see, in his effort to sight the crash he dreaded to find. He combed out long, twisting gulches; he swung low to study tangled juniper patches; he barreled over hundreds of miles of desert, quartering like a hound.

THE nights were the worst, because then he could not hunt for her, but only wonder where she was. He was up until all hours, studying every report, every rumor that had come in, for a skipped chance or a clue; and he talked hours on end with the boys who had flown. When he could, he avoided Henry Halsey. This was not hard; Henry had faded into the background, flying his assignments like the rest.

But it was worst of all between midnight and morning, when he was alone. He could not stop his mind, which kept retracing the courses he had piloted, hunting the possibility of a miss; for as their search widened from day to day the country they flew was losing its probability. It seemed to him that he remembered everything Kit had ever said, or ever worn, and every smile he had ever seen. That was bad enough, but better than the moments when he thought of where she might be now. Sometimes ugly imaginings would jerk him upright out of half-sleep, sweating in cold horrors.

That sort of thing seems to last forever, but it cannot. Whole squadrons of flyers were in the air, roaring over the ranges and the desert lands. They were burning gas and money at a terrific pace, and every mile that they flew cut down the hopes that were left.

As the eighth day began, Pete faced a discouraging prospect. They had run out of unsearched territory; there was nothing to do but begin over again, with every rumor traced out to futility, and nothing to show. Most of the pilots would be going home.

Pete plotted out for himself a far long swing that other men had already flown, and took the air wearily. He hadn't any thought of giving up. Somewhere within a few hours' flight there had to be some trace of Kit, or of what had happened to her. He told himself that he would find her if he had to cover the country with a cordon of planes wing to wing. Even as he told himself that, he knew he couldn't do much more than he had done. His money was almost gone.

BUT that day he found Kit's plane.

What he first saw was a touch of smoke rising from a far, lost crack in the hills, where he had supposed no one lived—so close to the border that he didn't know what country it was in. He set his course for it, flying at four thousand. A narrow strip of hayfield opened up far below, like a chalk mark between the hills. At the upper end of it an adobe stood; and there was Kit's ship.

Pete drew a few deep breaths, and rubbed his face with his hands. Then he fish-tailed downward in a series of diving slips.

By the time he leveled off to circle the field he was able to see something else. A minute figure was visible, walking from the plane to the house. He could make out white and red, since that was what he was looking for, since Kit had worn a white sweater and a red handkerchief on her head when she took off. As he watched, the figure waved an arm.

He had started to approach in a long glide, but now he gunned and zoomed, instinctively pulling away, for now he saw certain things that fitted into a picture he had forgotten.

He saw the neat, taxied-in position of Kit's ship; he thought he could make out the lashings by which it was staked to the ground. It was a long time since he had thought of Henry Halsey's cry of fake, but now suddenly he could think of nothing else.

He couldn't believe it at first. "She wouldn't do it," he told himself. "Kit wouldn't do this." But he seemed to hear Henry answering him: "Yes, she would. You know she would."

He was remembering those whole fleets and squadrons of airplanes, flying in circles that must have totaled a couple of hundred thousand miles. He was thinking about the price of gasoline.

"This might as well have been Dakar," he said. "Right now, I could just as well have been circling down upon Dakar."

In the end he did not land. He wrote a note.

"You can come in now," he scribbled. "It was a very funny joke." He signed his name, and dropped it near the house, with a weighted streamer to mark it as it fell. With ironic patience he marked his location on the map.

As an afterthought he unlimbered his camera, and took a couple of shots of the grounded ship. He meant to frame one of them, in the event that he ever needed to be reminded what a sucker he could be.

After that he banked and set his course for Tucson, without so much as a waggle of his wings.

Back at the airport he reported his find, with the statement that Kit Valentine was alive and safe; and asked that the searching planes be radioed in.

He kept the exposed film, though, and took it back to his hotel. There he wrote a second note, this to Henry:

"All right, Henry.

"You were right and I was wrong. I found Kit's ship safely landed, and even pegged to the wind, at a well-hidden ranch house. Saw Kit from the air. She had the crust to run out and wave at me. Here is a film with her picture on it. Do what you feel like. For my part she can fly in or walk. PETE."

He gave the film and the note to a bellboy, after which he poured down four fingers of rye and went to sleep in his clothes. His last thought was that he hoped he would sleep a week.

It was late afternoon when a pounding on panels woke him. He stumbled to his feet, and blearily opened the door for Henry Halsey. He wanted to see no one, and Henry least of all, but he managed to be decent about it.

"You tried to tell me," he said. "But I was smart. I was—"

"Shut up!" Henry shouted at him. "Listen, will you? Can you land where you saw her ship?"

Pete saw then that Henry Halsey was looking scared; not just conscientious, and worried, as he often looked, but really scared.

"Sure, I can land," Pete said. "Anybody can land."

"Then *come on!* We've got to get out there and find out what's happened!"

"What's the matter with you? I told you I saw—"

"I put a special job on that film you shot. Your telephoto sees better than you do, Pete. Look at this!"

He handed Pete a print the size of a tabloid newspaper.

PETE studied the enlargement with nasty stirrings at the back of his neck. Kit's ship stood there all right, moored to stakes, as he had seen it. But even at a glance something was wrong.

What the enlargement showed was that this plane was not standing on any undercarriage. After a moment he made out the twisted landing gear; one wheel was driven through the side of the fuselage. And next he saw the snapped-off propeller.

"But I saw her! I tell you, I saw her! She waved—"

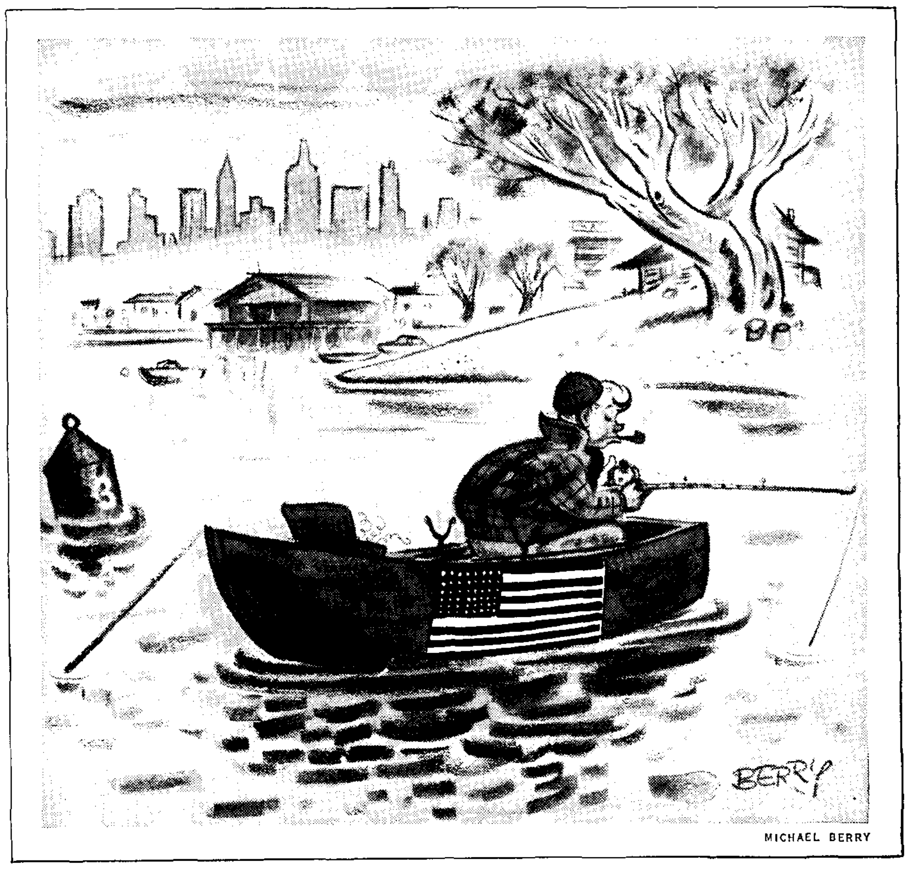
"Here's what you saw." Henry handed him another print.

It was an immense magnification of the human figure, which had been lost off the edge of the other enlargement. The figure that stood with raised arm wore Kit's white sweater, all right, and the handkerchief Kit had worn on her head. But the face—

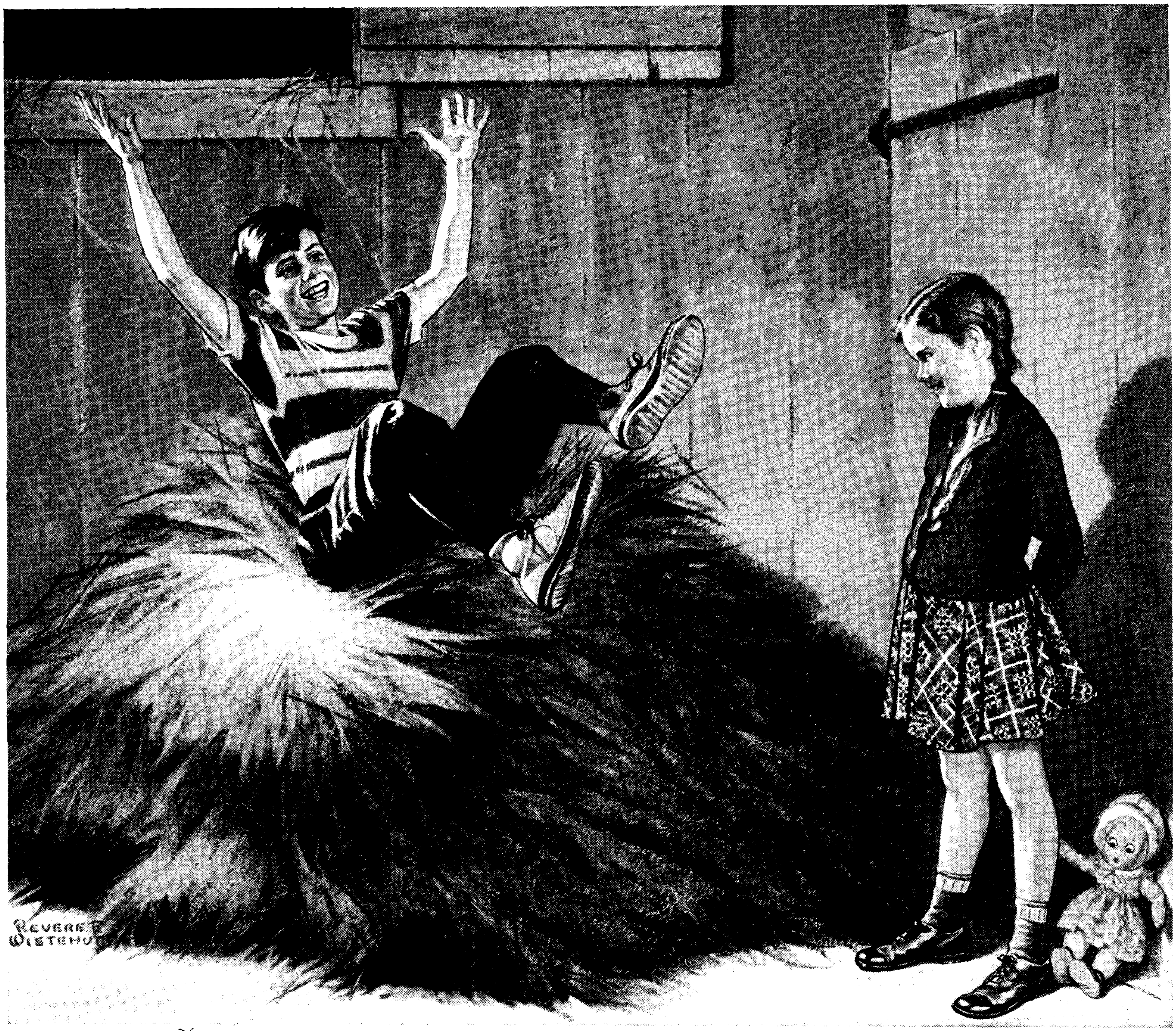
The face was the broad, almost black face of an Indian squaw.

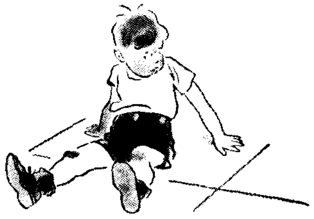
"Quick!" Pete said. "Let's go!"

At altitude you don't sense speed, a plane traveling nearly two hundred miles an hour can seem to hang motion-



MICHAEL BERRY





. . . WE LEARN LIFE'S LESSONS YOUNG

EARLY in life the small boy learns to look for a soft place to land when he jumps. A little later — if he becomes a football hero — he will find a headguard necessary. When he is old enough to drive a car, he will want good shock absorbers to smooth the rough places in the road.

Life teaches us all as we grow older that we cannot completely avoid its emergencies. Against the unexpected we provide "shock absorbers" of many kinds, so that we can make the journey safely and without serious setbacks.

Your dependents are accustomed to the living standard maintained by your earnings. . . . They could not drop suddenly to a lower income level without some hardship. Yet, if you were taken out of the picture, this might happen.

A financial shock absorber designed to see a family through a difficult time is the John Hancock readjustment income plan, which adjusts the income level gradually, permitting the family to make clear-headed plans for the future. . . . If you support dependents in even modest comfort now, there is a plan within your reach.

You will be interested in reading our unique new booklet entitled — "Two Lives," which tells the readjustment income story in four minutes' reading time. Write Department C-11 for your copy.

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
GUY W. COX, President

John Hancock
MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

often worst breath offenders

Don't let Denture Breath and stains shout "False Teeth"

KEEP PLATES LIKE NEW WITH POLIDENT

PLATES and bridges soak up odors and impurities like a sponge! A hard, dark film collects on them. This film holds germs and decay bacteria. It is so tough that ordinary brushing seldom removes it. And it gets into every tiny crevice where brushing can't even reach.

Almost always the result is "denture breath"—one of the most offensive of all breath odors. You won't know if you have it—*but others will*.

Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth without brushing, acid or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all film, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes breath sweeter — and plates or bridges look better and feel better.

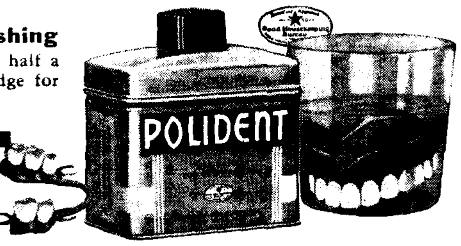
GRATEFUL USERS PRAISE IT

Tens of thousands call Polident a blessing for convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can costs only 30¢ at any drug store, and *your money back if not delighted*. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and thousands of leading dentists everywhere. Hudson Products Inc., New York, N. Y.

Cleans and Purifies **Without Brushing**

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.

POLIDENT



Christmas Cheer

MAKE it real by having money of your own to spend as you wish! Just write to the Pin Money Club. I will send you our free booklet for girls and women. It is called *"An Adventure in Dollars and Cents."* A post card or letter will bring it.

Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club, Department 94, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, New York

Your HAIR

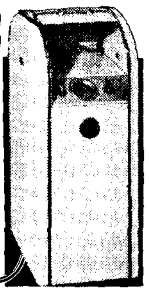
IS IT THINNING OR FALLING OUT?

If your hair is causing you this kind of trouble and it is due to poor blood circulation in the scalp, rent a Crosley XERVAC and try home treatments with this amazing machine. It is designed to help correct just such conditions of the scalp as the lack of proper blood circulation.

Rent a CROSLEY XERVAC

Write for free particulars, how you can rent a brand new machine, the same type now used in many barber shops and scalp clinics, for a small rental fee per month, without any obligation to buy. The Crosley XERVAC operates on the principle of alternate vacuum and pressure, known to be effective for forcing fresh, stimulating blood into the deep-rooted blood vessels. Very compact, easy to use. Now that you can rent one you can get its benefits on easiest of terms. Write for details of home rental plan.

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION
Dept. L-70 Cincinnati, Ohio



CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Has a cold pinched your nose shut—as if with a clothespin? Lay a Luden's on your tongue. As it melts, cool menthol vapor rises, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages with every breath...helps relieve that "clothespin nose!"

EXTRA HELP
LUDEN'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS
5¢

less in the air. In a land of towns you notice that as soon as you are up out of one town you are ready to land in the next, so that you cross the country on seven-league stilts, but the plane itself seems to hang motionless in a world shaped like a bowl. So now in a flight that took no more than an hour it seemed to Pete that he was stuck petrified at four thousand feet.

He kept thinking about Kit's clothes being worn by an Indian squaw. It was past belief that an Indian would be wearing her clothes if Kit were able to use them any more. Any terrible injury could happen in a crash landing, and it was more than a week since Kit went down. There was no special reason to assume that she was alive. "You can come out now," he had written her. It was a very funny joke. . . .

WHEN the hills opened up the narrow hayfield he came down in a long, whistling glide, without circling, and made a bad, ragged landing, such as he could not remember having made in his life before.

Seen from the ground the adobe was a one-room shack, with sacks nailed in the window and a broken door. Chickens of a dissolute-looking gamecock breed roosted on everything. Pete taxied into line beside Kit's plane. It was a mess, all right—much worse than the photograph had shown.

Henry was talking to the Indian woman, a squat figure with skin the color of coffee. She was not wearing Kit's clothes, and with her own she looked filthy. Pete had a little Spanish, but he couldn't follow the rapid rattle of Henry and the squaw. Henry suddenly turned, sprang to the door, and disappeared. Pete pushed after him into the adobe.

The interior was a black hole that smelled of mutton stew, hides, hen feathers and stale Indians. They couldn't see anything at first. Then through the clatter of the squaw they heard Kit cry, "Henry!"

She was lying in a corner on a pile of sheep pelts. Pete had one glimpse of her face. It looked small, pinched and white, with eyes that were enormous. Instantly Henry was on his knees beside her. She wrapped her arms around his head, and hid her face.

Pete was saying thickly, "Kit, are you all right? Kit, are you hurt? For God's sake find out what's the matter with her!"

Henry said, "She has a broken leg, or ankle, or something. I don't know what else. But I think she'll be all right when we get her out of here. You see, the men are away with the sheep, this time of year; there wasn't anybody to bring out any word."

Pete turned away and stood leaning in the door, looking at the fading sky. He felt ten thousand years old. The ambulance plane that had followed them came in now; it circled unwillingly but set down with field to spare. It was a big bimotor, and brought a doctor and a nurse. They fussed around inside the adobe for a long time before they finally brought Kit out.

As he helped them lift the stretcher into the plane, Kit appeared to notice him for the first time. She looked at him squarely, with unreadable eyes. She looked washed out, terribly pitiful. But they had wiped the tears from her cheeks, and her eyes were steady.

"I got your note, Pete," she said.

Shortly after that the ambulance plane took off.

Back in Tucson, Pete paced the corridors of the hospital until they gave him definite word. Kit had had a bad time, but there wasn't anything seriously wrong with her except her leg. The squaw had done surprisingly well with that; she would not be lame.

Pete stayed in Tucson another week. After the reporters had tired of his dull understatements he spent the time mostly in sleep, except for two or three calls a day at the hospital, to ask how Kit was. But he did not try to see her.

By the end of the week Pete supposed it was time to move on. He didn't have anyplace to go particularly. Dakar was out, unless he dug up a sponsor to buy gas for him, which he probably could not do. But he wanted to be getting on.

He would have been on his way without seeing Kit at all if she had not sent for him. Probably he had been waiting for her to make some such move as that; but he went in with his hands full of hat, and very little optimism.

Kit was looking thin, but otherwise very much like herself again; so that their meeting, instead of turning out to be something hard to handle, was as easy and natural as if nothing had happened at all. Her hair was combed out over her pillow, and she smiled at him, and he thought he had never seen anything so pretty.

"I've had your flowers," she said. "I've been getting them every day."

"Well—that's good."

"Are you still mad at me?" she asked him.

"Mad? Who? Me? Mad at you?"

"Pete, I gave Henry back his ring."

"Well, I—I can't say I'm sorry, Kit."

"You should think better of Henry. He explained—"

"Henry would. I never saw such a fellow to be all the time explaining something."

"This time he explained you. You needed a little explaining, Pete. Have you forgotten the note you wrote me?"

PETE shied. "Even Henry couldn't explain that. It's past explanation."

"No, it isn't. Henry told me how he sold you the idea that I was faking."

"I never believed all that stuff, Kit. Only, when I saw your plane all nicely pegged down—"

"I told the old Indian woman how to haul it around into the wind, and stake it."

"I know—I know. But all that stuff about your going missing on purpose—I couldn't ever have believed all that."

"Maybe," she said, "you were a sucker not to. I was pretty much discouraged when you dropped that lousy note. I could have killed you. But I have to tell you something, Pete. Henry was right."

"Henry! *Oh*, no. Why, he thought—"

"I know what he thought. He thought I faked that force-down, just to upset your take-off."

"Aw, Kit, that was silly. That was—"

"I know it was silly. But, Pete—that's what I did."

"You—how's this? You mean, you *meant* to hide out on us?"

"I didn't mean to crack up. I came in too fast, and I hit a ditch, or something. But I wanted to stop you, and I did it to stop you."

"Well, of all the—"

"Pete, don't look at me that way! I know I was a dope. And I'm so sorry! I'll help you to fly to Africa, if that's what you want to do. I'll go with you if you want me to. You can't always be mad at me, can you, Pete?"

"Mad at you? Why, Kit, honey—"

"You might as well know what you're saying." Kit's eyes were bright and narrow. "Because I'd do it again. I'd do it every time if I felt your number was up—crack-up and all! You can't understand that. You won't ever understand that. Because you don't know what it is to feel that somebody's number is up, that way."

"Yes, I do; I think I do," he told her. "And I'm mighty glad you feel that way. Because I'd do the same thing, or any crazy thing, if it were the other way around."

Foul Play

Continued from page 28

racket that wipes out a million wild birds a year. Not alone duck but also geese, quail, woodcock, rail, swans, doves, even blackbirds and robins are slaughtered by the tens of thousands for commercial purposes. One Louisiana gang killed 850 duck in 11 days. Biological Survey agents nabbed one interstate shipment of 7,000 dressed blackbirds. An undercover man working four months in Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas bought 2,200 quail, 600 duck and geese and a few score other birds as evidence—then estimated he had purchased only 10 per cent of the quail and 2 per cent of the duck marketed each season in the area.

In a similar cleanup on the Eastern Shore, 500 duck traps were destroyed. At the most modest rate, the traps would get more than 5,000 duck a week, and 60,000 in the migrating season from October to March. Tremendous quantities of bootleg birds have been marketed in San Francisco and Los Angeles, in the Great Lakes region of Chicago, Detroit and Toledo, in New York and around the Gulf of Mexico.

Supported by the Best People

The birds are served, sometimes secretly, sometimes openly, at some of the finest hotels, clubs and restaurants. Leading citizens buy them for swanky parties. Resorts sometimes specialize in wild-fowl dinners. Our best people, in short, keep alive a racket incredibly mean and dangerous.

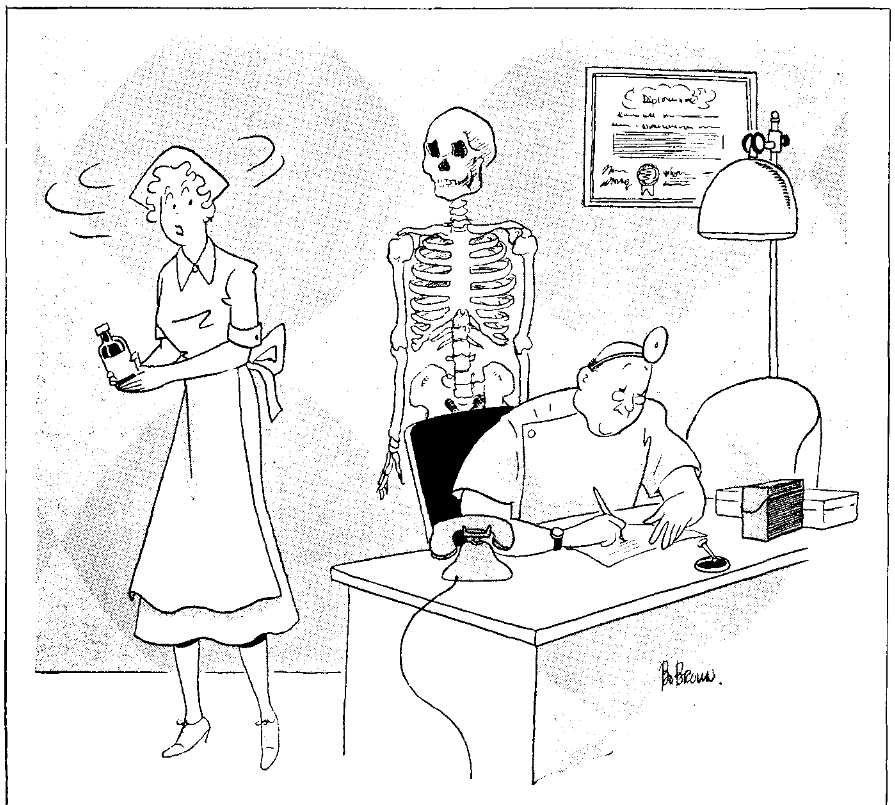
Bird bootlegging nullifies to a serious degree the heroic and expensive efforts of federal and state governments and private sportsmen to restore our wild fowl.

Remarkable progress has been made by the federal waterfowl refuge program in this country, and by similar work by Ducks Unlimited, Inc., on Canadian breeding grounds. But duck bootlegging has chiseled more and more into increasing duck "crops."

For many years the legal hunter has been obliged to acquiesce in the most stringent restrictions. And for many years the market hunter has been an outlaw under two old statutes—the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, based on a 1916 pact between the United States, Canada and later Mexico, forbidding the sale or purchase of all migratory game birds except those raised under special licenses; and the Lacey Act of 1900, imposing heavy penalties on the interstate or foreign shipment of game birds. But enforcement was hampered by inadequate finances and technical restrictions on funds. Then two years ago W. E. Crouch, a vigorous North Dakotan who developed an enthusiastic hatred of bird bootleggers through more than twenty years' work in Biological Survey, became chief of its game management division. He had inserted in his appropriation bill a modest $10,000 to be used in any way deemed necessary to wipe out commercial hunting—to be used, in other words, for undercover work.

A furious campaign began immediately. The Tri-State Sportsmen's League of Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas, suspecting that bootleg birds were being marketed in Memphis, agreed to cooperate in the drive and a crack special game agent, as slick a detective as ever appeared in a dime novel, invaded the area. The agent's findings shocked even Survey officials who thought they knew the scope and seriousness of market hunting. He found the hunters loosely organized into gangs, sometimes bossed by middlemen who had contacts valuable both in selling the birds and shielding the hunters from the law. He learned they were dangerous men, always armed, and that their hangouts in filling stations, cheap beaneries and saloons were dives worthy of the prohibition period.

He had guns jammed in his ribs, he narrowly missed a murderous ambush, he was threatened with immediate death if he talked. The villainous crews bragged to him of their police and political protection; a deputy marshal stood guard while he dickered over a purchase; and in a weird midnight meeting a member of the Mississippi State Legislature offered to sell him birds. He found market hunters operating on one



"Dr. Humphreys, did you snap your fingers at me, I hope?"

BO BROWN

"You don't say? But—I don't let ANYTHING interrupt the enjoyment of my Mennen Lather Shave!"

Jeepers Creepers—WOTTA shave!

MENNEN LATHER SHAVE

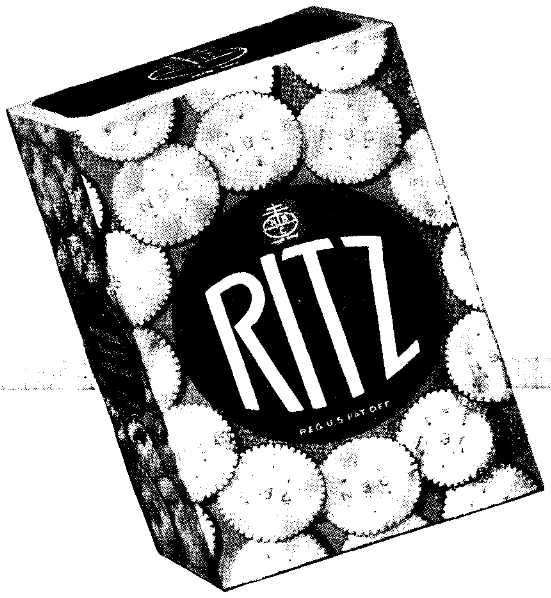
Mennen makes a swell Brushless, too.

No, sir—you *won't* give up the enjoyment of Mennen Lather Shave once you try it! You'll find it's the tube you love to clutch. Because this oil-dissolving, penetrating, soothing lather wilts your whiskers faster, more *thoroughly*. Your stubble comes off *smoother, easier*. Your skin feels *soothed, refreshed*. Make yours Mennen Lather—and shave happily ever after. C'mon, see your druggist and say—"MENNEN FOR MINE!"

"OUCH . . . OH, MADGE!" Drafted for kitchen service, he's learning about Kitchen Hazards. But, after that cut has been treated properly, Band-Aid will help protect it . . . help keep dirt out. For Band-Aid is a neat, ready-made adhesive bandage. It *stays* on—even on hard-to-bandage surfaces. Get *genuine Band-Aid*. Made *only* by Johnson & Johnson. Look for the red cross on the package.

Johnson & Johnson BAND-AID REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ADHESIVE BANDAGES

"He's the kind of little brother I like!"



You're in—as soon as you start to hand out the Ritz! Folks go for these golden tempters as though they'd missed their last meal. For Ritz is something deliciously *different* in crackers. It has a nut-like flavor that's unique—a crunchy-crispness that's *sealed in* by a special baking process. No wonder Ritz has become the most popular—the largest selling cracker in America! To please *all* of the people *all* of the time, order Ritz from your dealer today! Ritz comes to you *fresh*—and *stays fresh* 'til the last one is eaten!

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

federal game refuge, and was told that politicians and government officials were among the racket's best customers.

Thirty-four hunters were convicted in federal court and twenty-four in state courts, with fines running up to several hundred dollars and jail sentences of several months. Yet the agent was positive he had barely scraped the top of the racket.

In the Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia, 55 duck bootleggers, buyers and trappers were convicted, partially closing off a flow of thousands of birds a year into Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York City, Washington and Norfolk.

The Offensive on Bootleggers

As rapidly as possible the Biological Survey is attempting to strike at the big-city buyers of wild fowl, and at the ultimate consumer who actually eats the birds. Jack Horner, proprietor of the famous Gingham Inn outside Fort Worth, Texas, was sentenced to thirteen months in Leavenworth when the Survey proved he served wild duck, quail, plover and dove quite regularly, in and out of season. And twenty-three of Horner's wealthy clientele were fined an average of $57 each for eating the birds. From captured bootleggers and information furnished by undercover men, the Survey has a long list of suspected eating houses. The list includes some of the country's most famous and most expensive establishments.

The market hunter himself makes relatively little, perhaps a maximum of fifty cents each for duck and geese, thirty-five cents for quail. A wild-fowl dinner will usually cost at least $2—leaving a dollar and a half to be divided between the middlemen and the eating house.

Middlemen sometimes set up highly efficient plants. One Eastern Shore operator had a staff of twenty duck trappers bringing him birds, for which he paid forty to sixty cents a brace. Another 20 employees worked at a long table in an old warehouse, picking and dressing the birds. Ten thousand ducks a year passed through the plant to some of the most exclusive hot spots and private clubs in New York City and Washington. The clubs got regular weekly shipments, paying from $2 to $5 a pair for the fowl.

Another bird wholesaler in Tennessee had gangs of Negroes shooting and trapping quail, and skilled pickers who soaked the birds in brine to remove shot discolorations, wrapped them in cellophane and packed them carefully in special cartons, ready for shipment. He claimed he could guarantee the delivery of 500 quail a week.

The brutal duck trap on the Eastern Shore, with 122 birds in one "bunch," is considered highly efficient. Another trap consists simply of a net spread over baited waters. As the birds light to feed, they become entangled. Frequently they drown before the hunter gets around to killing them.

Most spectacular Eastern Shore butchery is with gigantic shotguns. "Punt" or "scow" guns are six to twelve feet long, with barrels three inches in diameter. Others, called "batteries" resemble pipe organs, with a dozen small barrels spread fanwise on a flat base. Running behind the barrels is a groove for powder. A match in the center of the groove touches off all barrels. The largest such monsters belch out a pound of shot. The original guns came from England more than a century ago. Later they were manufactured in this country, and when they became too expensive, the Shore hunters made them at home of heavy iron pipe.

With the guns mounted on a small boat, the hunters ease up gently to a patch of baited water where the birds are feeding. The watermen let their mouths dangle open to keep the thunder of the guns from bursting their eardrums, and squat low in the boat to keep an even keel when the violent recoil shoves the boat backward eight or ten feet. Cautiously they set off the charge. The blast seems to explode the water, as the ripping pellets shoot fine sprays into the air, and the sky turns gray with rolling smoke and floating feathers.

Bloody bits of heads and wings and tufts of feathers bob in the water, and hundreds of birds are strewn over the surface. Dozens, only wounded, struggle away, seeking hidden spots in which to die. And more than 300 are already dead.

Woodcock, one of our rarest and most elusive wild fowl, are killed at night as they feed.

Robins are massacred by the hundreds in night forays.

Thus must market hunters operate. No trace of sportsmanship, no hint of humaneness, can interfere with the miserable business. The large-scale hunters know perfectly well they are lawbreakers. But they understand nothing of conservation, its purposes or reasons. Time after time their justification is simply "God put them duck here fer us. We got a right to shoot 'em and nobody's a-goin' to stop us." They defend with reckless ferocity what they consider, or pretend to consider, their inalienable right to destroy our wild life.

Game Management Agent Frank Clarkson, while in a small Texas town, was once told by a notorious market hunter: "If you ever catch me hunting in the marsh, start shooting, because that's what I'm going to do. Don't tell me to stop or drop my gun."

A few months later Clarkson was one of six agents who set out in a marsh buggy late in the evening to patrol the Sabine Marsh, on the Texas-Louisiana line. The buggy, its great drumlike wheels lumbering over the slimy water and thick grass, arrived at dusk at a long swampy pool. From one end of the pool there came three spats of flame, and the rolling boom of shotguns. The agents left the buggy and crawled through the marsh toward the shots. From one side of the pond a hunter signaled his companions with the honk of a snow goose, and was answered near by with the call of a duck. From the gloom came a nasal voice, "All right, let's go." Clarkson, one of two agents nearest the voices, snapped a challenge. The reply was a snarling threat: "Stop where you are. One more step and I'll kill you."

"We are federal officers."

"I don't give a damn who you are, I'll kill you."

It's a Desperate Game

Black silence hung over the swamp for a moment, then the agents heard the rattle of a gun action working; and abruptly a near-by lighthouse, starting its night's work, splashed a streak of white light momentarily through the night. In its flash, the agents saw, twenty-five yards away, two gun barrels pointed straight at them. Behind one of the barrels was the man who had told Clarkson to "start shooting." The marsh flamed as the agents blasted away with an automatic rifle and a shotgun. The hunters screamed in surrender. The face of one was torn with buckshot, another had a rifle bullet in his leg.

Such episodes are common. The game agent doing undercover work out of Memphis established, after great trouble, contact with a young hunter in northern Tennessee who introduced him to a gang of bird bootleggers near Reelfoot Lake.

Late one evening the agent drove to the lake and, exhibiting the better part of valor, approached by a back road. When he reached the first cabin he was told by a friendly resident that a group of hunters was "out a-gunnin' fer ya." Later the agent learned the gang had sent a man to Memphis, bribed a bellhop, and learned his real identity. They had laid an elaborate ambush on the main road, intending to see that he never reached a courtroom to testify.

Meantime they called at the mountain cabin of the young man who had introduced the agent. Summoning him outdoors, they stood him against the wall and leveled a rifle at his head. The man's wife, a girl in her teens and mother of a month-old baby, ran screaming to the executioners and pleaded for her husband's life. He was spared—but the gang drove the family at gunpoint from the neighborhood.

Smart Undercover Work

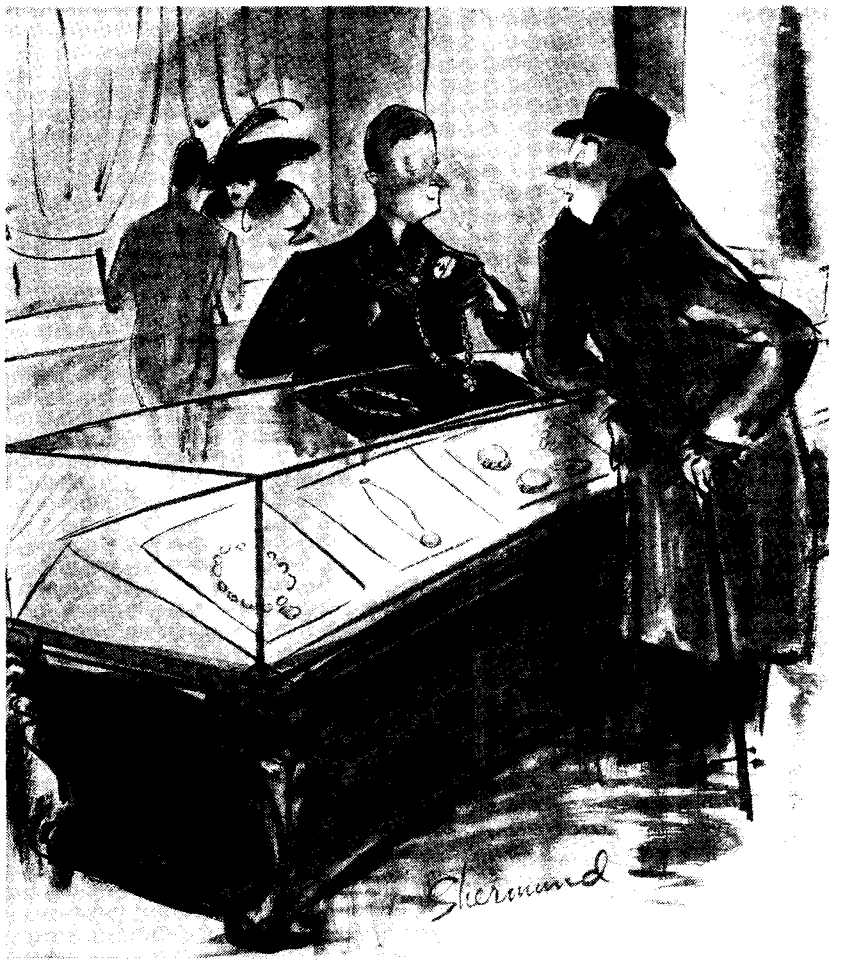
Starting always with no clues and with no known criminals in mind, agents assume many roles to penetrate suspected areas. In the tri-state cleanup, the undercover man posed as a punchboard salesman. On the Eastern Shore one agent became a promoter of radio advertising, another a bird collector. Always they quietly represent themselves as dealers, on the side, in bootleg birds. So well did they get the confidence of the hunters that one Eastern Shore bootlegger, on trial in Norfolk, asked that the agent act as his defense attorney. "If he's smart enough to git me," he told the clerk, "he's smart enough to git me out."

For this the federal game agents get salaries ranging from $1,800 to $2,900 a year. The game management division of Biological Survey has, all told, 67 agents and deputy agents, and some 1,400 men commissioned to enforce the federal game laws who are occasionally detailed for specific jobs at $3.50 a day.

The agents must go through a training period of three to four years before they are sufficiently wise in the ways of the market hunters to do the work efficiently and safely. They must learn a mass of complicated state and federal laws and legal procedure, must catch their criminals actually committing their crimes, and produce witnesses and evidence to prove it. Yet they may never entice the criminal into an illegal act, or it becomes entrapment and conviction is impossible. They must know the tricks of the market hunters—how they hang their bootleg birds from the tops of inverted barrels so they can be seen only if the barrel is turned completely over; how they sometimes test a new buyer by selling him domesticated ducks, on the theory that if he's a warden he will assume the ducks are wild and rush into court, but if he's a legitimate middleman he will complain furiously about being tricked.

One of the commonest artifices of the big bootlegger is the domestication of mallard, the only wild duck easily raised in captivity. If caught, the bootlegger contends he sold no wild birds, but only some of his pet mallard, "which been on my place ten years, eatin' food on my place, layin' and hatchin' on my place." But the elaborate alibi cracks up on the expert testimony of Dr. Harry C. Oberholser, lanky 68-year-old ornithologist in the Biological Survey who's spent almost half a century studying birds. Given a handful of old bones, Oberholser and his small staff can show a jury precisely and unequivocally what species of duck they came from—and seldom is it mallard. A Maryland bird dealer spent a month in jail, after Oberholser identified the eight alleged domesticated mallard he sold as "six pintail and two black duck."

So the federal government again steps in to clean up a different type of crime, less sensational than Dillinger gangsterism but potentially only a little less dangerous to society. Unchecked market hunting would eradicate our birds and give succulent nourishment to organized gangsterism.



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[A common gum inflammation often a forerunner of dreaded Pyorrhea]

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DON'T BE FOOLED. Only your dentist's expert care and skilled surgery can remedy Pyorrhea with its shrinking, pussy gums and loosening teeth.

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America Calling

Continued from page 17

room, the only one of its kind on earth, we are told, and see what's going on. It'll be our last chance to do that because from tomorrow on, no one knows for how long, no reporters, no strangers and no photographers will be admitted. That makes us feel lucky; we are in just under the wire, and so we take in everything as comprehensively as we can.

This foreign room is a very large one in which rows of operators, seated at designated stations on opposite sides of long tables are sending and receiving messages. It's one of the briskest and most convincing pictures of efficiency we have ever seen. Pneumatic tubes and silently moving conveyor belts carry messages to and from the operators; a huge U-shaped control board, which covers one entire end of the room from floor to ceiling, shows exactly how every circuit is operating, while at the other end a complicated-looking machine, marked "London Printer" is receiving, and automatically printing, without any aid from anybody, messages that only a *fiftieth of a second* before were started to it from somewhere across some of the oceans. In this room activity never ceases. It can't because its work is carried on not so much in accord with our time as with that of the many different trade centers and capitals of Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.

All the World in One Room

And today, from all of these continents in that other hemisphere, so much that is important to us is coming in that it's startling, breath-taking. The world is again about to explode. When? Nobody knows. Maybe in twelve hours. Or one even, and so, in feverish haste, the heads and the diplomats of all the great powers are loading our radio circuits with pleas, threats, ultimatums and statements.

Financiers are equally busy. A flash comes: "London's Exchange is closed." Paris closed yesterday, and so, instantly, the businessmen transfer their transactions to Amsterdam and thus, by wireless, suddenly create a new financial center for Europe. We see it happen. We can't avoid seeing it, because around us the entire world is concentrated in a very small space. In that space every country has its own table with its own name on it: France, Germany, Holland, Great Britain, Poland, U. S. S. R., Italy, Chile, Argentina—they are all there, about fifty of them, and hence it is impossible to miss it when Holland, which only a moment ago was sitting calmly behind its dikes and bothering nobody, issues a sudden call for additional detachments of radio operators and goes into high-speed action.

An international disturbance arises in another quarter. "Berlin's gone dead," grumbles the operator at Germany's table. "The hell it has," says the man from Great Britain's table, "what killed it?"

"Dunno. Maybe you fellows dropped a bomb on the station. . . . Huh. Circuit's clear again. Here he comes. Okay Berlin."

Again, somewhere out of this immense traffic in words but silent electrical impulses, comes another flash: "Official. Mussolini has announced neutrality of Italy." And in that room, at that moment, Italy is neutral, because when we turn to look at its station all we see there, right under its name, is a vacant chair with a man's coat hanging over the back of it. Is that symbolic of anything? We wonder about it. Does it mean that Mussolini really has abandoned Hitler? Perhaps not, but, at any rate, being in that room makes us think thoughts of that kind because somehow we have the sensation that we are standing at the exact center of the world. For the purpose of securing information we are. For the actual transmission and reception of international radio communications, however, the two largest centrals in the world are located at Rocky Point and Riverhead, both on Long Island.

At Rocky Point, which is used by RCA as a main central and by American Telephone and Telegraph for one long-wave circuit to London, the first thing we see is a huge chart which is the key to our entire wireless system. From Rocky Point, at the exact center of this chart, a pivoted divider can be swung around so as to show the exact astronomical direction to any other point on the globe. We swing it and get queer answers. A wireless command from the Secretary of the Navy, for example, to the commander of a cruiser at Hong Kong, would be deflected at Rocky Point into a channel or designated radio frequency band that would carry it almost directly over the North Pole, while a message from New York to Honolulu, believe it or not, would go straight through the city of Detroit.

This is important because all of our circuits, telephonic, telegraphic and broadcasting, must be accurately directional. It saves power and promotes efficiency to keep them that way. From tube transmitters, or, if magnetic conditions are poor, from alternators, electrical impulses bounce off one set of antenna wires, hit another set and are reflected, as a beam, directly at a target on the other side of the world. Thus, from Rocky Point, we can land a direct hit, and no foolishness about it, at any other point on earth. It's like shooting a big gun, except that it's easier. A gun pointer has to figure trajectory and wind pressure, whereas radio doesn't. All that it has to determine is direction and distance and it gets there.

Now to Riverhead. The silence here is tensely dramatic. In the midst of a thousand acres of low-hung antenna wires that are literally quivering with sound not a sound is heard. Inside the main receiving station even there is still not a sound until, when we ask him to, a man at a monitor board, like the switchboard in a telephone office, cuts in on our circuit from Poland. Curiosity prompts our request. Our Warsaw circuit passes directly across Germany and can Germany interfere with it? The assumption is that it will if it can and so the instructions to Riverhead are to keep the circuit to Poland open continuously. Apparently, however, Germany cannot interfere with it because Warsaw is sending steadily.

A Constantly Expanding System

To us the message sounds like nothing so much as a wagon badly in need of grease, although to the man at the board it is as plain as print, "Long wave, from an alternator; Polish, in Morse code," he says. He opens another circuit, which is high, shrill and continuous, and shakes his head: "London. Using multiplex. Nobody can read it." Another circuit, high-pitched but apparently readable because, "Moscow," says the young man, "sending in French."

"How many languages can you read?" we ask in admiration.

"Six."

Later, at another station, we met another man who was also a member of

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You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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We invite the interest of discerning smokers to the superb qualities of Royal Demuth $3.50 pipes

the Naval Reserve, who may some day be a great help to us. He handles Japanese fluently.

Then the war came. Thanks to our radio circuits we know more of the details of that war than the belligerents themselves do, and yet, so responsive to our needs is our communications system that before the conflict was ten days old American Telephone and Telegraph had already announced the opening of a new voice circuit to Italy over which, in connection with wire and radio lines, President Roosevelt can, if he wants to, converse with any capital on the Continent. In contrast with what used to be, when it took years of time and millions of dollars to open up a communications line to Europe, this is amazing.

Amazing also is the manner in which messages can now be handled. Assume, for example, that we are in the war and that Secretary Hull has a message, of several thousand words, that must be secretly and speedily transmitted to Ambassador Kennedy. In pre-radio days that message would have had to be coded, which would have consumed hours, while at the same time the cable company, which could only send at the rate of about 200 letters—not words—per minute, would have had to be given advance notice to get traffic out of the way in order to handle it. Nothing of that kind now hampers Secretary Hull, who merely writes his message, in plain English, and passes it along to the communications service where it is at once subjected to some pretty severe treatment.

As a starter it is cut into sections of several hundred words each and distributed to a shift of operators who immediately and simultaneously begin to send it. Due to duplex machines, which operate at terrific speed and are synchronized to a ten-millionth of a second, Secretary Hull's message will be perfectly safe. Avoiding technicality these machines operate as follows: The circuit between a pair of them, one in New York and one in London, is open for business, and into it the operators, going at high speed and each working from a different point in the Secretary's message, begin to pour dots and dashes. It's an indiscriminate, intricate jumble of electrical impulses which hits the air in what seems to be a continuous signal. But it isn't. It's a signal made up of millions of fragments, separated by time intervals within the ten-millionth-of-a-second range, which cannot be unscrambled and read by any agency on earth except the synchronized machine at the other end of the circuit.

How Sure is Transmission?

With these machines at his disposal, Secretary Hull is sure of speed and secrecy. So is our Secretary of the Navy, and so are his admirals because they too, either in ship-to-ship or ship-to-shore communications, can use this same method of sending.

But what about certainty? How does Secretary Hull, or an admiral at sea, know that the enemy will not hit the signal carrying his message with an electrical barrage of his own and thus destroy it? That's easy. To begin with it is not likely that the enemy can do that, but, just in case he might, both the Secretary's message to Ambassador Kennedy, and the admiral's to the commander of a battleship, are sent out, simultaneously, on two frequencies so widely separated that interference with one of them will in no way affect the other. Or, in the event the admiral needs an even faster service, and at the same time wants his message to carry with it its own proof of authenticity it can be made possible for him, using high-speed facsimile, to send at the rate of 750 words a minute, which is so fast that nothing the enemy can do will affect it.

Furthermore, another thing that will not affect our established radio circuits, in case of war, is the volume of traffic. No matter what it amounts to; even if it should become five times as heavy as it was when we were in RCA's foreign room, we could handle it. We are set for it. Due to the foresight of our Navy Department, and the co-operation of all our communications companies, telephone and telegraph; wire and wireless; press and broadcasting, everything is now so organized that by merely pressing a button the whole network can be instantly transformed into a synchronized whole via which practically every citizen in the country can be simultaneously reached.

A War of Propaganda

This is an important consideration because, we all know, war today instead of being merely a conflict between soldiers is a struggle between entire populations whose feelings and sympathies can be, have been and are being influenced by air-wave propaganda. Nor are we immune to it. Our established circuits, of course, make no regular practice of handling these propaganda broadcasts, but we get them anyhow, by short wave, and we also listen to them as is attested by the fact that for the last couple of years the majority of receivers sold, even the low-priced ones, have been equipped for short-wave reception.

Over in Europe they know that. They must know it because otherwise how account for the fact that for many months now virtually every government over there has been sponsoring daily short-wave programs which they put upon the air for our benefit.

But that isn't all of it because in addition to getting our ration of short-wave propaganda, intended for our individual consumption, we cannot avoid getting practically everything else intended for the rest of the world. And there's a lot of it. For months, for instance, prior to the outbreak of the present war, Great Britain and Germany were on the air, respectively, for twenty and twenty-three hours a day, while during the same period Italy and Russia, with the former speaking seventeen languages, and the latter spreading its doctrines in Russian, German and English, were never silent.

So much for short waves. After all, they have no connection whatever with our established radio circuits, and as those are what we are mainly interested in, back to them. In the closing years of the last world war, with 'Germany and England every now and then rubbing each other off the air, much doubt was expressed as to the stability of radio communication. If stability means the certainty of being able to deliver a message at the other end, and if a good many radio engineers we have talked to on the subject are to be believed, then we needn't worry: we have it.

It's like this: In land engagements the force with the biggest guns and the most of them can shoot the farthest and last the longest. In the air an identical situation prevails. The country with the most and the highest-powered transmitters has control of the international radio circuits.

The United States is unquestionably that country. The only way a transmitter can be silenced is for another transmitter to be put into direct action against it. Consequently, if any enemy attempts to silence one or a dozen of our transmitters it can only hope to do so by putting exactly that many of its own out of commission, and as we have more transmitters than it has, or than any other nation has, we win.

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it's the upkeep*
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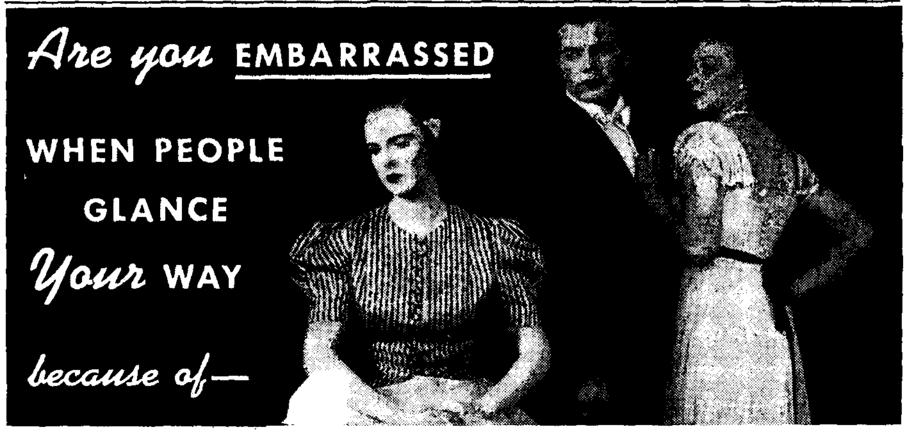

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a Scholar thinks of VALLEY FORGE

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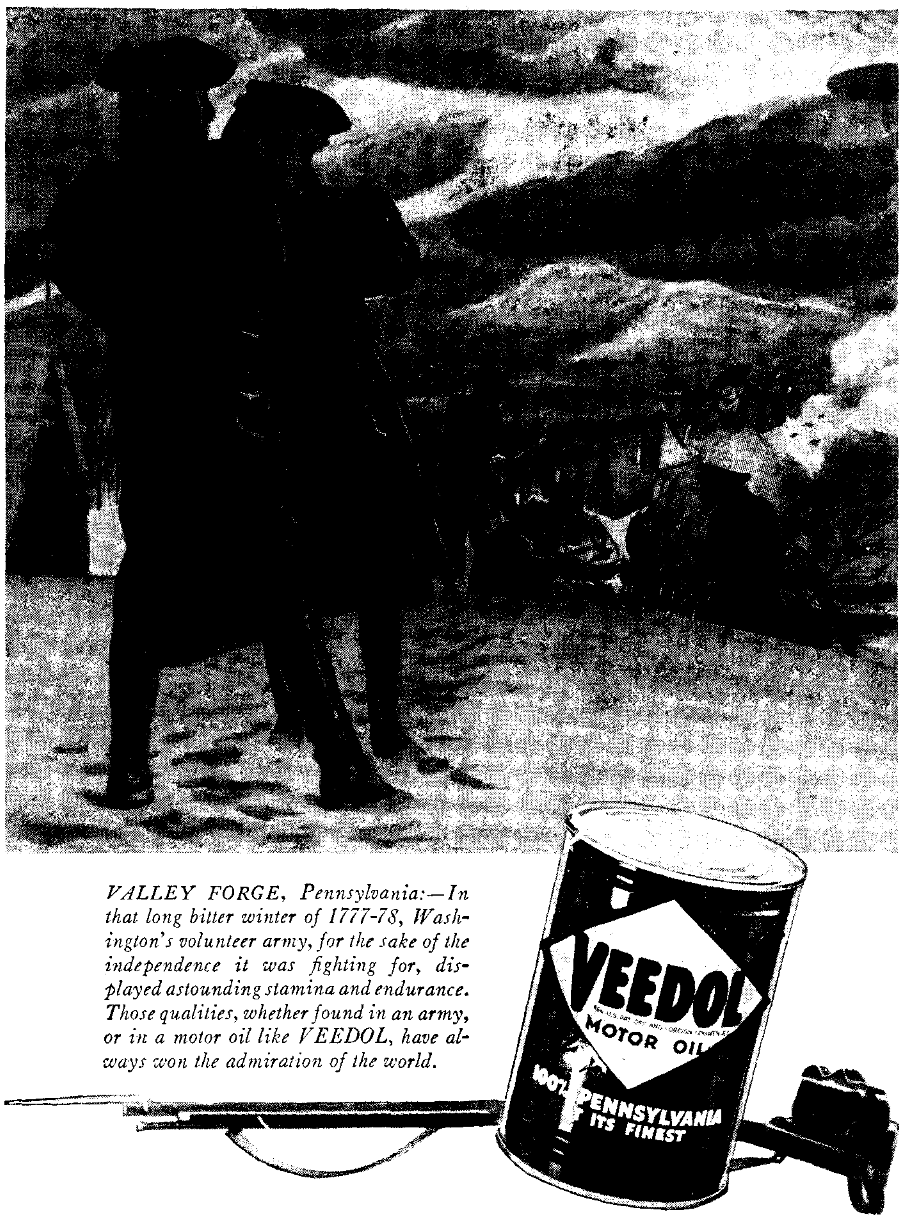

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No other motor oil, in our belief, is so closely fitted to the special lubricating needs of your modern, high-speed, hard-driven motor. Whenever you need motor oil; remember Pennsylvania . . . and *ask for Veedol!*

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We Will Meet Again

Continued from page 21

"Why not?" said Krause. "The Scotch is gone."

A hurrying manservant reached Paula's door just ahead of Max Sandstrom. His hand was raised to knock when Max Sandstrom touched his arm.

"What's this?" he asked.

The man blinked. "Mrs. Sandstrom, sir. She wants her bags taken down to the car. I came up to—"

"She's changed her mind. You may go."

The man said, "Yes, sir!" and backed away.

Paula had changed to a suit. Wide lapels flared to frame the ruff of white at her throat. The bags, there were four of them, made a neat mound at her feet.

"Leaving Twin Hills?" Sandstrom asked.

Paula said, "I am."

He moved toward her. "Marion's responsible, of course. You believed what she told you?"

"I liked hearing the truth for a change," said Paula. "And you've come quite close enough. Stay where you are."

Max Sandstrom said, "I dislike unpleasantness. Because of that, I agreed with Marion. I thought you knew."

"I like her story better."

"It's my word against hers." There was polite interest in his face, nothing more. "Your husband's word against that of a jealous, unstable woman. Your trust flatters me."

Paula said, "I'm leaving."

"I think not."

He might have been discussing the weather, so quiet was his tone. Paula wondered at his iron control.

"You married me to get Peter Kincaid out of prison. If Marion is telling the truth you've been tricked and owe me nothing. Granted." Max Sandstrom leaned forward. "But you'd still be unwise to leave Twin Hills. Because—if I am Sandstrom the Terrible—I'd see that Peter returned to prison at once; and I'd also see that you remained my wife in spite of all you could do. In other words, you've married me and gained nothing."

Paula's mouth jerked. "You make it very plain."

"There is, of course, no truth in any of this," said Sandstrom, "—no truth in anything Marion said. You have no reason to leave Twin Hills."

"Haven't you any decency?"

Max Sandstrom said, "You'll stay, won't you?"

"I have no choice." There was a desperate hurt in Paula's eyes. "But you'll never so much as touch me!"

"Your life here will be your own." A smile lighted Max Sandstrom's face. "We can discuss that more fully, another time. Our guests are still waiting."

"I'll go down with you," said Paula raggedly.

PETER KINCAID left the cab on Twenty-third Street. He had been riding for nearly an hour and he wanted to rub elbows with the crowd. He wanted to jaywalk against the lights, to hear the flutter of voices. He wanted the heady smell of windy streets; the feel of freedom.

His father was waiting when he reached the hotel. And there was another man waiting with him, sitting in a deep chair close to Stanley Kincaid's. He looked up at Peter.

"Remember me?" he asked.

Peter said, "You're Ben Wood—the cop who arrested me after Joe Hicks was killed at the Stanton Bar."

"Right." Ben Wood stood up. "I heard you were in town. I thought I'd drop around and have a word with you."

"Not with me," said Peter.

Ben Wood's lips drew into a stubborn line. "Your father's been digging into a case that should've been long dead. He got me started digging again. There's just one question I want to ask you."

"Yes?"

"A kid named Fred Bascom was sent up for robbery. Nothing important, just a run-of-the-mill stick-up. You were supposed to defend this Bascom but you were doing time when his case came up. I hear you had an airtight alibi for him. I'd like to know what it was."

Peter Kincaid looked at his father.

Ben Wood said, "He didn't tell me anything. He left that for you to do."

Peter Kincaid said, "I'm not talking to you—about Bascom's alibi, or anything else!"

"And why not?"

Muscles worked along Peter's jaw. "I don't trust you," he said, and the words came softly from between set teeth. "You've had plenty of time to check angles on this case. Why did you wait till I got out of prison? Why come around to me with a story that smells? It won't wash, Mr. Wood. Tell Sandstrom I didn't bite!"

"Like that?" Something close to laughter glinted in Wood's eyes. "Call me a heel if you like, boy, but don't say I work for Sandstrom. There are some things even a cop can't take. Yes, and I'm still curious about Bascom's alibi. I'll be seeing you again."

Peter said, "You'll be wasting time."

Ben Wood turned and went out of the room.

THERE was a moment of quiet and then Stanley Kincaid said, "He might have helped you, Pete. I believe he's honest—he has that look."

"I'll think about that," said Peter.

"Do," said Stanley Kincaid, quietly. He was sitting near the window and the light there caught the good-boned thinness of his face. His shadowed eyes were steady, dark. "I got your car out of storage and had it checked over. It's in the hotel garage now."

"Thanks, Dad."

"I hope you're coming home with me. There's room for you in my office. I'm not as young as I was, Peter, I—"

Peter Kincaid shook his head. "I've been disbarred. I can't practice law; I'd bring you nothing but trouble."

"Let me be the judge of that."

"Sorry," said Peter. "I'm staying here."

His father polished the smooth dark wood of his pipe bowl on the heel of his hand. "Max Sandstrom is too big for you, son."

"What makes you think so?"

"There were three men," said Stanley Kincaid, and ticked the names off on his fingers—"Dave Farmer, Franklin Calhoun and Max Sandstrom. They ran this state; they took what they wanted. That was three years ago.

"Then Calhoun died—he was murdered—and the loot was split two ways instead of three. Dave Farmer was an old man, even then, and he left things pretty much to Sandstrom. There might have been a little Sandstrom didn't know before Dave Farmer died—there isn't now."

Peter Kincaid said, "I'm aware of that."

"Dave Farmer's estate exceeded three millions—the bulk of it went to Max Sandstrom. He has the whole state in

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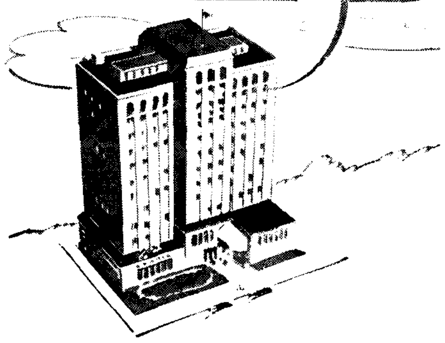

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his pocket now. The governor is his rubber stamp, the legislature is no more than—"

"Damn the legislature!" said Peter. "I want to know how Dave Farmer died!"

"In an automobile accident."

Peter Kincaid's mouth turned down. "Accident?" he said harshly. "I doubt it!"

Stanley Kincaid stood up. "Max Sandstrom sent you to prison. He can put you back there. I wish you'd see that, Pete."

"I do," said Peter Kincaid, and the bold vein that throbbed at his temple was the only break in the stiffness of his face. "I spent three years learning what Sandstrom can do to me—it's not a thing I'll forget! He kicked my life to bits. He smashed my future. He took Paula, and then told his rubber-stamp governor to open the gate. You wouldn't let it end there, Dad: you can't ask me to."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to talk to Paula."

"Will he let you?"

Peter Kincaid said, "Max Sandstrom is no fool. He may have me sent to prison again tomorrow, but he'll let me see Paula today."

"Yes," his father answered. "I think he will." He went back to his chair. "I'll be here when you get back," he said. "There's money on the table."

"I've enough," said Peter.

A FIRE burned in the great fireplace, and Max Sandstrom waited there, his back to the roaring flames. There was a solid look about him, a crisp neatness. His was the air of a man who takes what he wants, coldly, by sheer strength of will; who keeps what he takes because no man has the power to wrest it away.

He said, "Kincaid. You're free again, eh?"

Peter Kincaid moved into the room a little way and stopped beside a chair. He put his hands on the back of it, stiffly, as if to steady himself.

"Yes," he said. "I've come to see Paula."

Max Sandstrom's eyes were coldly blue, probing Peter's face for the purpose that lay behind it. "I thought you had," he said. "And you may, of course. But be good enough to remember she is *my* wife, and this is *my* house. I'll not stand for unpleasantness. I'm well able to prevent it."

Suddenly, Peter Kincaid knew Max Sandstrom for what he was—a boor. Born a lout, he would die one—and he was the man Paula had married.

Peter Kincaid found it hard to keep his voice level: "May I see Paula now?"

"Yes," said Sandstrom. "And when you're through I'd like to talk to you again."

"About what?"

"I told you there'd be a job waiting when you got out. There is, Kincaid. I keep my word."

The color went out of Peter Kincaid's face.

"Listen," he said, with soft bitterness. "I'd stay in prison the rest of my life; I'd take the dirtiest job there before I'd work for you. And, damn you, don't ask me again. . . ."

"I won't," said Sandstrom, and turned his back on Peter Kincaid. "You'll find Mrs. Sandstrom in my study—she's expecting you."

The study was dark—a man's room, with a man's taste for heavy furnishing. Paula was a lighter touch, slim and small in the shadows beside the desk. She wore something softly blue that suited her well. Her hair was brushed back—the white forelock was very plain. She had been waiting for Peter, for there was nervous concern in the way she faced him, a mental bracing, a drawing up of courage.

She said, "Peter . . ." and moved toward him.

He took the hand she offered and found it small and cool and trembling a little at his touch.

"Paula," he said, "Paula—"

And for a moment the room was still. Peter drew her a little more to the light. She did not try to pull away, but faced him quietly, yielding to whatever purpose he might have. Peter looked at her.

She had grown thin. Her face was drawn, and there were dark shadows in the hollows of her cheeks, beneath her eyes—so plain they might have been painted there. And somehow, it hurt Peter to see her so, though an inner voice whispered, "You shouldn't mind. She is Max Sandstrom's now. . . ."

It was her eyes that held him—there was a story in all completeness in their depths. They held a hurt unrest, a troubled darkness that was already old. And there was fear—fear of him, of his scorn, of the things he could say. That knowledge got to Peter suddenly, and all his anger, all desire to hurt her, went out of him with the slow release of his breath.

"Have you been ill?" he asked.

"No. Not really ill." There was something almost gallant in the way she met his eyes. "It's good to see you. I'm glad you got your parole."

"Were you surprised?"

"I was pleased, Pete."

"Forbidden ground, eh? So be it." Peter's mouth tightened. "I came here to kick holes in convention, to ask questions I shouldn't ask. Paula, do you know what you've done to me?"

Paula's face was very white. "I—I think I do."

"I doubt it," said Peter, harshly, "and so I'll tell you. I was in prison three years, and you divorced me the second year. That happens to ninety per cent of the men who go to prison, but their women are streetwalkers, or worse. That, or the man's crime is such that the woman has to divorce him. My crime was not particularly horrible. And you—you were supposed to be the sort of woman who could stand by. A real woman who could wait eight years if necessary. Paula, some of the tramps waited longer than you did!"

PETER waited a moment, but Paula did not speak. He went on then, and his words had a cold and brittle ring:

"I know how you must have hated those monthly visits—it's not nice seeing your husband behind bars. Still, you must have known how much they meant to me. How lost I was without them." Peter lifted his hands. "You were in love with me—once. I can't believe you would act the tramp without reason. Tell me, Paula, what happened? Why did you divorce me?"

There was a completely tired look about Paula's face, a surrender. Her eyes were gray with it. She was done with fighting—she had never wanted to fight.

"There's not much to say, really."

"You knew Sandstrom was keeping me in prison?"

Paula said, "I know it now."

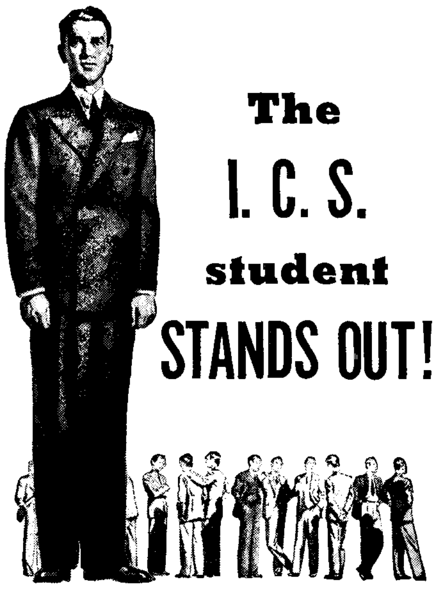
"And so you married him!"

Paula looked up at Peter steadily, wondering how he could have changed so. There was bitterness in the set of his mouth; his eyes were old. "I've done this to him," Paula thought. "I—"

"Why?" he said harshly. "Why did you marry him?"

And here it was—the final accounting. Fear held Paula silent. Her hand went to her lips. Peter was looking down, frowning and intent, the shadow of anger in his eyes. Once, Peter had been a gentle, smiling man. Yes, and once he had killed, with his hands, and for a cause not half so great as this. . . .

Paula closed her eyes. There was nothing she could say. She couldn't tell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the truth, for that would fan rage to roaring flame, and send Peter down to face Max Sandstrom. That encounter could end only in pain—in a murder charge, or a dry voice saying, "Parole revoked. The prisoner, Peter Kincaid, will be returned to the state prison to serve the balance of his sentence. . . ."

Peter Kincaid said, "Well, Paula?"

"I'm afraid I've nothing to say."

"Then I'll say it for you, Paula. You married Max Sandstrom because you wanted the things he could give you. You wanted money, position and all the rest of it. You were tired of waiting—so you took the easy way!"

"Peter, I—"

And it was pride that stopped her rush of denial. She had expected him to know why she had acted so; had expected understanding, if nothing more. But this—

Paula lifted her chin. "Perhaps," she said, slowly, "I've made a mistake."

His answer came with the slow release of his breath—the words were terrible in their shadowed calm.

"I think," he said, "you'll find it *was* a mistake. And I'll leave you with it. Good luck, Mrs. Sandstrom. . . ."

THE hotel room had an empty feel. The blinds had not been drawn, though it was night, and the only sound was that of the traffic in the street below. The air still held the fragrance of Stanley Kincaid's tobacco, but it was old. He had gone, and Peter Kincaid knew that even before he found the note.

It was propped against the brief case upon the desk. The paper was stiff; the script firmly black: "These reports may help you work things out. I hope they do—"

That was all, but it was enough. And it was like Stanley Kincaid. He had asked that Peter go with him to the sleepy little upstate town, to a new beginning. Failing that, he had gone home alone. But he had left the reports of the detectives who had worked for him—the greatest, the only aid he could give a cause he felt already lost—and he would return if he could help further. That needed no saying. . . .

And as Peter Kincaid read through the night hours he got a fuller picture of the thing that had happened to him. All the names were there, the dates, the places. Max Sandstrom was mentioned, again and again, but only as "Mr. S." The Stanton's barman had made a statement, the hotel detective, the bus boy. There was a transcript of the court record of Freddy Bascom's trial; the details of the robbery.

The murder of Franklin Calhoun was described at length. The killer, never identified, had come into Calhoun's office by way of the private entrance that was used only by Calhoun's intimates, or by those who did not wish to be seen by the office staff.

Franklin Calhoun had known his killer—the police had been positive about that—for no stranger would have been admitted by the private entranceway. And no stranger would have been allowed to stand beside Calhoun's desk chair, and there press the muzzle of a small automatic against the base of Calhoun's skull and squeeze the trigger. The sound of the shot had gone unnoticed, and the police—in three years of trying—had found no real clue.

The yellow light of morning streaked the windows when Peter Kincaid dropped the last sheet back into the folder. He knew how far his father had gone in an effort to clear him; how very much that effort had cost.

But there was little else he had not known or guessed. Little, except the name of the person who had been with Max Sandstrom at the Stanton Bar when Joe Hicks had been killed there. That person was Marion Cantrill.

She had been questioned, and a blunt "Subject would not talk—" had been the only result. Her picture was clipped to the report; her address.

Donald James said, "Pete Kincaid! Man, am I glad to see you!" He was a little heavier—a brown, stocky man who had an Englishman's taste in clothing. The clasp of his hand was solid and warm. He took Peter's arm and led him to an inner office.

"Three years," he said. "My God, how time slips away from you." He paused and looked directly at Peter. "This is awkward, but it needs saying. I was coming down half a dozen times, but I changed my mind. I didn't want to see you as a guest of the state."

"I'm glad you didn't."

"Want to talk about it?"

Peter Kincaid said, "I do not."

"Good." Donald James got cigarettes from a box on the desk. "How about telling me what you've got planned. I may be able to help."

The old stiffness was in Peter Kincaid's face; the lines about his mouth were deep and harsh. "You can help," he said. "I've got a question, and I need an answer. That's why I'm here."

Donald James said, "Yes?"

"I'd like to know what happened to the stuff the police took from Joe Hicks' pockets when he was killed."

"His heirs got it, I imagine."

"Will you check that for me?"

"Are you looking for anything in particular?"

"I am," said Peter Kincaid, "—a .22 automatic."

Donald James said, "A gun, eh?" and made a slow job of crushing out his cigarette. He was frowning now; his eyes were shadowed. "May I ask why?"

"That gun—Joe Hicks' gun—killed Franklin Calhoun."

SURPRISE touched Donald James' face. He leaned forward; hands flat upon the desk. "Tell me about it."

"There's a kid named Freddy Bascom," said Peter. "He lived across the hall from me. He was sent up for the robbery of a grocery store. The roots of this mess go back as far as that."

Donald James waited.

"I saw Bascom twenty miles from that grocery store at just the time of the robbery—but he was convicted. Convicted, Don, because Joe Hicks had filed a statement, before he was killed, saying he'd witnessed the robbery and naming Bascom as the guilty man. A second witness told the same story. They both lied."

Donald James said, "I'm listening."

"It was a clever gag," said Peter, "and it worked like this: Hicks didn't give a damn about the robbery—but that statement was important! Joe Hicks murdered Franklin Calhoun at exactly the time of the robbery, and by swearing he had witnessed the robbery he built himself an alibi. Knowing that, it's easy to see why Hicks tried to buy me off when he heard I could clear Bascom. He had to convict Bascom to save his own neck." Peter Kincaid straightened. "Then—"

Donald James said, "What about this second witness?"

"He vanished long ago."

Donald James' eyes were shiny with thought. "You might be right," he said. "At least it's an angle the police overlooked. Hicks' name was never mentioned in connection with the killing. His gun wouldn't have been checked."

"It could be checked now," said Peter.

There was concern in Donald James' slow answer. "I'll look into it, of course. But, Pete, I suppose you know you're hunting trouble?"

Thinly, Peter said, "Am I?"

"You asked about Hicks once before, when he started following you, remember? You were trying to tie him to

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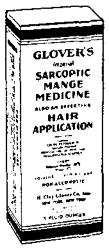

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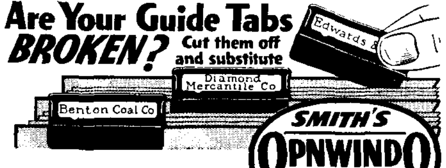

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Sandstrom even then. You're doing the same thing now."

Peter Kincaid said, "I'm looking for a gun."

Donald James came around the desk to put a hand on Peter's shoulder. "I went to school with you," he said. "And you're as thickheaded now as you were then. You've had one rotten break; I'd hate to see you get another. Sandstrom can have you picked up—you know that—and it would be easy for one of his men to plant a gun in your pocket. You'd go back to prison for that, Pete. You'd serve the rest of your sentence."

"It's possible."

"Sandstrom runs this state now, but it won't always be that way. Something always happens to these one-man empires; something will happen to his. Wait it out, Pete. Go down on the coast and buy a little business. If you're short of ready cash I can—"

"No, thanks," said Peter Kincaid. "I like it here."

"Okay. I'll do what I can about the gun."

"You can reach me at the Drake Hotel."

"WHAT are you going to do now?" asked James.

"I'm going to find Marion Cantrill. She was at the Stanton Bar with Max Sandstrom the day Joe Hicks was killed. I want to talk to her."

Anger made a flat, ugly line of Donald James' lips. "Don't do it!" The words were savagely bitter. "You'll get nothing from her, and Sandstrom will find out what you're trying to do. He'll—" He stopped then and lifted one hand in a gesture that was half salute. "I'll save my breath. I'll need it when I come down to the Big House and tell you how many kinds of fool you are."

"Do that," said Peter Kincaid, and turned away. . . .

The apartment building was small and shabby—one of those having a house phone instead of a doorman. The address was correct—Peter Kincaid checked that—but Marion Cantrill's name was not among those listed beside the phone. Peter Kincaid rang for the manager.

The manager was a stocky, harassed little man who wore thick-lensed glasses. He regarded Peter suspiciously.

"Miss Cantrill don't live here now," he said.

"Can you give me her new address?" asked Peter.

The manager's eyes glinted behind his spectacles. He looked past Peter to the street. His manner became furtive, whispering.

"Who're you?"

"The name," said Peter, patiently, "is Kincaid."

"Friend of hers?"

"You might call me that."

"Well—are you, or ain't you?"

"I am."

"Okay." The manager looked into the street again. "If you're a friend of hers I can tell you what's wrong. I think Miss Cantrill's in trouble!"

"Trouble?"

"Yeah—this is how it was." With every word the manager's voice grew softer, until Peter Kincaid was forced to bend close to hear. "Miss Cantrill was a fine tenant. Nice, an' ladylike, an' always paid her bill. But last night she up'n packed her bag an' skipped out with not so much as a 'by-your-leave.' Of course"—he hastened to add—"she left me the rent money."

"Get on with it," said Peter, impatiently.

"That's all. She left her trunk, but no forwarding address. An' that guy there"—the manager pointed at a blue sedan parked across the street—"asked about her, an' waited all night'n all morning, just like he is. I think—" the manager's voice climbed fiercely. "I think I'll call the cops."

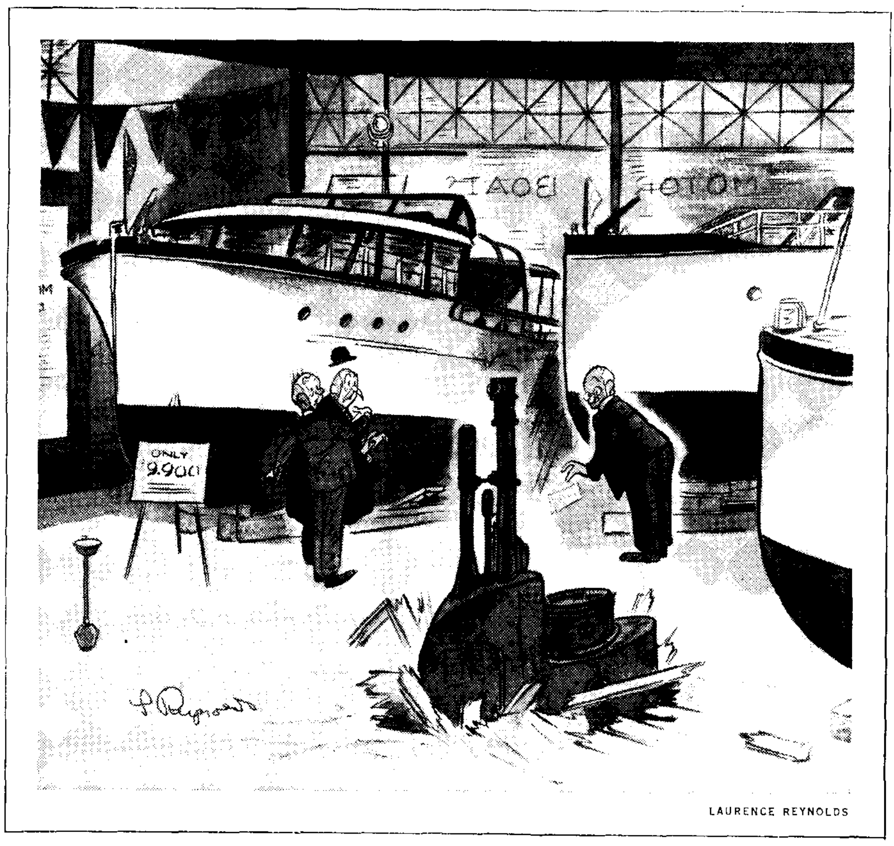
"It's an idea," said Peter, and left him to cross the street.

The man in the blue sedan was swart, scowling and heavy-jawed. He looked at Peter blankly. "Cantrill? I never heard of her. . . . Yeah, an' what's it to you?" He put the car in gear and drove away.

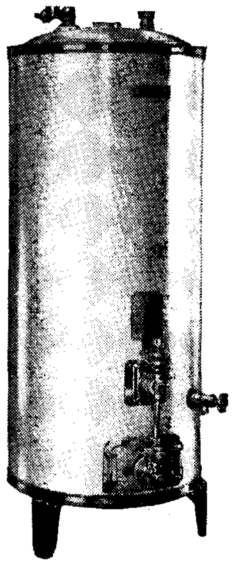
Peter Kincaid took the license number.

PAULA awoke slowly. She could hear the maid moving about the night table, and there was the soft click of a lamp close by. Paula lay still, but it was the stillness of tight-drawn nerve and muscle, a stillness quite without rest. She did not open her eyes until the maid had gone.

A full night and day had passed since Peter walked out of the dark-walled study, out of this gloomy house. And now it was night again, and the blue dark pressed close to make jet mirrors of the window's many panes. The room lived in that shining black—the silver



LAURENCE REYNOLDS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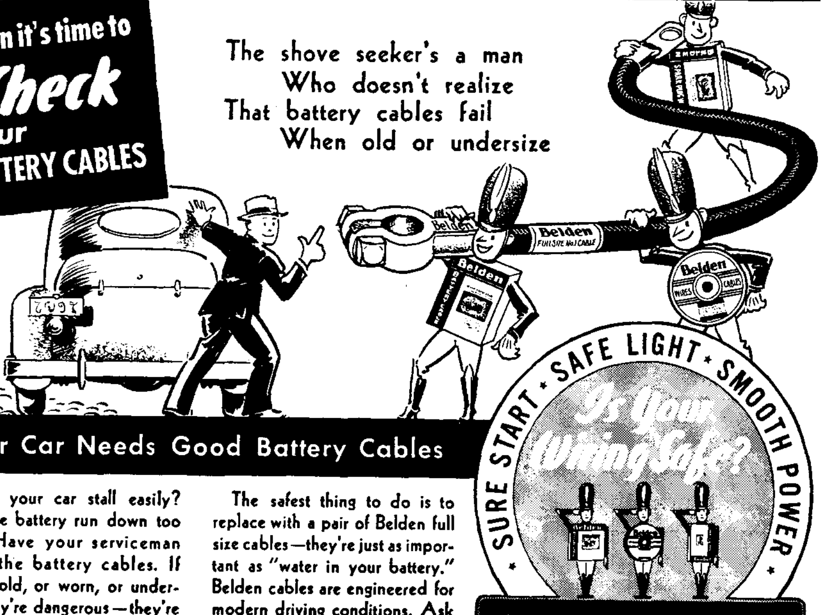
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JILL: O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?
MOTHER: No, dear. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.
JILL: Yummy, that's fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.
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LATER
JILL: Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy I feel so much better this morning.
MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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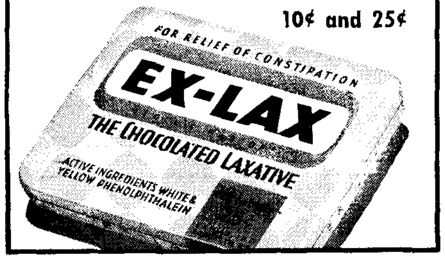
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ENOUGH SAID!

A nationally famous research organization has found that "Prestone" anti-freeze is used in more modern* cars than all other brands combined!

*Cars up to 5 years old

(SEE PAGES 62 and 69)

and crystal of the dressing table; the great soft bed; deep carpets and gleaming floors; slim chairs that stood with pride in every simple line.

Night again. And yet there had been so little sleep, so little rest, that this was the real awakening. She thought of this night, of the nights ahead. She thought of Peter.

Peter's prison had been real, but he must have found some escape in the ordered pattern of the days. He'd had tasks to tire his body, and the others could not have held themselves better men. He'd had a cellmate; he'd had talk to pass the hours.

She had been alone, terribly alone. Yet every chair spoke of him, every shadow. His coats had held the shape of his shoulders even to the odd slope no tailor could hide. There was the clock he'd set too high for her to wind; the Turkish cigarettes they'd found in a funny shop that smelled of spice and wine, and bought to celebrate some forgotten victory—the faucets the janitor had finally fixed, the Sunday when it hadn't rained.

His books, his reading lamp. The notes penned in his blunt, square script and stuffed untidily away in the desk, waiting to jeer at her with the echo of dead laughter. A party list: *"Maude—Georgie—Bill—"* Friends, before an ugly little man stumbled backward to die on a floor green with littered bills. Friends then—names now; faces turning away in the crowd; voices murmuring, "Terrible about Pete. So sorry, my dear. . . ."

THE days had tricked her; had crammed each cupboard, each drawer with bits of memory. "Peter and Paula. You know—like Scotch and soda. . . ."

They'd made life something smooth and shining on that far day. Lightness was the thing; laughter the banner they flew to the wind. They'd been afraid of tenderness and so they'd hidden it from each other. And then a black-robed judge had looked down and said, "I sentence you to eight years . . ."

Eight years—a small thing to say, an eternity to live. The days weren't days then, but intervals between meetings of the parole board.

Paula remembered each meeting clearly; remembered the bitter disappointment when Peter's name was passed over—again and again. Sleepless nights, the hot ache inside her, Peter's face hard-pressed against the wire mesh, his whispered, "I'll be out before you know it—"

And then the day Sam Krause, insolent and drawling, stopped beside her desk. "Hi, Babe," he'd said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine."

The friend—young of body, but incredibly old of face. His mouth had been a jerking, uncertain line; his hands had trembled. But it had been his eyes that held Paula rigid—not eyes, really, but the dirty window of an empty house.

"Mrs. Kincaid; Dr. Haley," Krause had said. "Say hello to the lady, Dan." The man had grinned and mumbled something and then Krause had whispered, "Tough about him. He was on his way to bein' a big-shot doctor but he got in a jam and did a stretch up the river. He's balmy now, stir-crazy—it does that to these high-strung kids. . . ."

Max Sandstrom had come then to curse Krause and order him away. He had been gentle, kind. She hadn't known it was a planned kindness—as cold as a naked blade.

She saw it now. And she saw again Peter's stiff and oddly formal nod, and heard the weary bitterness of his soft, "Good luck, Mrs. Sandstrom." She had tried to keep him as he was, clean and sound of mind; had tried to keep their love the splendid thing it had always been. He hadn't understood, and that was strange. He'd had the facts. "Sandstrom kept me in prison," he'd said. "Why did you marry him?" He'd used those words, and yet he hadn't seen the reason, the answer. . . .

A part of her had gone with him out of this dark house, and now there were only empty days stretching away ahead. Bleak days, as lonely as a ragged peak upthrust to winter wind. . . .

PAULA made a slow thing of her bath. She dressed with care, thankful that clothes can be an armor for the body. The maid came in answer to her ring.

"I'll have coffee here, please," said Paula.

The maid said, "Yes, Mrs. Sandstrom," and bobbed her head. She was a slim, small girl, almost plain, but for the dark softness of her eyes. "Mr. Sandstrom wanted—that is he didn't want you disturbed, but he asked to be told as soon as you woke up."

"I see." The words were faint on Paula's escaping breath, and she wondered if the maid knew how close she'd been to crying, "Don't let him come up here—don't!" Something inside her had drawn up cold and taut. She was afraid; she wanted others, if only servants, within hearing when she faced Max Sandstrom.

"Please tell him," she said, carefully, "that I'll be along in a little while."

"Yes, Mrs. Sandstrom."

The tray had come and the maid was saying, "I told him, but—" when Paula heard his step. He was in the doorway, solidly big in the black-and-white of evening dress. He dismissed the maid with a nod, and came to stand beside the table.

"You do feel better?"

Paula said, "I'm completely normal."

He looked down. Smoky shadow lay against her cheek and he could not see her eyes. He wondered why the brittle calm of her was like a slap across the mouth, and why he had come to want her so. He said, "I'm no good at these things—a mill hand never is."

"Then why bother?" she asked.

"You're my wife, you've got to know." He said it slowly, harshly. "I was going to tell you last night, after Kincaid left. I came up here and—"

"The door was locked," said Paula. "It will be locked—every night!"

The muscle went tight along his jaw. "Paula, I've never been in love before. I am now. Completely!"

"How nice," said Paula, brightly. "With whom?"

He closed his hands. "Paula! Don't do this to me!" He was whispering, for sick anger had closed his throat. "Don't laugh . . ."

"I'm here because you made me stay," said Paula. "But this room is mine—the door stays locked!"

HE TURNED away from her, fighting for self-control. She was his wife, but she was not his, she would never be. He knew that, for it was in him to judge each thing for what it was. The small warmth he'd carried was dead, and there was only force. He turned to that, as you must when you have built by force alone, when you hold what you have by the cold, blunt strength of will—for when one thing slips from your grasp, another will, and yet another. And thus are empires smashed. . . .

Slowly he turned, and with great care he said, "You may do what you like with this room. The locked door won't be necessary though, for I'll not come here again unless I'm asked." He smiled. "But you have a place as Mrs. Sandstrom; you have certain duties. I'll expect you to act—in public—as my wife should. Mrs. Sandstrom can have no interest in a paroled convict. Do you understand me, Paula?"

Paula said, "I do."

(To be continued next week)

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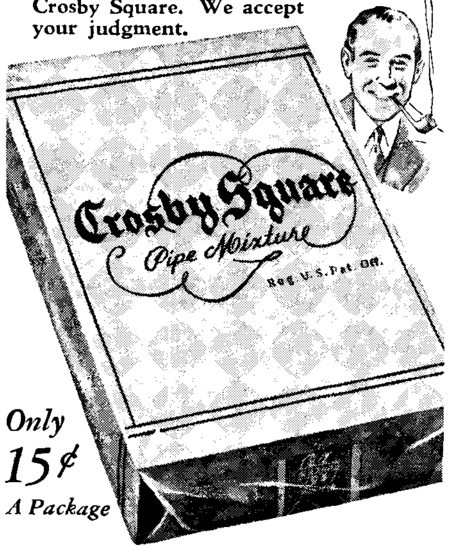

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The World is Like That

Continued from page 16

Both had interspersed these interests with much shopping, much trying of new clothes and new haircuts, whatever movies or plays or circuses were available, baby dances, little-girl parties, older parties, dinners, bridge games, and then the sudden reappearance of all the trunks and a start through the same procedure all over again. At seventeen, Jocelyn calculated, Norma had lived in about forty different places and sets of apartments, and temporarily inhabited about twice that many more in hotels, trains, ships, clubs, schools.

To reconcile this particular girl to a quiet home-life program that included plenty of study seemed to Jocelyn, at first, an impossible undertaking. But she soon discovered that beneath Norma's sophisticated and bored exterior was the hungry heart of a little girl who had been cheated of real affection and real small-girl pleasures. Norma was starved for love, for companionship and fun; she never had had any real interests in her life, and as Jocelyn somewhat doubtfully offered them she seized upon them like the child she was.

JOCELYN began with a small dinner party and pencil games every Friday night. At first she had to carry these affairs pretty much on her own shoulders, but by the third evening the young persons were enthusiastically managing them themselves, and when she broke up the meeting at midnight it was always under a storm of protest. For the next Friday after the one on which Philip arrived at home she achieved so hilarious a success that Philip, coming home somewhat early for him, found them still laughing and circling about Norma in the hall at a few minutes before one o'clock.

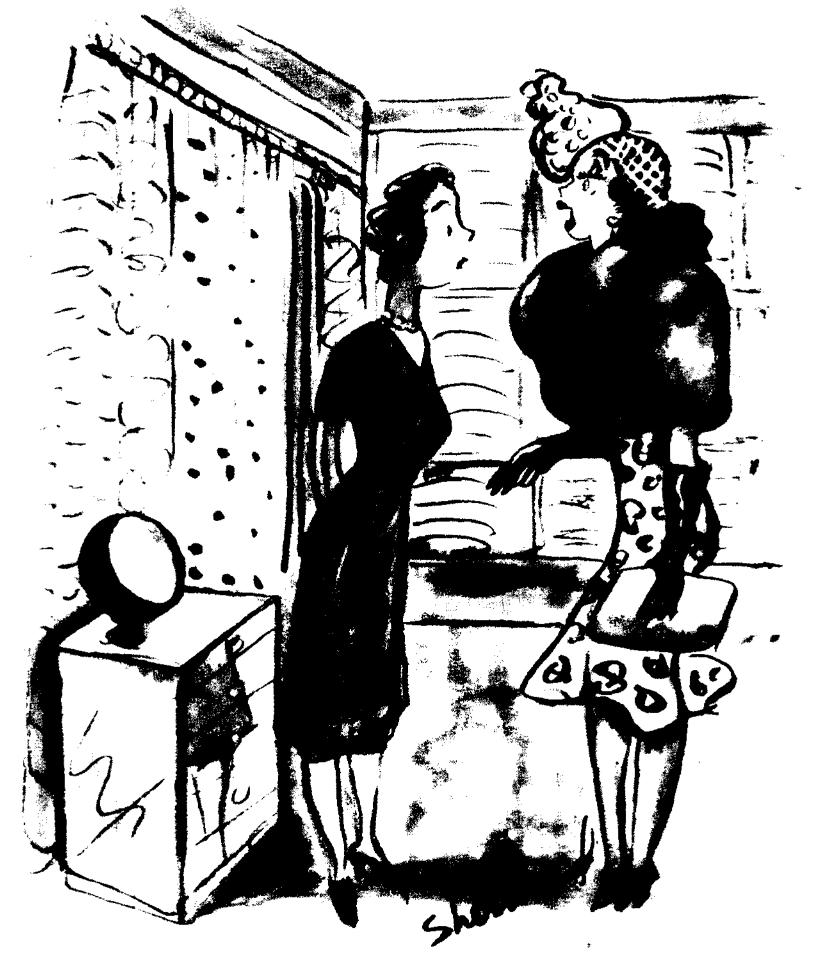
Then the Parker boys' mother, one of the few women of the group who had won Jocelyn's admiration, asked if she might not have the same sort of party, with no cocktails and no punch, at her house on Sunday nights, and Norma exulted that she, Norma, had started a fashion. "Graveyard brawls," Charles called them, in scornful allusion to their liquorless character, but he came regularly, and Jocelyn was pleased to see growing up between him and Norma a real brother and sister affection and understanding.

She learned many subtle little ways of influencing her charge without ever expressing her wishes in words. Norma, Jocelyn told her, was "the only girl in Burlingame who would dare entertain without cocktails." Norma was illustrating, for the benefit of this little group, the value of dignity and decency.

"With just baby games," Norma said once, doubtfully.

"Not baby games at all. These are exactly the games that the smartest people in the world play. When they get together in the evening to be amused they don't go to the theater or a movie; they get out pencils and paper. They started crossword puzzles about ten years ago—revived them, and now wherever you go, England, France, China, you find crossword puzzles in the papers. Everyone likes games, Norma, and everyone hates to be bored with the same old business of dancing to the radio."

"Well, at home, perhaps," Norma, who was in one of her contrary moods, conceded, "at home dancing is dull. But when you go to a big hotel and they turn



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the lights down and somebody croons—it's fun then."

"Not for you! No night clubs for you while Sandy is stalking in the background!"

Miss Sanderson's alleged position was now that of companion and adviser to Mrs. Fordyce, and superintendent of Norma's activities, and those of Norma's youthful governess.

"You've got to stay, Sandy dear," Mrs. Fordyce, hating and fearing her, had said cordially. "You understand Norma's mother and you understand her, and no matter what temporary arrangement we have to make to keep the child quiet, we'll need you." Go drown yourself, you old ghoul, Mrs. Fordyce had added in her soul.

BUT Sandy had accepted the meaning of the spoken words. She had settled down in a comfortable room, had begun to drive and irritate the maids to madness and had devoted herself to a discontented and scrupulous watching of Norma and Jocelyn. Everyone in the house knew that the moment either one slipped Sandy would get in touch with Norma's mother, and machinery would instantly be set in motion to remove the child from Philip's guardianship.

"If your mother is really going to marry Count Spazzolari, Norma, I should think she wouldn't want her pretty daughter around," Jocelyn said once speculatively.

"Whoever has me manages my money!" Norma returned promptly. "Of course Dad and the lawyers here handle the investments," she added. "I had to go to the bank once and they talked to me and everything, and I was quite thrilled! That was after my grandfather died. A man there—he was president of the bank, I think—said, 'Is this the little princess?' But my allowance would go to Mamma and the count, and of course she'd like that."

The tragedy of it, Jocelyn thought, hearing the gay, unconcerned young voice, watching the young, undisciplined mouth that rattled off the story so unconsciously.

"Hasn't the count any money?"

"Oh, not a cent! An old lady brought him to America so she would have someone to dance with, but Mamma got him away from her, and he used to take Mamma to parties and everything and they said the old lady just about died of rage. She promised to settle a lot of money on him if he would come back to her, but she couldn't marry him because one of her sons said he would take out guardianship papers if she did. So he stayed with Mamma at the villa, but then when they went to Nassau, Mrs. Pontifex tried to get him away from Mamma, and got him started selling some wine his brother makes on his place in Italy, and Mamma says it's lousy wine, so they all buy it and pour it out into the garden nights, and put other wine in the bottles to please Mario."

"And where's Count von Sturnberg all this time?"

"Oh, Mamma paid him to go back to Austria. But he writes her now and then, if he's lost at the races or something."

"Ugh!" Jocelyn said, half aloud.

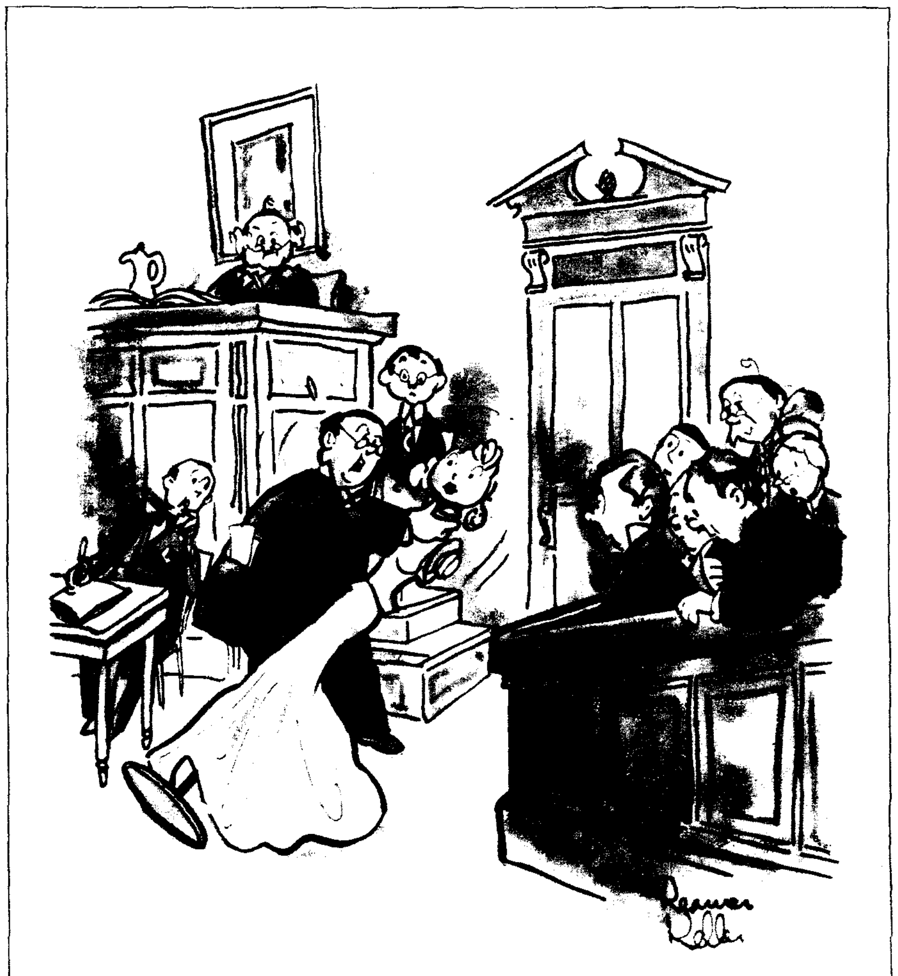
"Yep, I think it's awful," Norma agreed serenely. "I don't think I'd like to marry a title. That awful mam'selle who brought me back to America before Christmas had a cousin who was a count. He smelled."

"Norma!"

"He did. Of perfume. What I'm going to do," said Norma, "is marry an American and buy a place in Italy or in Minorca or somewhere like that, and build a white stone house, all white stone, with loads of trees around it, and a pier for a yacht."

"But the thing about that is, Norma, that any fine man would want to work, want to be in business. He wouldn't want to idle around in the garden all day."

"That's because American men think of nothing but money. Now in England and France they have leisure classes—"



"Now I ask you, ladies and gentlemen of the jury—is this the way for a man to measure his wife's neck for a necklace?"

REAMER KELLER

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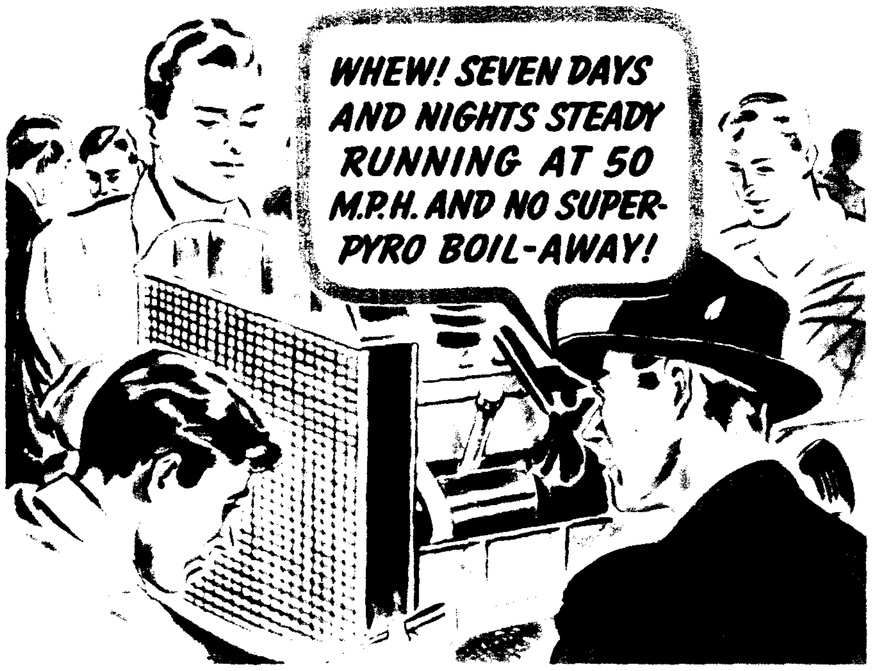
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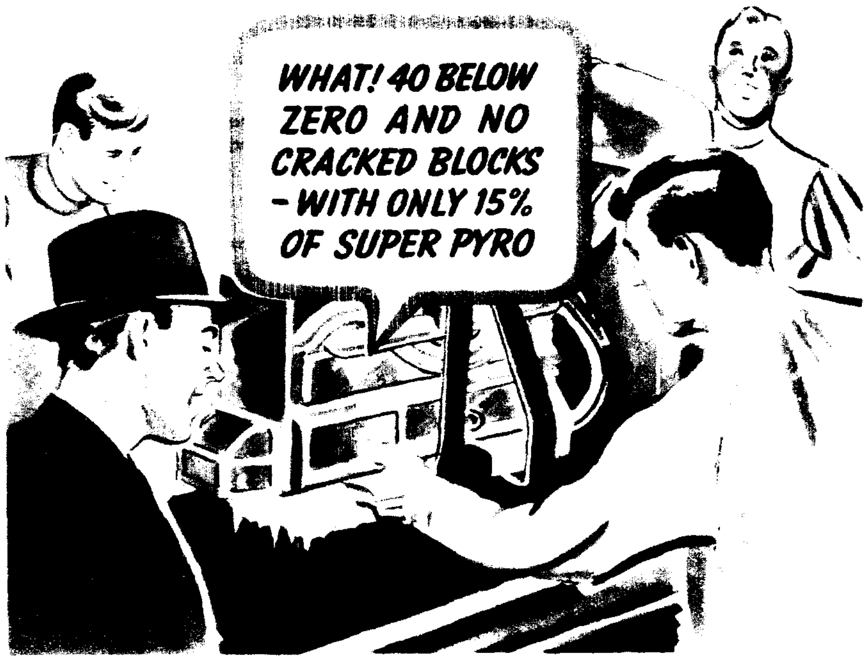
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Cold box test—motors subjected to lowest known weather temperature

CRACKED BLOCKS Of the thousands of Super Pyro users interviewed in a recent nation-wide survey, not a single one reported a freeze-up. Scientific laboratory tests explain why. When motors containing as little as 15% of Super Pyro were exposed to extreme sub-zero temperatures, there was no solid freeze of the cooling solution. That's why we can say "Goodbye to the Bugaboo of Cracked Blocks and Burst Radiators"... they cannot occur where there is no solid freeze.

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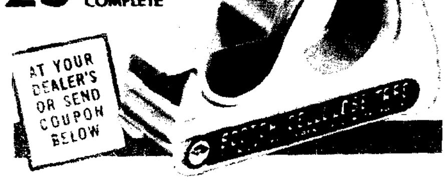

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Norma was off on one of her ill-informed foolish tirades, jumbling together, with her own young impressions, half-remembered things that she had heard older women say.

And when she was once started like this there was nothing to do but wait patiently for silence, and by skillful degrees change the subject.

But Jocelyn had this great advantage now, that Norma loved her. She would do nothing without her "Jotsy." Jocelyn had moved into rooms adjoining Norma's own, and often the younger girl would come in at night when Jocelyn, thoroughly wearied after the strain of the day, would much have preferred to go on with her reading, to sit on Jocelyn's bed and talk on unwearied into the night. She was insatiable in her interest in Jocelyn's life; she wanted to hear all the details of her childhood, what she had worn, what she had wanted for Christmas, what her friends had been.

Norma would be quickly jealous of the Sausalito cousins, if Jocelyn quoted Bam or Sissy: she wanted to visit them and know them all and have them like her. Her affection was overpowering at times; her constant desire for Jocelyn's company was anything but restful, but Jocelyn was wrapped in a dream now, and day by day what Norma did seemed less important and less real.

For the first few weeks after her return to Hill Acres she had seen Philip not at all; he had been absent in Washington on a law case. During this time she had concentrated upon what she hoped to do, or at least begin to do, for Norma, and when Philip returned she was secretly elated to realize that he found a real change in his daughter.

After that he was again often absent, but only for a night, or for a few days now and then, and when Easter holidays came he announced that he was going to take Norma and Jocelyn to Honolulu. This prospect seemed to excite Norma more than any other her life had offered her; Jocelyn was not far behind her; she was experiencing in these days the deepest joy a woman's heart can know; she loved and she knew now that she never had loved before. Everything he did and said thrilled her to the very depths of her being; at night when she was lying wakeful and happy and unhappy in the spring moonlight she remembered the tones of his voice, the casual glance he had given her from the bridge table when she and Norma went through the hall, the meaning that he somehow put into his most careless morning greetings, his briefest messages to her.

SPRING was in full flood over the orchards and gardens, the blue mountains and the high meadows now; spring glorious with acacia and blued wild lilac, with apple blossoms and tasseled eucalyptus. To Jocelyn there never had been such a spring, and as she heard Philip's quick step on the stairs, the gayer notes of his voice, his readier laughter, she told herself that it was spring for him, too.

If she had needed any confirmation of her dream she would have had it in a rude awakening when one Friday evening Mrs. Kimberley came out from a bridge game to watch the games and to ask Miss Britton for a word aside. The moment she saw Mrs. Kimberley's expression her heart sank.

"Miss Britton, I've promised dear Mrs. Fordyce to speak to you, and I know you'll understand," Jane Kimberley began in a bright, nervous, yet determined tone.

"What is it?" Jocelyn asked.

"It's—Miss Britton, you know we are all very fond of you here, and that you and Sandy have done wonders for Norma. But you're not going to Honolulu on the fifteenth with Norma and Phil—Mr. Fordyce?"

Blood rushed into Jocelyn's face and she felt her throat thicken.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because—my de-ar-r-r!" Mrs. Kimberley protested, with an eloquent spreading of hands. "A girl like you," she elucidated it, "can't possibly go on a trip with a—a stunning man like Phil, without a great deal of criticism. Without incurring—incurring a great *deal* of criticism! You must see that?"

"I'm Norma's governess," Jocelyn offered, selecting words somehow from a wild confusion of heart and mind. "It seems to me that to go on a two weeks' vacation with her and her father is a perfectly natural thing to do."

"It's an impossible thing to do," Mrs. Kimberley said, chilled by opposition into something like anger. "Miss Sanderson is Norma's governess."

"Only in name. Sandy does nothing for her now, except now and then talk to her teachers about her schoolwork, perhaps."

"EXCUSE me. Mrs. Fordyce speaks of Sandy as Norma's governess," Mrs. Kimberley said icily.

"She may speak of her as Norma's governess, but Norma does all her work with me."

"Mrs. Fordyce calls you her 'companion'."

You're in love with Phil Fordyce, that's what's the trouble, Jocelyn thought. Aloud she said: "Mrs. Fordyce knows of this trip. She and Norma and I were buying clothes for it yesterday."

"And if the Countess von Sturnberg hears that Norma has gone to Hawaii with her father and a very pretty girl?" Mrs. Kimberley said, almost archly. Jocelyn had a strong impulse of hate; the humiliating thought that the other woman might have some justification for what she said was just beginning to possess her; she felt the hot blood in her face again.

"*It would be too bad to disappoint* Norma now," she said. "She has set her heart upon going."

"It wouldn't necessarily mean *that*," Mrs. Kimberley said delicately. "I told Philip—Mr. Fordyce—last night that if I could possibly arrange it Jean and I would go. That would regularize the whole arrangement. In that case Sandy says she would go, just to sit up and watch the dancing if Mr. Fordyce and I were playing bridge, and keep an eye on them in the mornings and all that."

"I can consult Mr. Fordyce about it," Jocelyn said, her heart sick with anger and disappointment.

"I don't think consulting Mr. Fordyce would quite do," Mrs. Kimberley said. "Men don't see these things quite as women do, and he would probably think there was nothing irregular about it."

"There *is* nothing irregular about it!" Jocelyn said proudly, impulsively. To this Mrs. Kimberley made no audible answer. She narrowed her eyes and looked into space with a little half-smile on her lips. "Surely," Jocelyn went on, despising herself inwardly for wasting so much time on this woman, "surely a man may travel with his daughter and her governess without starting any scandal?"

"Oh, if it's Norma's *governess*, if it's Sandy, then there is nothing to be said," Mrs. Kimberley countered neatly. "If you speak to Mr. Fordyce about it," she added, "please don't quote me. I am merely suggesting to you that, as dear Mrs. Fordyce doesn't want Janet rushing out here to make trouble, it might be wiser to make some other arrangement. And now I must go back," said the visitor sweetly. "I was dummy, and I thought I'd just slip out here and give you a hint. You see, with a man as attractive as Mr. Fordyce, Miss Britton, it's very easy for a girl to put herself into a false position."

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Graceful, with her smooth hair beautifully curled and her slender figure lovely in soft brown lace, she flitted away, and Jocelyn, bitterly ruffled in spirit, went back to the younger set. She felt distracted and uncertain; to whom could she speak, who could advise her now?

Philip had seemed to take an interest almost as keen as the girls' own in the prospective trip. He had picked out a trunk and two bags for Jocelyn, who had no luggage of her own except an antique suitcase, and had had them marked with her own initials. Their creamy, stiff smartness was now displayed in Norma's sitting room, with Norma's own beautiful bags. Scattered about were new stockings, white shoes with their straps and silk laces still immaculate, hat boxes, frocks on hangers. Norma and Jocelyn had been looking at their new purchases before dinner, rejoicing in them, trying on a white taffeta coat or a broad-brimmed flowery hat.

Norma's were, of course, the more varied and numerous and handsome, but Jocelyn had her own thrills, too. Philip had assured her that she must have at least three dinner dresses and one or two afternoon frocks to add to those she already had, and that this expense must be considered his, not hers. So there were a frail black lace and a striped blue and black and silver organza, a full-skirted pale green swiss for afternoons, a white small hat, a hat wreathed with roses; there were three linens and two coats, and finally there was a formal gown that took Jocelyn's breath every time she saw it or even thought of it. An effect of almost transparent silky organdy over an effect of hoops; clustered tiny gardenias and rose point; an underpetticoat that was a foam of frills. "I hope I shall have a great many clothes in my life," Jocelyn had said seriously, when she had tried it on in the shop and had come forth from the fitting room to see what Norma and her father thought, "but I shall never forget this one! I oughtn't take it!"

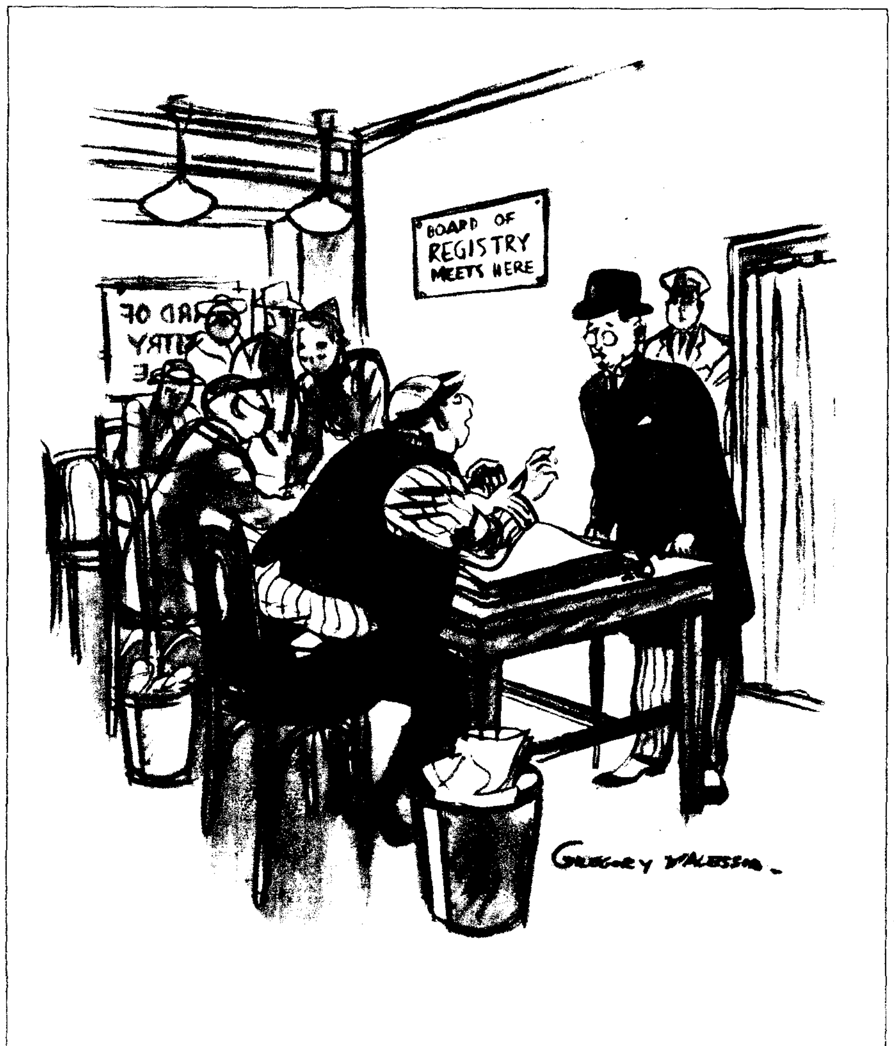
"Nonsense," Philip had said. He had been led to a much less expensive department in the big store than the one in which Norma's select models, straight from London, Paris and New York had been displayed. "All this stuff of yours doesn't cost what that one silvery evening wrap Spotty just bought cost," he had assured her. "Twenty-seven-fifty and twenty-two-fifty—I didn't know women could get clothes at all for that price!"

"There are women buying dresses for six-fifty and four-forty-four!" Jocelyn had reminded him joyously. "If the trip had no more fun to it than this," she had exulted, "I'd have had enough!"

BUT to discover that these preliminaries might really be all that was to be permitted Norma and herself daunted her nonetheless. She knew that she herself was the main attraction of the whole plan for Norma. To travel for the first time in her life with an adored companion, with a friend young enough to enter into her interests, a companion whose honest enthusiasm would inspire her to enjoy things that once would have been boring to her, to feel no longer either shy or foolish; all this made a prospect that was new and intoxicatingly pleasant in Norma's scheme. She wanted always to be with Jocelyn, always to get Jocelyn's reactions before she was sure of her own, she loved her new role of the protected and self-controlled little princess who owed a duty to the world as well as to herself.

All this would be blasted if the Kimberleys took Jocelyn's place; almost as completely blasted as if Sandy did. Norma's grandmother certainly would not offer to go. Mrs. Fordyce had said frankly that she hated Hawaii because when there you had to keep admiring things.

"Whether it's poi or tapa or those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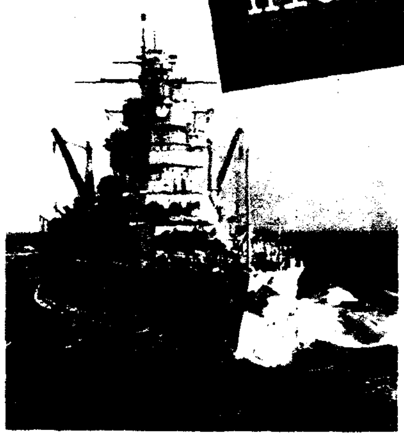

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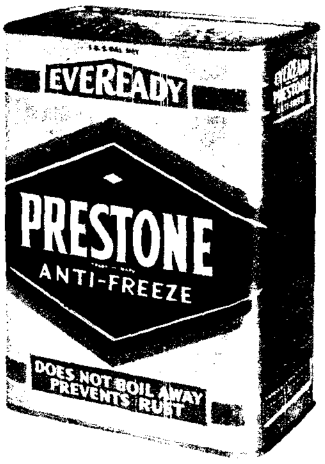

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women sitting in the damp shade making wreaths or breaking your heels going up some volcano, you can't say anything but 'Oh, delicious!'" she had said, when the Hawaii plan first had been broached. "If there is one thing I feel about poi and volcanoes it is that they ought to be kept in books, where they belong! Sally Ingerfield, who has a divine place down there still owes me six hundred and twelve dollars from a poker game! I hate the place."

Jocelyn confidently expected an outburst of fury from Norma at the first suspicion of a change of plan, and she dreaded it. She was working hard with her studies, anticipating holidays, all the happier for her industry when the big ship sailed just a week from tomorrow. Friends were coming down to see her off; there would be music, and leis of gardenias and confetti, and ropes of colored paper to hold the vessel to the pier with a hundred rainbow tentacles until the whistles boomed forth their hoarse farewells and the littered water began to churn wildly in a widening channel between the moving mighty hull and the fog-wrapped water front.

What a moment that might have been! To know oneself safe on board, with all the charms of decks and lounges, libraries and ship's shops to explore, to watch the hilly city and the great jaws of the Golden Gate slip by, to be out on the fresh open circle of the wide Pacific with the band playing and voices laughing and Norma reminding her, "We don't have to dress, sailing night!"

Oh, she had never had such fun in all her twenty-eight years, and she had had more than her share of loneliness and responsibility and work and dullness! If this could only be—!

On Saturday Norma went to a matinee luncheon with the Parker boys and their mother, and Jocelyn utilized her free hours for a trip to Sausalito. Aunt Nell would decide the point for her; Aunt Nell, who always thought anything the girls wanted to do was right.

She found the mistress of Maple Den in a foggy back yard, under the fresh new green of the trees, watching two sleeping grandchildren, and fortunately alone. Two married daughters were on a shopping trip for the midsummer bride; two were at their office desks; two still in school, as was the son of the house. Jocelyn, eager, frowning, scornful, appealing by turns, lost no time in putting her problem.

Her aunt was equally prompt and much more definite in her answer. Of course it was impossible. Some other arrangement would have to be made.

JOCELYN was stricken. She sat facing her aunt with eyes that were tragic in a suddenly paled face.

"But, Aunt Nell, surely girls and their fathers and governesses are always traveling together!"

"Not always. It could happen, of course. But not with this girl. She's had considerable newspaper notoriety already. Her father's a rich and important man. And you're a pretty girl, Jocelyn."

"Aunt Nell, that's—that's nonsense! How can people be so—so vulgar and—and censorious and suspicious! It seems to me, if they are, it would be just a good idea to show them that one didn't care a rap *what* they thought!"

"You can't do that, dear. Women—and men, too, for the matter of that—are always trying to do it. They go off on islands and try free love, or they are married by some ridiculous service that doesn't hold either for church or state, or they go nude—"

"But, Aunt Nell, this is just a man and his daughter going on a trip, and taking a companion for the daughter who isn't out yet!"

"Isn't out yet?" Mrs. Partridge said leniently. "Why, that girl is so far out in society that it's a nice question as to whether you can ever get her in far enough to have her come out again! She has been out since she was born. No, Jocelyn, you can't take chances with a girl like Norma Fordyce. You tell me she's happy now, that she's beginning to act like a human being. For God's sake keep her so. Don't get her grandmother and mother and father and this Sanderson woman all worked up again! Keep things quiet."

Jocelyn stared into space, a mutinous expression on her face.

"What do they suppose I am? Mr. Fordyce's mistress?" she presently demanded resentfully. "Am I supposed to be in love with him?"

"*Are* you in love with him, Jocelyn?" her aunt asked quietly, when the angry words had had time to die away into the quiet, still foggy air.

"Aunt Nell!" the girl exclaimed, freshly indignant. But if she had more words ready they did not come; she looked at her aunt for a few seconds and then covered her hot cheeks suddenly with her hands.

"If I see it, probably they see it," Mrs. Partridge said dryly, and for a long time nothing more was said.

AFTER a while Jocelyn took down her hands and looked far away into space and laughed.

"How long have you known it, Jocelyn?"

"Oh, not long. I thought—I never dreamed anyone else would know. Everyone loves Philip. There are two or three women who are just—open, about it. I suppose, of course, it makes a difference! About the trip, I mean. Now don't say anything, Aunt Nell," Jocelyn said quickly, as her aunt made a movement as if she would speak. "Don't. I know what a fool I am! I thought it would always be my secret, that no one but myself ever would know. You see," she went on, trying to laugh, "he's wonderful. He's quiet, but he's so definite! He puts things into just a few words. He's—I don't know, he knows everything about international law and maritime law, and fishing and golf, and plays and London clubs and everything. I always used to think, in the office, that there was no one like him, but now—now—when he's so good to Norma and me, and so pleased that she's happy—"

"He bought you some lovely dresses for the trip, didn't he?"

"Well, not expensive dresses! The whole lot didn't come to what one of Norma's did; he said so. I'd have to have clothes, Aunt Nell. And I've never been to Honolulu!" Jocelyn ended on a wail. "And now I'll never get there!" she added despairingly.

"I suppose Miss Sanderson couldn't go?"

"Oh, that would ruin everything!" Jocelyn said, so frantic in her disappointment that her aunt realized suddenly how young she was.

"Well, you'll have to get out of it somehow, dear. To go would be to put yourself and Mr. Fordyce and the child, too, in a false position. Especially with the mother anxious to get hold of her and her fortune. It seems to me the best thing would be to go to Mr. Fordyce and explain, and ask him what he would suggest. If there were some friends of his going on the trip, who would join the party—"

"But that wouldn't be so much fun," Jocelyn interrupted, still unreasonable. And twisting her body about and putting her head down on the back of her chair, she burst out into bitter crying.

Mrs. Partridge, who had risen with a grandchild in her arms, with the intention of carrying the baby into the house, looked down at the bowed bright head thoughtfully for a full minute. Then she rapped it gently with her thimble.

"You're behaving very foolishly, Jocelyn; I don't know that I've seen you act quite so silly," she said calmly. "You're a woman now, and you have to act like a woman. To get yourself mixed up in a scandal wouldn't do you any good, and undo everything you've done for Norma Fordyce. Now you stop it. Let her go off with her father under the charge of some married woman who is making the trip, and you wait here. You're no worse off than you were before this whole thing was talked of a few weeks ago. Bring Rosemary in, will you, dear? They both are awake and I think I'll let them play in the kitchen. It's nice and warm in there. There are conventions, Jocelyn; there are things that you just can't do. So you should be glad someone reminded you of them in time!"

When Jocelyn picked up Norma at the theater an hour later the younger girl looked at her sharply.

"You've been crying, Jotsy?"

"Yes. I got upset about something. You've got good eyes!" Jocelyn said smilingly.

"Who was mean to you?"

"Nobody. It's only—now be a sport, Norma, and don't tell anyone I've told you this. But Sandy and your Aunt Jean feel—"

Jocelyn went into the matter somewhat hesitatingly, wondering just how much to say and how much to conceal. The effect, surprisingly, was to make Norma laugh.

"Old snooty busybodies!" she said. "What business is it of theirs? Never mind, darling, we'll be off a week from today no matter what they say! If Dad's satisfied and Granny's satisfied, what does it matter what anyone else thinks?"

"Well, my aunt seemed to feel—"

"Oh, I love it! What do they think you're going to do?" Norma went on joyfully into speculations, and Jocelyn said: "Norma, dear, it really isn't nice to talk that way."

"Well, *they* do, with their spying and suspicions! Why don't you talk to Dad?"

"I thought I would. And promise me you'll not say anything until we see what he thinks."

"I'll do anything you say, dearest. But if they think for one minute that we aren't going to sail next Saturday, they can go sit on a tack!" Her confidence, baseless as Jocelyn knew it to be, had the effect of cheering them both, and when she had a chance to speak to Philip of the matter that evening, it was with considerable more hope in her manner.

HE LISTENED to her opening words thoughtfully, not looking at her. Jocelyn, beginning to be made slightly uneasy by his manner, presently came to a stop.

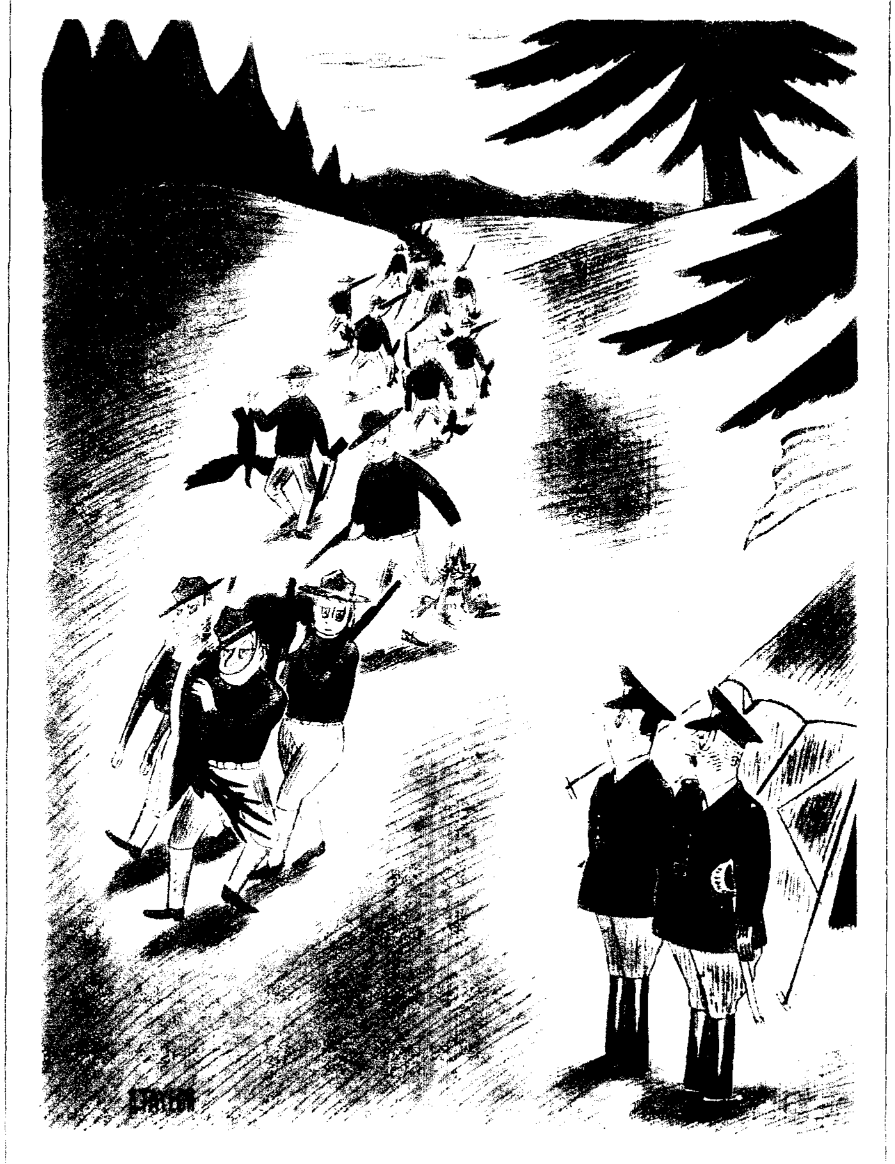
"My mother's just been saying something of the sort," Philip muttered then, kicking at a log in the fireplace, looking up to smile at her dubiously. He was going out to dinner; he was in formal evening dress, looking his groomed and handsome best.

"Your mother! But she was the one who talked it all over with us. She's known about it from the beginning."

"I know. I suppose this is some of Sandy's work."

"And Mrs. Kimberley."

"That so? Did Jane put her hooks in? Well, they evidently worked to some purpose on my mother. She was all agog tonight. I mustn't let Norma in for any



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Jocelyn was unable to say anything; the bitterness of her disappointment seemed to come up into her throat and choke her.

"I'd been looking forward to it; it seemed as if we might have a few days' fun," Philip presently said. "But we can't take a chance on Norma's mother."

"No, of course not," Jocelyn agreed dully. "Norma'll be disappointed," she added, with a little effort.

"She'll not be any more disappointed than I am!" the man said, half aloud. "But it's had the effect—I mean all this women's nonsense," he went on, "of making me see something that I mightn't have seen quite so quickly before. Of course, you know what I mean?"

JOCELYN looked at him quickly in the soft half-light of the library. A good fire was blazing, but only one lamp had been lighted. Philip took both her hands, and for her the world seemed to turn upside down, revolving about her in slow circles.

"You know that I had to find out sooner or later what had given me back my daughter, and why this trip meant so much to me, don't you?" he questioned her again.

Speechless, swallowing with a dry throat, she looked steadily at him.

"Can't you say 'yes' to that, Jocelyn?" he asked.

"I don't know what you mean," she whispered after a long moment.

"Why, it means that I've found you," he said simply. "Everything's been twisting about and changing and I've not known what was the matter with me, and now I know. While my mother was talking to me today it came to me like a flash. So there's something for you to think of while I'm at dinner, my dear!"

It was all an act in a play: the handsome man in evening dress standing beside his own library fire in the incredible old-fashioned luxury of Hill Acres, his daughter's governess with her hands in his, staring at him as if he had lost his wits, or she hers.

"Don't go!" she managed to say.

"I have to go." His tone was amused, *kind, not at all flustered.* "But I want you to know how I stand. I've fallen in love with you, as if I were a boy," he said. "I'm forty-two, I've a daughter of seventeen. She'd always be a problem to us both, even after she married. Just how it will all work out I haven't any idea; you'll have to be the one to fit the pieces together. But if we aren't to be allowed to go to Honolulu without a chaperon, perhaps, if we got married, they'd worry less about us.

"Now I'm going, but you think it all over, and we'll talk some more tomorrow. If you'd be down about half past eight we might have breakfast together. No, we couldn't talk then. It's Sunday, isn't it? And I'm playing in the tennis semifinals with Carter. Well, I'll be back for a late lunch, and if you can amuse the kid somehow suppose you come in and sit with me at about half past two? Don't look so astonished," Philip finished laughing, "the most natural thing in the world is for anyone who is in your neighborhood at all to fall in love with you. This may be the solution; anyway, I hope it is. Good night, my dear."

He was gone, and Jocelyn was standing perfectly still in the big shadowy room, breathless, ecstatic, wondering if she had imagined the whole scene. His cigarette was still smoking on the cinnabar tray; the sound of his voice was still in the air; she could hear his brief word of thanks to one of the men, as he took his big coat and silk hat in the hall. No, it hadn't been a dream.

Norma came downstairs, calling for her; they went out to dinner together. The inevitable Charles had appeared; they were three.

"This time next week we'll be having our first dinner on the Malolo, Jotsy," Norma said. "Don't you wish you were going, Charles?"

"I am," said Charles calmly. "Handle the black trunk carefully and mark it 'Needed on Voyage.' I'll be in it."

"Did he really say that?" Jocelyn thought. "Oh, my God, help me! What shall I do? It couldn't be that he meant that!"

"I'll go as a stowaway," Charles further pursued it. "They'll drag me out from behind a binnacle, dripping bilge water. I'll tip me cap—"

"Oh, Charles, do, do! It would be such fun! All the papers would have it!" Norma was falling in love with Charles as rapidly as only a girl of seventeen can fall in love with a handsome collegian four years her senior. But Jocelyn could find no objection to this affair. For the first time Norma was companionable, easy, happy, happy with a man friend, and since it must be someone, and soon, why not Charles, whose record and whose background were both beyond criticism?

"It might be just as well to try to keep out of the papers," Jocelyn said mildly. She hardly heard what the others were saying, answering them automatically, wrapped in her own thoughts.

He couldn't have said what she thought he had said! Philip Fordyce, the most important man her fortune had ever brought within her circle of friendships. Wanting to marry her! Her head whirled.

Why, that would mean—that would mean everything she had ever wanted in the world! That would mean security, a place of her own, a chance to establish friendships and build what she wanted into her life. That would mean that these brilliant, enviable, maddeningly arrogant women would have to take her into their calculations, would have to consider her seriously, whether they liked it or not. It would mean that she had magnificent Phil behind her, sustaining her and loving her in everything she did.

Loving her! That was the miracle. *She couldn't help loving him.* It was inevitable that she should. Nobody could live under his roof and see him daily, nonchalant and handsome and sure of himself, always adequate, whether the problem came from federal headquarters in Washington or merely concerned the bidding of a bridge hand, and not love him! Jocelyn had told herself days earlier that it was this man's fascination that kept her here at Hill Acres. It was impossible for her now to think of living anywhere but near him, if only to hear his voice occasionally, if only to catch a glimpse of him now and then. But for him to love her! Why should he?

HALF the glamor of the proposed trip to Hawaii had been because Philip was to head the little party. She and Norma were to have been his constant companions, lunching with him, dining with him, wearing their new frocks on beaches and ships' decks to please him.

The moments of her bitterest disappointment, as the plan had faded from probability, had been caused by the thought, not quite recognized at the time, but recognizable now, that she would be parted from his company for a long two weeks.

Now that consideration was banished. Those few incredible minutes in the library had killed it; in its place was a confusion of hope and fear that made her feel an actual physical exhaustion. Long after Norma was asleep she lay awake, staring up into the dark, her

What's the Square Thing to Do?

WHEN railroads were the only major form of transportation, regulating interstate commerce meant regulating the railroads and nothing else.

But today, when railroads are only part of a transportation industry, there is before Congress a carefully worked out legislative program designed to correct some of the existing inequalities in that industry.

The general attitude of Congress has been constructive. So has the general attitude of railroad employes. One of the nation's largest farm organizations has gone on record in favor of these laws.

The opposition has come largely from groups with special interests, who contend that the changes proposed would be unfair to other forms of transportation.

Now let's see about that:

What is unfair about asking a *whole industry* to abide by the same rules?

The railroads paid for the building of their own "superhighways" of steel — they pay out of their own pockets to maintain them — and they pay taxes on them.

What other form of transportation does these three things?

River barges and boats operate over channels provided for them with taxpayers' money at a cost of from $100,000 to a quarter of a million dollars per mile — *several times what it costs a railroad to build an average mile of line.*

And these channels are maintained at an annual cost to taxpayers which far exceeds the cost to railroads of maintaining an average mile of railroad. Barges and boats pay nothing for the use of these channels.

Commercial carriers on the highways do pay something toward the cost of the roads they use—but they use the same roads as 25,000,000 passenger cars whose owners pay most of the cost of building and maintaining the highways.

This is said not in criticism but as a fact which has a bearing on the competition the railroads are called on to meet.

So we come back to the basic question: Is it fair to ask part of an industry to work under rules which do not apply to all parts alike?

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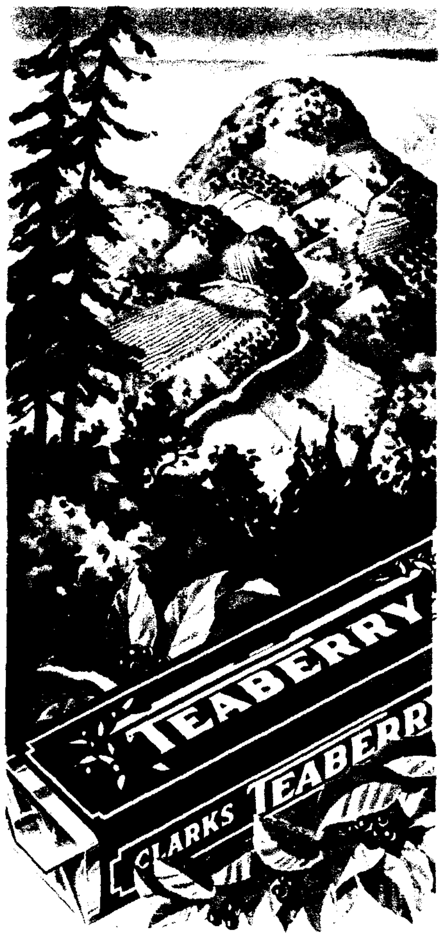
NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR–
IN TRANSPORTATION

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.



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head resting on her crossed arms, thinking.

In the end she said to herself that Philip had perhaps spoken in an unthinking mood of gaiety and good nature, and that he might never make another allusion to the subject. She would never bring it up again, naturally, and therefore she must begin again to plan for whatever alterations in the plans for the trip were necessary. Someone must go with them, that was obvious. The question was, who could go suitably, adequately, without destroying all the pleasure of Philip, Norma and herself?

The next day Philip was gone off for his tennis game when she and Norma came downstairs at about ten o'clock. Some girls had come over to talk of a charity rummage sale with Norma, and Norma was delighted to take them upstairs again to her sitting room and dazzle them with the magnificence and variety of the things she was giving to the sale.

Slippers and belts and clips; Italian vases and bowls; gloves from Paris that had never been worn, but that were no longer the last word of fashion; detective novels, big books of engravings, more than one smart little traveling clock; sweaters, sweaters, sweaters.

Meggy Brice and Peggy Wilson quite shamelessly appraised the sweaters at a dollar apiece, and bought several with no further formality. Meggy bought two French hats, and Jocelyn was stung into sudden realization that she was paying a dollar and a half for a Bond Street topcoat, of tweed so soft it was furry, and so flexible that the whole thing might almost have been put through a hoop.

"We never price anything at more than a dollar and a half!" Peggy said, with a meritorious air.

Mattress came in and was asked to ask someone to pack all these things and have them sent to Miss Wilson's house, and the young ladies, after some beautifying processes, decided to go to the club for lunch. This was a gay, neighborly thing to do on Sunday, and Jocelyn always enjoyed it. Norma was greeted affectionately on all sides, and some plan for the afternoon was usually developed.

THIS afternoon she and Norma had a special reason for wanting to watch the tennis, for at luncheon time the surprising news spread through the big dining room that Phil Fordyce and Joe Carter had qualified for the finals in a match against Bill Trent and the senior Ned Randall that morning. The finals would begin at two.

It was exciting to find places and see the umpire climb up to his high perch, and watch the easy pendulum movement of the first rallies. Every boy and girl Norma knew was also watching. The girls' hats moved like flowers about the stands and the green lawns; the little flying balls went tap, tap, tap, and Jocelyn watched Phil, and thought that he was the most wonderful man in the world.

The sun shone down on his brown hair and his burned brown skin, his sports shirt was open at the neck, and from the brief sleeves and beneath the flannels he wore, his rounded, firm arms and legs worked with the precision of pistons. Now and then, between games, he brushed back his hair with his forearm, wiped his forehead with the same movement, and looked over to laugh at Norma and Jocelyn. The spring day was still sufficiently uncertain to make the sunshine welcome, and the women huddled their shoulders in it gratefully; all about the sharp angle of the court were lawns and trimmed borders packed with flowers, and the shadows of great trees on fresh grass. In the shade cinerarias displayed their smears of solid bright color: deep blue, pink, scarlet, purple, flawless white; and in the sunlight pansies and stock, wallflowers, Shasta daisies and delphinium were massed together in one riot of bloom.

When the game was over Philip jumped the net like a boy, shook hands, laughing and gasping, with his triumphant opponents, and came over to the chairs where Norma and Jocelyn were sitting. Friends gathered about him, but Jocelyn was conscious that he was disposing of them with surprising rapidity, and presently he joined his daughter.

"Whew!" he said. "Those boys are too much for your poor old dad, Spotty!"

"He gave them every decision," Norma said accusingly, and everyone within hearing laughed.

"Are we out without Sandy?" Philip said as they turned toward the clubhouse.

"We haven't seen either her or your mother this morning. As a rule she comes in, if only for a minute. But no sign of her today."

"I'M going to take a shower," said Philip. "You going right home? Good. I'll follow you and come up to Spotty's room and we can talk. Been thinking over what I said to you yesterday?"

"I've been trying to believe that you said it." Jocelyn looked up seriously from under the brim of a new hat; her face was a little pale, but that only made the shadows about her eyes and the contrasting gold of her hair the more startling. For a second he looked down at her with a thoughtful half-smile on his face, then she felt his fingers catch hers in an instant's grip.

"I said it all right," he said, and Jocelyn had those words to ponder as she went home. Just that much certitude she had wanted during the long hours of the night. Now that she had it her heart was already making fresh demands. She was sure; but she wanted to be more sure, to have everyone know, to have it settled beyond dispute or question. These women would laugh at the mere idea of Phil Fordyce seriously considering marriage with the governess. They must not be allowed to laugh. It must all be settled, and quickly.

"Oh, I couldn't ever do anything else now!" Jocelyn said to herself, trembling, as she and Norma went into the big house and turned toward the great vault of the stairway. As they did so a woman began to descend, stopped, assumed a pose and bent a smile of incredible sweetness upon Norma. A slender, girlish-looking woman with soft lusterless fair hair, dyed to a color that was not quite gold, not quite brown, braided about her head, and a soft, powder-blue gown of filmy silk wrapped tightly about her body and buttoned snugly up her long throat to her chin, and spreading and flowing in waves about her knees and feet.

"Norma, darling!" said this exquisite apparition. The rays of the descending sun poured through the high stained-glass window and speckled her cool beauty with tiny dashes of scarlet and green.

"Mamma!" Norma said, stupefied. She ran up the stairs and the lady put her arms about her and kissed her.

"Precious," said Janet, Countess von Sturnberg, "I got worried about you and your daddy, and I wondered what on earth they were doing to you! I've been thinking about Daddy ever since he and I had a little talk in New York a few weeks ago, and wondering if perhaps Hill Acres wasn't the place I belong, after all! From what darling Granny and our marvelous Sandy have been writing me I haven't felt one bit happy about my big girl, so here I am, and if Daddy'll forgive me I think I'm ready to begin all over again!"

(To be continued next week)

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The Tory

Continued from page 23

alarm, and Freer and Van Vliet came down here for the hunt. There's not been hide nor hair of the party seen since. They're being passed from farm to farm and kept under cover. The county's rotten with loyalists! And Campbell's as like to be one as the next. I'm riding with the militia tomorrow."

Some of the feeling came over Daniel that he'd felt as he flattened himself inside the door of Alex Campbell's barn and watched the militiamen ride by, and the red began to creep into his neck and along his knobby wrists. It made him angry to have to feel that way, like a person with a guilt on his head, and the tone of Matthew's voice made him angrier. It was the kind of voice the farmers used when they banded together to track down bobcats.

"They've their own rights," he said. "They've their own rights to fight whichever way they choose."

"They had once," said Matthew, "but not any more. We're for liberty in York State."

DANIEL had a picture of Jacobus Roosa's heavy legs stumbling across a field to where men were hiding in a hedge. He didn't think that was liberty, but he didn't say anything.

"I don't deny it hurts some of 'em," said Matthew. "Old friends, maybe. But you can't make omelets without cracking eggs. Run 'em out if they don't hold with us, it's the only way we'll get where we're headed for, and it'll be best for the colonies in the end."

"You'd like that part, wouldn't you, running 'em out?" Daniel said. He couldn't help it, with the redness coming up from his neck into his face.

"What do you mean by that?" said Matthew sharply.

"Best ask Alex Campbell. That's who you'd like to run out."

"Campbell's a Tory. I want no words with him."

"You want his farm, though. You've had your eyes on it for long, only he won't sell."

Matthew snatched the pipe from his mouth and was glowering stiff-jawed. Daniel scraped back his chair and stood up. He put his knuckles on the table, leaning over it.

"Run Campbell out for a Tory. Run him out because he's an honest man that won't be bullied, and take his farm for yourself. That's what you're figuring on."

"Daniel—!"

"You and most of 'em with you. You talk liberty and freedom and smart words, and all the time you're figuring on what you'll get out of it."

Matthew stood up, too. The crow's-feet around his eyes were squeezed white.

"My own brother!" he said hoarsely. "I wouldn't have believed it!" He sucked in a heavy breath, as if he were trying to keep a grip on himself. "You're either one or the other, Daniel. For us or against us. You can't be both. Which is it?"

Daniel looked at his brother's knotted fists.

"For us or against us?" Matthew hammered.

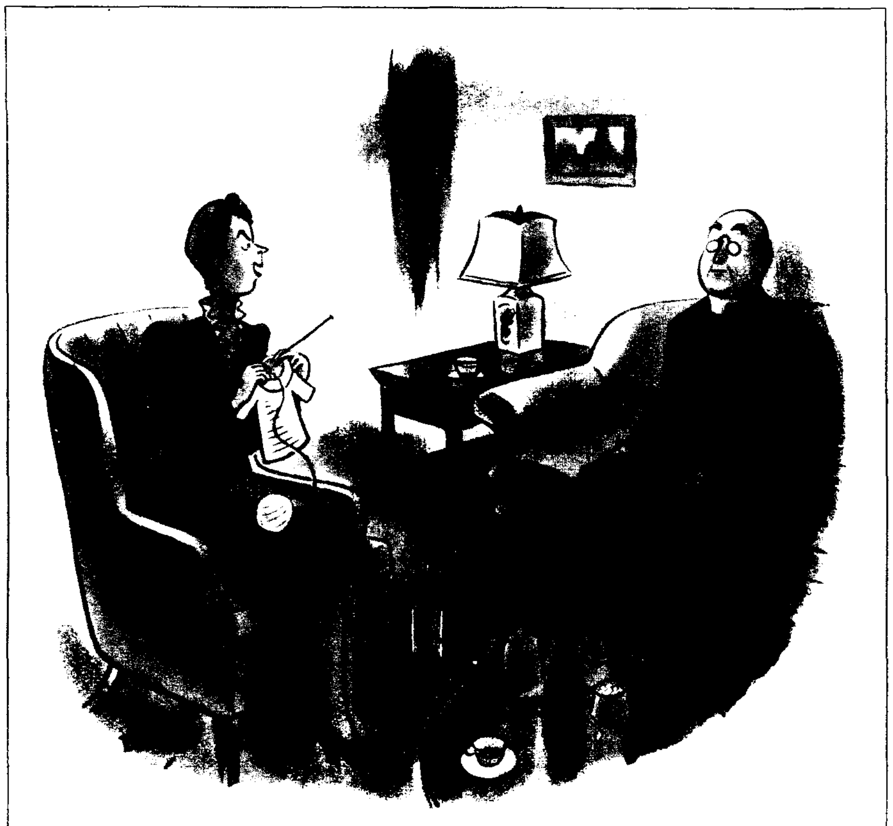
Daniel backed away.

"I don't know," he said. "You're asking me to be for something a lot of people are using for scalawaggery. I don't know."

"So I'm a scalawag, am I? And the Congress and the generals, and all the rest. You're a liar, Dan Scanlett!"

Daniel considered Matthew's bulging jaw muscles. "Whoever the shoe fits can put it on," he said. "Maybe there's good patriots, and I'm not saying against the generals—the ones like George Washington and Phil Schuyler, or Old Put across the river. But one thing's certain, you and a lot of others aren't making out to lose anything by the war if you can help it. And there's plenty on the other side that are. Men that'll fight for something anyway, win or lose, are the honest ones, it seems like to me." He went past the end of the table and toward the door. "I'm going out," he said.

He didn't get there. Matthew gripped



"I'll go right ahead with my knitting—I'm trying to make a dead line!"

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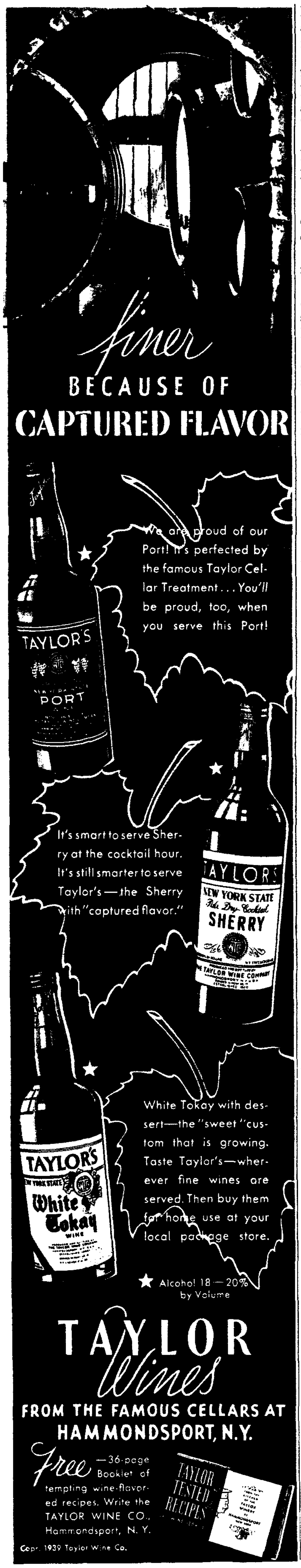
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him by the shoulder and slung him around. "You'll not set foot outside tonight!"

Daniel's face went as white as his brother's. "Don't, Matthew!" he said. He wrenched the hand off his shoulder and stood there, shaking all over. "Don't!"

"Warn your friends so they can take Roosa in and hide him. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"I want to be left alone."

"That's another lie! By gad, you've done it, Daniel! You've turned Tory—damned sneaking Tory!"

What happened then Daniel could never remember rightly.

But he must have struck first, with all the bile of the last two years of despising curdling up in him, for Matthew let out a bellow, shaking his head like a buffeted ox, and came on. Daniel dodged the upthrust knee to meet him square, and the two of them locked and fell to the floor. A chair clattered over them and the supper dishes danced a rattle on the table. They rolled back and forth, trying for holds, their heels slamming the kitchen boards, arms flailing.

A QUICK stir of dust rose into the sunset light that came through the window, and hung there over them, slowly shifting, while their dogged blows into each other's bodies with heavy, powerful grunts. When Daniel got on top at last he pinned Matthew's arms down with both knees, and before Matthew could do anything he whanged the back of his head four or five times with all his strength against the white pine flooring.

"Tory!" he panted. "All right, Matthew, if that's the way you want it! Tory!"

Matthew closed his eyes and got limp.

Daniel listened a minute to make sure he was still breathing, and let it go at that.

Closing the door of the kitchen carefully after him he went out into the yard, swished some buttermilk from a churn into a pail, and started across the fields for Alex Campbell's place. He took long steps, not looking back, walking with his chin set firm and his eyes straight in front of him, like a man will when he's come to a decision inside himself at last.

The sun had dipped under the westward roll of hills when he reached the Campbell place. Alex came out to meet him.

"They've gone on to Arthur McKinney's barn," he said. "They'll be safer there, and it's that much nearer the mountains. You going with 'em?"

Daniel nodded.

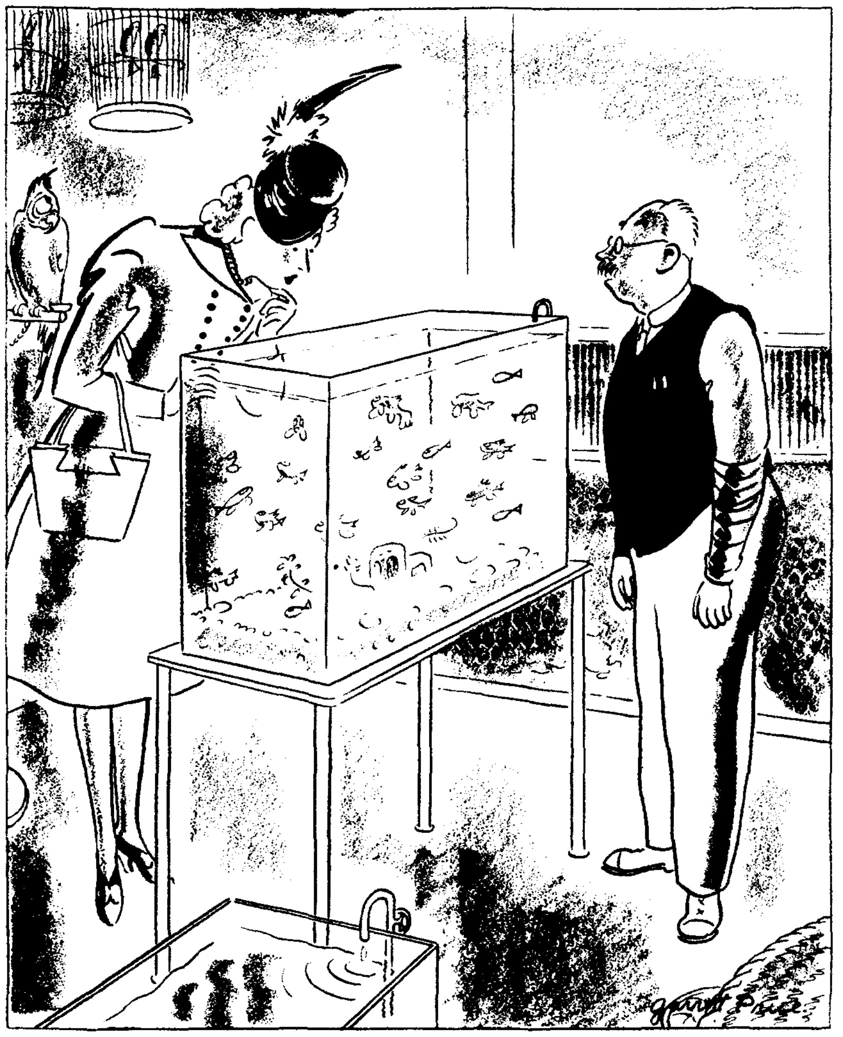
"Serve your brother right, too," said Campbell. "You'll look well in a red coat." He pointed to Daniel's pail. "What you got there?"

"Buttermilk. Roosa said they'd be thirsty."

"I gave 'em buttermilk pop before they left," said Campbell. He took the pail. "Best leave it here. You'll be less noticed if you travel freehanded, and it'll make a kind of payment for my pop."

Daniel legged on over to McKinney's barn. He would have been happier, somehow, if Alex Campbell hadn't said that about payment, all of them being in the same boat together and bound to help each other as Daniel saw it. But the evening was clear and the fresh air was good in his blood, and by the time he'd walked half an hour or so it didn't trouble him too much.

Roosa was glad to see him, over at McKinney's. He took Daniel in like one of them and introduced him to Jacob Middagh, grinning in the light of a dark lantern hid under an upside-down basket in the solidest corner of the barn.



"Well, as far as I can make out, lady, one's about as good a swimmer as another"

GARRETT PRICE

"Jake's my second in command. In case anything happens to me," he said.

"We'll know about that tomorrow," said Middagh. "When we pass the guards in the Highlands." He kept grinning.

Roosa bent over and began to take the lantern from under the basket. "Getting too dark for this. Chinks in the boards. Find yourself room in the hay. We'll sleep here tonight."

In the glimmer of the raised light Daniel saw men blinking up at him from the barn floor. Thirty or forty of them, he judged, sprawled out in tired positions, ragged, with dull, uncurious eyes. The sight of them took Daniel aback, for he had expected something different.

He went and squatted in the hay beside a man with a speckled underjacket and dirty strings in his shoes, and Roosa blew out the lantern.

"I'm the last from around this way, looks like," Daniel said to the man, to make talk. "But it's good to be with ones that want to be honest."

"Indeed?" said the man. He spoke through his nose, with a kind of sniff. "Very interestin'."

"We'll show the King he's got some friends in the Highland counties," said Daniel.

"Y'don't say." There was another sniff, and Daniel heard the man move away in the dark.

A laugh cackled on the other side. "You struck rock that time, for fair."

Daniel thrust out his lip. "Who is he?"

"How should we know? Some say he's takin' papers through to General Howe from up along the Mohawk. We call him the Off'cer. He's British, anyway. He's highhanded enough."

The voice broke off in a coughing, and Daniel sat in the hay with his lip thrust out. The British officers he remembered in Newburgh before the war were spruce figures, booted, spurred, and fine in scarlet and gold. There was a meanness in finding one of them dressed worse than most of the farmers Daniel knew, even if he had to carry messages, and there was more of a meanness in the snub of his words.

"He's no call to be highhanded," said Daniel. "We're fighting for him."

Another voice spoke beyond the coughing: "As if he cared for that. It's his skin he's worried about. And we'd be the same if we had our wits."

Roosa whispered at them to be quiet then, and by and by the snores began.

THE sun was a red disk the next morning, and in its dawn glow Roosa's party looked sorrier than ever. But they herded together bravely enough for a hasty breakfast of supawn and milk behind the barn. They gave Daniel a musket and told him to use it if he had to, but Daniel had something on his mind, and he went looking for the officer. He found him making choking noises over the supawn.

"About last night," said Daniel bluntly. "If the King's got friends in the colonies I should think he'd be glad to know it. We're all bound to help. I didn't mean anything not respectful to him."

"'Pon my soul!" said the officer. He spewed out a mouthful and turned to favor Daniel with a cold, quizzical stare. "'Pon my soul, so the King's asking help, is he? Extr'ordn'ry how you colonials give yourselves airs! The King needs the colonies because they bring in good trade, and he means to keep 'em, with help or without. That's plain enough, I hope."

"But when a man's a loyalist—" Daniel began.

"Oh, damme, every loyalist alive makes a virtue out of it. You'd think we'd nothing better to do but be grateful. Go back and choke down your mush, man—if you can stomach the stuff—

and let the King take care of himself."

The officer strode off, and Roosa called the party together before Daniel could answer. They cut past McKinney's house, taking a back road.

"Farms are thinner hereabouts," Roosa told them, "and we can be among the mountains by noon. No sense lying in the fields with the militia scouring for us."

They shambled along after him and Jacob Middagh brought up the rear, grinning and twitching his face. Daniel walked in the middle of them, breathing hard. It took him longer to forget what the officer had said than it had taken him to forget Alex Campbell's talk about payment for his buttermilk pop, but after a time he managed it.

Presently Daniel found himself by the cougher of the night before. A peering sort of upstater, all neck and nose and bony knees. He peered at Daniel, and chewed a little harder on the wisp of grass he'd stuck between his lips.

"Still here?"

Daniel said he was.

"Two of 'em have left us," said the bony man. "Thought you might've gone too, being new come."

"Who left?" asked Daniel.

"The off'cer for one. You saw him last. Didn't relish our company, likely, now we're comin' to the tight spot. He'd have been good to have around in case of trouble, too. Bart was right about his carin' more for his own self than us."

"Bart?" Daniel said.

"Bart Rowley. Got to thinkin' about hangin' an' sneaked off to join up with the Continentals while he could. Bart's got a family up in Ulster County."

Daniel didn't say anything.

The road struggled up over a rise, giving them a view of the Highlands just ahead, Schunnemunk Mountain first, and then stretching like a wall right past the Hudson into the morning sky beyond Fishkill Landing. On this side of the river the Highlands kept on to the south, to make the sprangled wilderness that lay back of West Point and the Dunderberg. One last clove curved between Roosa's party and the lift of the Highland wall—narrow, and snaked with streamers of stubborn fog. Roosa headed for it, taking them as fast as he could but stopping to listen every so often.

"I'm Crispell — Hendrick Crispell," said the man with the cough. "I got five at home." He asked Daniel, "You got any kids?"

Daniel said he had a brother.

"Too bad. You get more out of 'em if you got kids. How much did Roosa promise you?"

"Nothing," Daniel said. "I didn't want anything."

"No offense," said Hendrick Crispell. "He works different with different ones. Some he promises an' some he scares. The scared ones ain't so likely to stay, though." He shifted his musket to the other shoulder with a weary heave. "You got to know there's somethin' worth while ahead of you to make you face lead."

Daniel said he supposed so. But the way he said it made the bony man eye him slantwise until they came to Murderers' Creek.

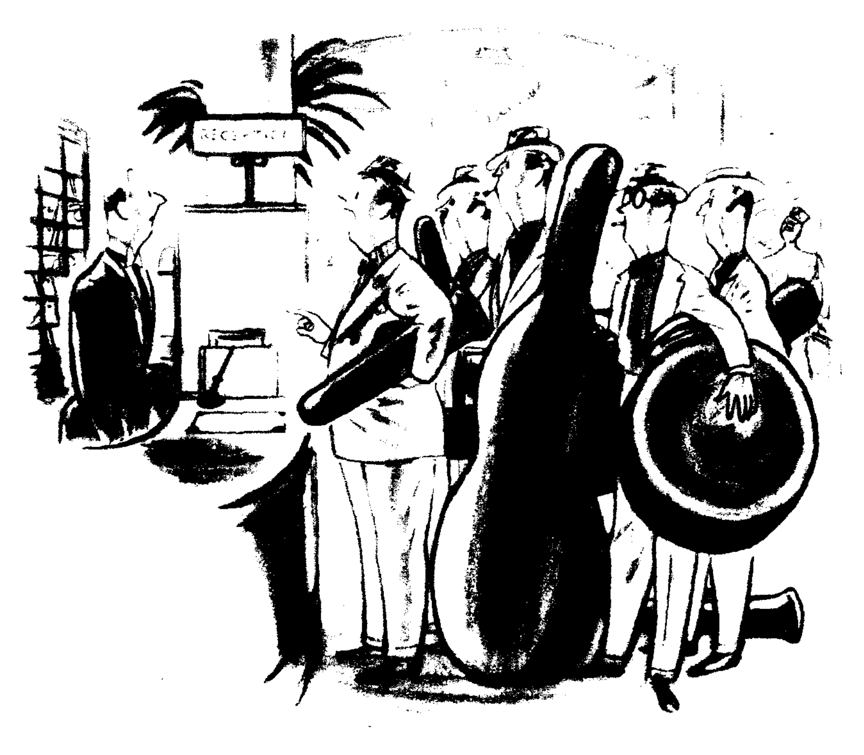
They crossed the creek where it ran over round pebbles above the cleft where Brewster's forge was. As they splashed through it, dogs were barking back along the road they'd come, and the men began to mumble under their breaths and exchange looks. Roosa turned them into a woodcutters' path up the side of Schunnemunk, and they all broke into a half trot. The valley and the creek began to drop away beneath them. When Daniel looked back once, he could see the whole spread of his own valley in the sunlight to the west, and a little above it on the far side, the square whiteness of the Blooming Grove church standing guard, small and peaceful on its hill.

IT WAS getting along toward noon now and the sun was hot. They climbed until they sweated and then stopped to rest in the shade of some second-growth oak, their tongues brick-dry. Roosa stood with Jacob Middagh scanning the the valley, frowning and scratching his nose. Somebody was talking:

"An' what'll we get for thanks when we reach New York? Robertsons, like as not. Grease your guts for 'em, an' get paid off with a boot in your seat an' Robertsons. Why didn't he say it'd be like this goin' through?"

"What's Robertsons?" someone else wanted to know, and half a dozen of the others laughed.

"You'll find out." The voice was the one that had been beside Crispell in McKinney's barn. "You'll find out when



"The boys are going to rehearse in my room—don't let anything disturb us"

LEONARD DOVE

NO DOLLAR-A-GALLON ANTI-FREEZE CAN GIVE THIS

Protection

No Boiling

Unlike most dollar-a-gallon anti-freezes, "Prestone" brand anti-freeze contains NO alcohol. Because alcohol boils away, it has to be replaced at additional cost.

No Freezing

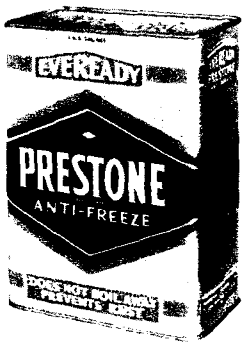
One shot of "Prestone" anti-freeze lasts *all winter long*. Sudden, bitter cold won't catch you unprotected. You're safe every minute—and you *know* it!

No Rust Clogging

"Prestone" anti-freeze will guard against rust-clogging. Rust particles will not choke up your cooling system and overheat your motor.

No Fumes

NO dangerous fumes with "Prestone" anti-freeze—NO fire hazard. NO harm to the metal or rubber parts of your cooling system—or to *you*. Absolutely odorless.



HERE ARE THE FACTS!

There's NO OTHER product like "Prestone" brand anti-freeze. It's not only made with highly refined and purified ethylene glycol, but is fortified with *exclusive* ingredients developed after years of laboratory research and millions of miles of test driving. These vital ingredients curb leaking, rust-clogging and foaming. They save your money and your car. "Prestone" anti-freeze is guaranteed in writing for your protection. See your dealer today. Then smile with "Prestone" anti-freeze—let others boil!

NEW LOW PRICE

$2.65 PER GALLON

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

The words "Prestone" and "Eveready" are registered trade-marks and identify products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

How
your car

MOTORISTS of America spend billions of dollars a year to maintain and operate their automobiles.

So that you—*Collier's* reader—may secure trouble-free motoring, *Collier's* sponsors these pages, offering at regular intervals authentic suggestions for the car-owner.

Collier's readers own more than a billion dollars worth of automobiles. Naturally, the subject of Preventive Service (called "P.S.") is very important.

There was a time when "service" was considered only *after* the motorist encountered trouble.

Today, the mechanical advance of the automobile, the development of testing equipment and the perfection of service parts and materials make Preventive Service a reality. By knowing what to check and when to check, the possibility of trouble on the road can be reduced almost to the vanishing point.

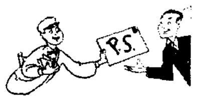
In fairness to your investment, peace of mind and safety, a little Preventive Service is vital before winter comes.

Of Course, You're Going to Put in Anti-Freeze, but—

Before the anti-freeze goes in, there are several matters that deserve attention.

The radiator of your car is an ingenious device. A lot has been going on in there all during summer—as a matter of fact, 20 gallons of hot water have been going through the little tubes in the radiator every minute your car was running.

Hot water has a habit of leaving a little deposit or scale on the inside of boilers or even cooking utensils—and it happens in radiators, too. Some of the passages through which the water must travel are as small as a 32nd of an inch in diameter. It is important not to have much scale remain in such small passages. If the passages become clogged, circulation is slowed down and overheating results.



So, before the anti-freeze goes in, it is smart to give the inside of that radiator a good cleaning. For that purpose, radiator-cleaning compounds are available, and they do the job chemically.

The next step is to see that the whole cooling system is as water-tight as it can be made.

If there are small leaks in the radiator itself, there are compounds on the market that when placed in the radiator, seek out the little holes and seal them.

Vulnerable Spots

The water in the cooling system circulates all around the motor and circulates all through the radiator. The connections between these two parts have to be flexible in order to take care of the jolting and bouncing that a car encounters as it travels. There are two, three, or four little pieces of radiator hose on your car that make these connections. These small pieces of hose are inexpensive and unless they are in perfect condition, they can upset the whole cooling system. It pays well to know that you are starting the winter with new, firm pieces of hose.

The Fan Belt

The fan belt does more than its name implies. It not only keeps the cooling system performing, but in many cases, it also drives the generator, and in the wintertime you want your generator to do a good job of charging your battery.

The fan belt loses its usefulness by degrees. It starts to slip long before it breaks. And when it slips it doesn't turn the generator or the fan as fast as it should—and that's bad.

So, mark it down to be sure to have the fan belt checked at the time your car is being tuned up for winter.

And now, back to anti-freeze before leaving the cooling system.

Put your anti-freeze in early and be sure the solution in your cooling system will not freeze at the lowest temperature you will encounter in your travels.

During the winter, whenever you add water, have the contents of your radiator checked with a hydrometer to be sure you haven't weakened your anti-freeze solution too much.

Change to Winter Oils and Lubricants

An entire series of oils and lubricants is available for warm weather and another series for cold weather. Viscosity of lubricants changes in cold weather just as the viscosity of molasses. So—not being able to control the weather—the engineers controlled the lubricants.

Unless winter oils are in the crankcase, and winter lubricants in the transmission and differential, in cold weather the pistons and gears have to work against congealed lubricants. The penalty is three-fold.

In the first place, the car is hard to start. In the second place, there is such a drag on all moving parts that the car is just as bad off as if it were pulling a lot of extra weight. In the third place, it is impossible for the stiff lubricants to get around fast enough when the car is started to protect the cylinders and gears.

Check Your Oil Filter

The oil filter's job is to filter out the dirt and dust and sludge from the oil as fast as it accumulates. Of course, there comes a time when the oil filter has done such a good job that the filter element or cartridge is full of the impurities it has removed from the oil. This means that it is time to replace the element.

The Electrical System

Within your automobile you're operating a complete electrical power plant. You generate your own electricity; you store it and then you use it for power, for light, for heat and for ignition. It's a great system—and as owner and general manager of the "system," you have to see that it is kept in good running order.

Storing the Electricity

The battery takes care of the job of storing the electricity and it's going to have a bigger job to do in the winter than at any other time during the year.

At low temperatures, the efficiency of the battery goes down and the "load" on the battery goes up.

These facts are reason enough to make you want to be sure your battery is in good condition and fully charged, ready to ride through the winter without mishap.

But just to be sure that you don't overlook Preventive Service, remember, *a fully charged battery won't freeze.* You see, there is a solution of sulphuric acid in the battery. When the battery is fully charged, this solution will remain liquid down to 85° below zero. But when the battery is run way down, the solution is mostly water, and it is obvious that it will freeze above zero.

10,000 Volts

Now let's go out along the electric wires to where you use this electricity.

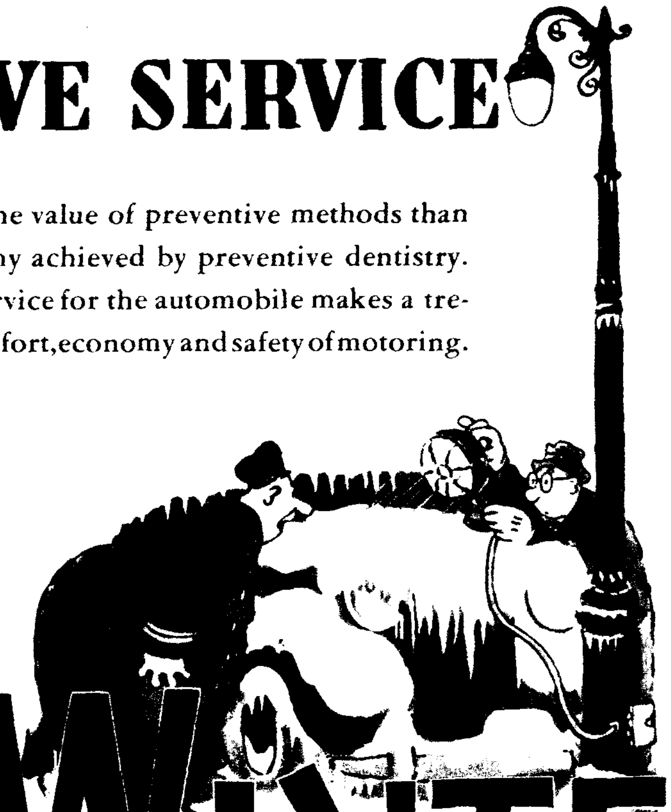
In the first place, you want about 10,000 volts at your spark plugs. The electricity

PREVENTIVE SERVICE

There is no better example of the value of preventive methods than the comfort, beauty and economy achieved by preventive dentistry.

In like manner, Preventive Service for the automobile makes a tremendous contribution to the comfort, economy and safety of motoring.

So, in keeping with its up-to-the-minute policy of action, *Collier's* introduces this department on PREVENTIVE SERVICE for the benefit of its millions of car-owners.



ready for WINTER

that comes from your battery is about 6 volts. So there has to be a little device which steps up the voltage from 6 to 10,000. This device is the coil. Any little gadget with such a big job to do deserves an inspection when you're getting your car ready for winter driving.

Next Stop—Distributor

Here is the "substation" which distributes the electricity to each spark plug in the proper sequence and at the proper time. The distributor accomplishes this job with contact points that make the electrical connection to first one spark plug and then moving on to the next. The distributor has to do this connecting and disconnecting about 200 times a second and with deadly regularity.

The Preventive Service on the distributor is to have the points cleaned and see that the setting is just as it should be.

Next Stop—The Spark Plugs

The firing in the cylinder is created by having the electricity jump a little gap of about 25 1000ths of an inch from one to the other electrode of the spark plug. If these little electrodes on the spark plug are too far apart, either because they have gotten out of adjustment or because they are burned away, the spark has to jump so far that it becomes very weak. So with winter coming on, avoid difficult starting and loss of power due to a weak spark. It is so easy to be safe and sure by having the spark plugs inspected and then cleaned, adjusted or replaced.

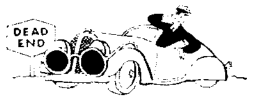
P.S.

PREVENTIVE SERVICE

Sponsored by Collier's for Motor Car Owners

Lights

It isn't enough just to see that the lights turn on. Naturally, you will replace burnt-out bulbs the minute you discover them. But sometimes you lose visibility without realizing it. Dirt on the lenses and reflectors often reduces visibility as much as 40%. So for safety's sake, a little cleaning of the lenses and reflectors is likely to give you much more light at no more cost.



Bad-Weather Lights

Now that driving in all kinds of weather is a routine matter with almost everyone, the value of adverse weather lights is becoming self-evident.

Windshield Wipers

Check here on three counts. First be sure the air line is tight (most windshield wipers operate by a vacuum system). Second, be sure the blades are in good condition. Third, see that they are adjusted properly to the windshield surface.

For assisting in keeping glass free from ice and snow, chemically treated blades are available to be carried in the car. These blades keep the glass clear where they touch.

Defrosters

Snow and sleet can reduce visibility to zero. One experience in running into such a condition makes the defroster seem worth many times its cost. The defroster's job is to heat the windshield sufficiently to turn snow or ice to water as soon as it strikes the windshield.

Heaters

A heater is not only a good investment in comfort but it is a good investment in safety. Cold hands and cold feet are obstacles to good driving. They keep you from operating the car as skillfully as you can.

Tires

The wheels must have traction to make the car stop or go. It is the job of the tread on the tires to furnish this traction.

In the automobile, the power is delivered to the wheels. Contrast this with the horse and wagon. In that case, the power is delivered to the horse's hoofs and if the horse's hoofs aren't shod to give proper traction, the horse has difficulty starting and stopping.

Just as a horse has more traction trouble in winter, so does an automobile.

Therefore, start your traction inspection with your tires. What you want is good tread. It is not just the thickness of the rubber. Because, after all, tires could be made as thick as they are without any tread. It is the non-skid tread that you want for traction.

For real safety, make your tire inspection a tread inspection.

Brakes

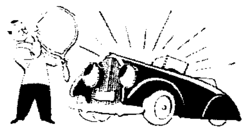
Winter weather is skidding weather. Brakes should be absolutely equalized and in top-notch condition.

Skid Chains

Chains belong in the car just as soon as cold weather arrives. There is tremendous peace of mind in knowing that the chains are tucked away in the back of the car ready for the emergency.

Body Protection

In winter, the finish of the car faces a severe season. Therefore, it is wise to protect the finish with a good wax or protective polish.

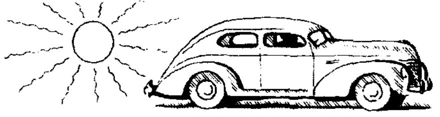


A Lot for a Little

The automobile is a marvelous device. The service facilities that have been built up to meet the car-owner's needs are fitting companions.

Practically all places that have to do with the servicing of automobiles are prepared to render a complete winter tune-up at a reasonable price. See your service man for Preventive Service and be prepared to ride through the winter with pleasure and satisfaction from your automobile.

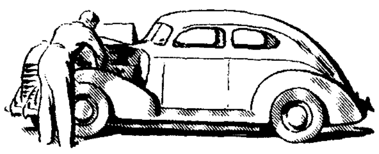
P.S. means PUROLATOR SERVICE now!



How summer driving has affected your Purolator

Your Purolator takes harmful dirt and abrasives out of your motor oil as fast as they get in. This accumulation of destructive material is trapped in the Purolator cartridge and held there. There comes a time when the filter cartridge is "full". Then there is nothing to prevent dirt, dust, abrasives, and sludge-forming impurities from scratching and scoring polished surfaces, gumming up closely fitting parts, and seriously impairing performance.

Cut-open Purolator cartridge, with dirt collected in 8000 miles of ordinary driving.



Check your Purolator when you change to winter oil

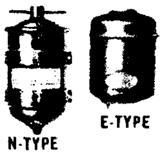
In most places summer air is dry and dusty. Therefore it is particularly important to "check the filter" *right now*. If a cartridge replacement is necessary it is an inexpensive job that takes only a few minutes. Then you can face cold weather knowing that *clean* oil will provide each moving part of your engine with the effective lubrication that adds thousands of miles to engine life. Regular Purolator Service puts you miles ahead in freedom from repair bills and in sustained new car performance.

Magnet shows abrasive metallic particles in dirty oil.

Scored pistons may result from dirty oil. Keep your oil clean!

Two types to choose from

Purolator oil filters are standard equipment on the great majority of factory-equipped cars. Two types are available, both for replacements and for new installations in unequipped cars. Motor Improvements, Inc., Newark, N.J.



KEEP IT CLEAN with PUROLATOR

PUROLATOR OIL FILTERS

you're paid in coin that's clipped at the edges or got holes stamped out of it. That's His Excellency General James Robertson for you, civil governor of New York under the king. And them's Robertsons, the coins he's chewed his share out of before he passes 'em off on God-fearin' loyalists. They're all over the colonies by now."

Daniel got his feet under him and balanced to his legs. He'd heard about Robertsons but he'd never seen any, and he thought at first to blurt that the man with the sloven jaws was lying, for it wasn't in reason for the king's governor to cheat the ones that were siding with the king of their choice. But most of the men were muttering sullen agreement and he saw it must be true. He made a fist out of his two hands and stood a minute cracking the knuckles of the left one slowly. Red began to creep along his wrists.

"Roosa must know about 'em, too," he said at last. "He'll see we get fair dealing."

The sallow face leered. "Roosa? Roosa's a deserter from a rebel regiment up Ulster way. What'd he know of fair dealing? If it hadn't been for the redcoat army that's comin' down from Canada I'd as lief have followed Beelzebub."

Hendrick Crispell, still chewing the wisp of grass on a boulder a little way off, got a better look at Daniel's yellow eyes than the rest of them could. He got up and came over and touched skinny fingers to Daniel's elbow.

"That's all right," he said. "There's some on our side is honest, when you find 'em. Only this ain't the way to do it, an' we got to get out of here quick. There's a noise at the creek crossin'. Where's Roosa gone?"

They traced him by the crackle of underbrush, where he and Jacob Middagh were breaking their way on up the mountain. Roosa stopped, though, when Daniel hailed him, and scowled over his shoulder.

"Keep with the rest of 'em, you two."

"I want to talk to you," Daniel said.

Roosa tugged his collar open. His neck was soggy with sweat. There was an ugly rip in his fine breeches and the silk ribbon hung bedraggled at the end of his queue.

"What kind of time is this to talk? I've got to find out where we are."

Daniel said, "There's horses crossing the creek. If we're going on through we'd better go."

"Woodcutters," said Roosa. "They cross it every day."

Middagh had been listening, making one grimace after another. He pulled at Roosa's sleeve. "I don't like the sound of it. Come on."

ROOSA turned on him, furious. "Keep this lot put, then! Don't let 'em wander around where they please! I stand to lose my hundred dollars bounty if they get lost! Go back with the rest of 'em!" he ordered Daniel. "Wait there till you're told!"

"There's a clearer track over on the east part of the mountain," said Middagh. "Maybe we can strike into it."

Roosa gave Daniel a shove toward the others, who had risen and were goggling owlishly at what went on. "Go back, damn you!" he said, and took out after Middagh, heavy legs trampling.

Daniel didn't try to stop him. He took the shove without resisting. But from the inside of him came a grunt, like the way he'd grunted in the fight with Matthew, when Matthew's blows were thudding into his body.

"You heard what he said," he told Crispell. "You heard that about his bounty money."

"What's the bounty matter?" said Crispell. "He isn't doin' it for love. None of us are."

"A hundred dollars," said Daniel. "A hundred dollars for delivering the lot of us. Three dollars a man, that comes to. You can't buy dry heifers in my valley cheaper than that." His face was white and set, with the same look to it as when he banged Matthew's head on the kitchen floor. "Robertson dollars to boot," he said. "Do they think we're Hessians?"

Crispell opened his mouth to answer, but a shot cracked just then, down below them on the mountainside. Somebody called out, "Militia! I can see 'em! They've got us!" and the men drew together, wavering, fronting toward the sound, like a flock of sheep ready to be chased.

Out in front of Daniel, over the heads of the riders that came pounding up through the trees, the valley where his farm was lay green and rich, with great smiling patches of sunlight, and the clean whiteness of the Blooming Grove church keeping watch beyond. Behind him, most of the men were cursing and some were beginning to run. One or two fired half-heartedly before they ran, and the smoke eddied around all of them until they choked.

Crispell put his lips to Daniel's ear between coughs. "Get away!" he shouted. "Don't stand here and be shot! Run!"

Daniel shook his head. Isaac Freer and Theunis Van Vliet were spurring along the path, with Matthew between them. Matthew's yellow eyes were flinty, and he had a bandage wrapped under his hat.

"Run!" Crispell screamed again.

"Run yourself," said Daniel. "That's what you're paid for."

CRISPELL yelled at him once more and then floundered after the others, and Daniel moved out into the path alone. He pushed a long breath from his lungs, like a man coming out of sick air, and stood waiting, the butt of his musket on the ground.

Freer and Van Vliet swerved on past with shouts, but Matthew saw who it was, and his gun jerked to his shoulder. Daniel didn't move. He kept his eyes on Matthew's trigger finger, and felt the spitting of pebbles around his ankles as Matthew shouldered the horse at him and yanked on the reins.

"By gad, I thought so!" he cried. "Stand away from that musket!"

"I won't use it," said Daniel. "I'm not bought. And I'll not run, either."

The two men faced each other. For a minute anything might have happened.

Then Daniel looked at Matthew's bandaged head and said, "Nor I wasn't bought when I hit you yesterday, Matthew. But it's been different from what I figured it'd be."

Matthew thrust out his jaw and said, "Changed your mind, hey?"

"No," said Daniel stubbornly. "Not about some things. Honesty, for instance. But this is my country, and if the rest of 'em are going to try to sell it, then I'll fight for it."

MATTHEW took another minute or two at that before he spoke again.

"You'll be welcome," he said, "if you can fight like you did yesterday." He lowered the gun from his shoulder and his lips eased at the corners. There was a kind of respect in his voice: "Never knew you had it in you like that, Daniel. I don't grudge against a man that's got spunk."

Presently he said, "You ought to know about the Campbell place, then. I could have had it all along for nothing if I'd turned Tory. Some of the King's officers made me the bargain a couple years ago. Said they'd put Campbell off for taxes if I'd do it."

The white went out of Daniel's face and his mouth moved, but he didn't say anything. Matthew looked out over his head.

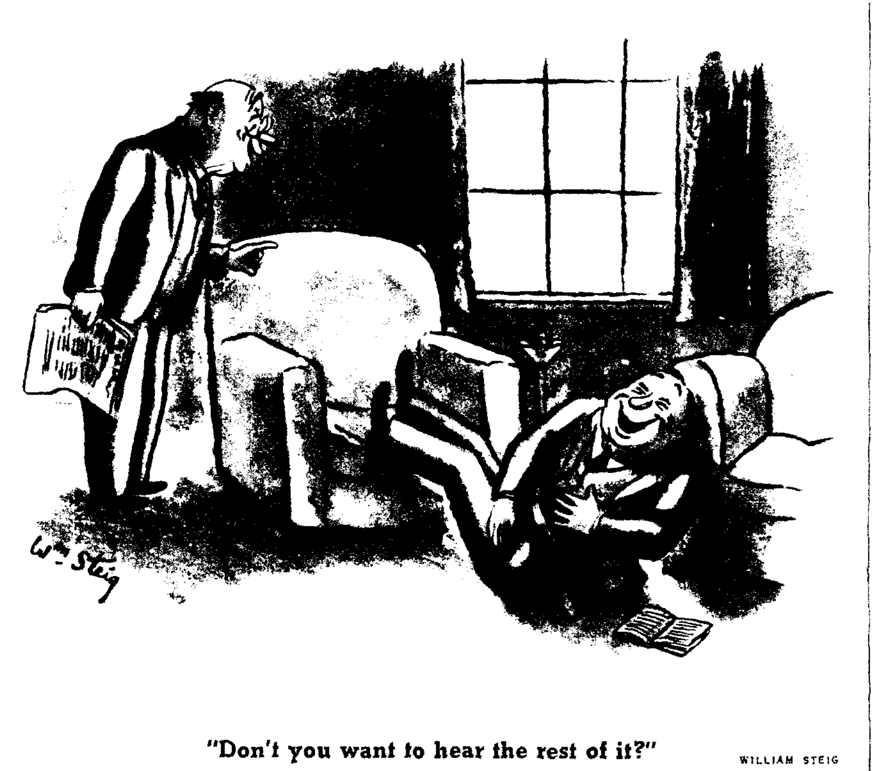
"I told 'em I didn't do my fightin' for a price. Not this kind, anyway."

"You might've told me that before," Daniel said.

"I'm telling you now," said Matthew. "Never thought you needed to hear it before."

Daniel was staring down into the valley, into the rolling wide sweep of it and the white dot of the Blooming Grove church on the little hill. He nodded slowly when Matthew got through talking, as if he was satisfied with what he saw and more satisfied with what he heard, and he moved closer to Matthew's horse and reached up his hand. Matthew took it with no more words, and the eyes of the two brothers met. Up the slope of the mountain behind them the last shouts of surrender were dying away.

"I'll go help 'em bring in Roosa," Matthew said. "They can tie him on my horse and you and I'll leg it. With luck, we ought to make it home just about suppertime."



"Don't you want to hear the rest of it?" WILLIAM STEIG

TODAY *millions travel in comfort...*

who YESTERDAY *didn't travel at all!*

GREYHOUND has led the way in introducing *America to Americans*

After the primitive needs for food, shelter and companionship are satisfied, perhaps the strongest urge of mankind is *to travel*—to know the exhilaration of new scenes, new friends, new horizons.

Yet this privilege was denied to millions of Americans, until the advent of the motor bus. In pre-bus America travel fares averaged about *twice their present level*—and even a short memory will recall the lack of comfort and convenience in those days!

High rates kept millions of people from traveling—other millions couldn't afford private automobiles—existing transportation didn't reach many of America's most fascinating places.

Then came Greyhound, leading the advance of motor bus lines that now completely cover the United States and Canada. What happened? Fares came steadily *down*, until travel is now the lowest priced commodity in the nation—easily available to every person and every purse. Comfort went *up*, in every form of transportation—led and accelerated by the balloon-tired riding ease and cushioned comfort of Greyhound buses. Courtesy and personal attention to passengers came back into fashion.

Perhaps most important of all, *there are 48,000 cities, towns and communities which formerly had no public transportation, now closely linked with their neighboring cities and states by motor bus!*

Putting it in few words: *today millions travel in comfort who, yesterday, didn't travel at all*... and so the motor bus has greatly enriched the American way of living. Greyhound heartily invites you to try this comfortable, sightseeing, dollar-saving transportation which has so completely changed the travel habits of the nation.

The
LINES

If you want popular 24 page picture-and-story booklet "Amazing America"

—write to Dept. CL-11, at nearest of these Greyhound Information Offices:

New York City	245 West 50th Street
Cleveland, O.	East 9th & Superior
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Detroit, Mich.	Washington Blvd. at Grand River
St. Louis, Mo.	Broadway & Delmar Blvd.
Charleston, W. Va.	155 Summers Street
Cincinnati, O.	630 Walnut Street
Richmond, Va.	412 E. Broad Street
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Lexington, Ky.	801 N. Limestone
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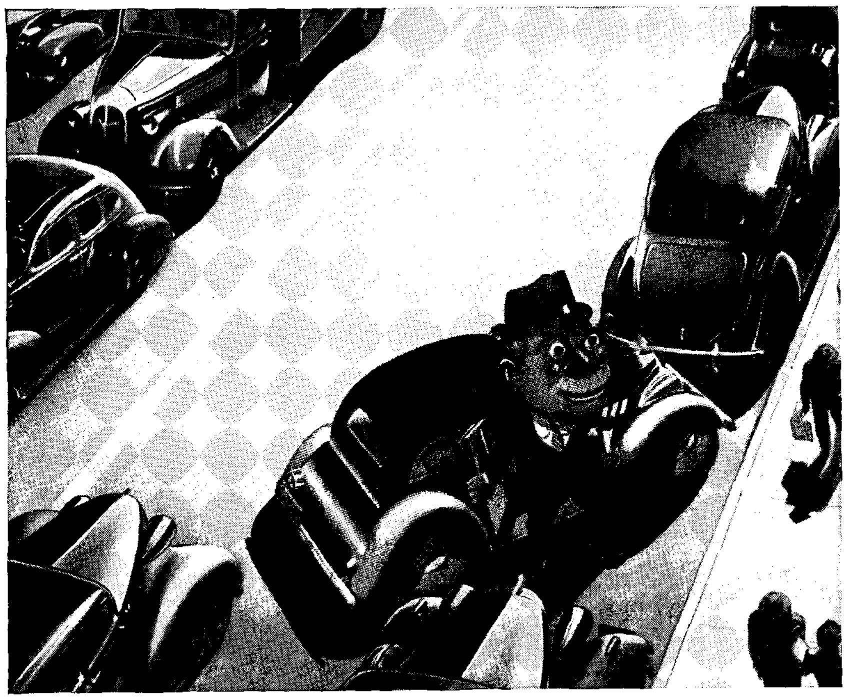
NOW YOU'RE ALL SET TO HELP CUT STOP-AND-GO DRIVING 25%
THAT'S SWELL
SHELL
SHELL
SHELL LUBRI
SH

TRAFFIC BONERS ARE ON THE WAY OUT—

HE'S A "SCREWDRIVER"—"Too busy" to park *right*—so other busy people fret and fume! . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" brings you to a needless stop, you pay!



Millions of motorists have joined the Shell SHARE-THE-ROAD Club!

"Aside from the danger to life and limb, discourteous driving habits are a major cause of today's traffic congestion. I believe about 25% of all 'stop-and-go' could be eliminated by courteous driving—by sharing the road."

Guy Kelcey *Traffic Engineer*

PUBLIC OPINION is cracking down on "Screwdrivers"—cutting down Stop-and-Go driving. Millions of motorists are helping.

This crusade grows out of Shell's traffic and engineering research. First came Super-Shell Gasoline, refined to cut the *cost* of Stop-and-Go. Now, through the nation-wide SHARE-THE-ROAD movement, motorists are cutting the *amount* of nerve-racking, time-wasting, fuel-wasting Stop-and-Go!

SHOW YOUR COLORS—your Shell dealer will attach the SHARE-THE-ROAD emblem to *your* car—give you the booklet illustrating traffic-snarling boners pulled by "Screwdrivers." No charge.

On the Stop-and-Go that *can't* be avoided, save with Super-Shell. As for the rest—let's get rid of it! You'll be able to drive farther—with more convenience and safety!

"Share the Road" and SUPER-SHELL both save on STOP-and-GO

They've Picked Your War Job

Continued from page 11

earn. If Mother is earning enough to maintain herself and her children. Father may not claim exemption. Or if the family is on relief, the old man may not beg off because he has dependents. Things like that.

The bill, as it will be presented to Congress, specifies a number of classifications as "deferred from service." You will observe that the word "exempt" is missing. Reads the bill: "The President may, under such regulations as he may prescribe, *defer* service in the land and naval forces of registrants whose continual employment in any of the following occupations he deems essential to public interest: Inferior federal and state officers; federal and state employees; county and municipal officers and employees; marine pilots, persons engaged in industries, agriculture or other occupations or employments found to be necessary to the maintenance of the national interest; the regular or duly ordained ministers of religion in the regular discharge of ministerial duties. The President is also authorized under such regulations as he may prescribe to *defer* service in the land and naval forces of those registrants in a status with respect to persons dependent upon them for support which renders their *deferment* advisable; and those found to be physically, mentally or morally deficient. But no *deferment* from service shall continue after the cause therefor ceases to exist."

But this is not unqualified good news for political job-holders. The bill goes on: "The President is authorized to utilize the services of any or all departments and of any or all officers or agents of the United States and of the several states, territories and the District of Columbia, and subdivisions thereof, in the execution of this act and to require of each the performance of such duties as he directs."

All this when the time comes. In the meantime the General Staff proposes to substitute efficiency for what happened in 1917. That war started for us on April 7. For months before that glorious day, a number of our bugle-blowing citizens and agencies, to say nothing of French and English propagandists, domestic and imported, were demanding that we adopt a draft act in advance that we might be prepared immediately to leap to the aid of the Allies. Nothing in particular came of that except a mild overstatement by the late William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan said that it would never be necessary for America to conscript her sons because, at the first brandish of an enemy fist, a million men would leap to arms. Mr. Bryan was wrong.

Nevertheless, it wasn't because we didn't give the million their chance. During the first month of our participation 86,000 lads enlisted voluntarily in the regulars, the militia, the Navy and the Air Force. Thereafter, the enthusiasm of dawn's early light having been dissipated, voluntary enlistments fell off at an alarming rate.

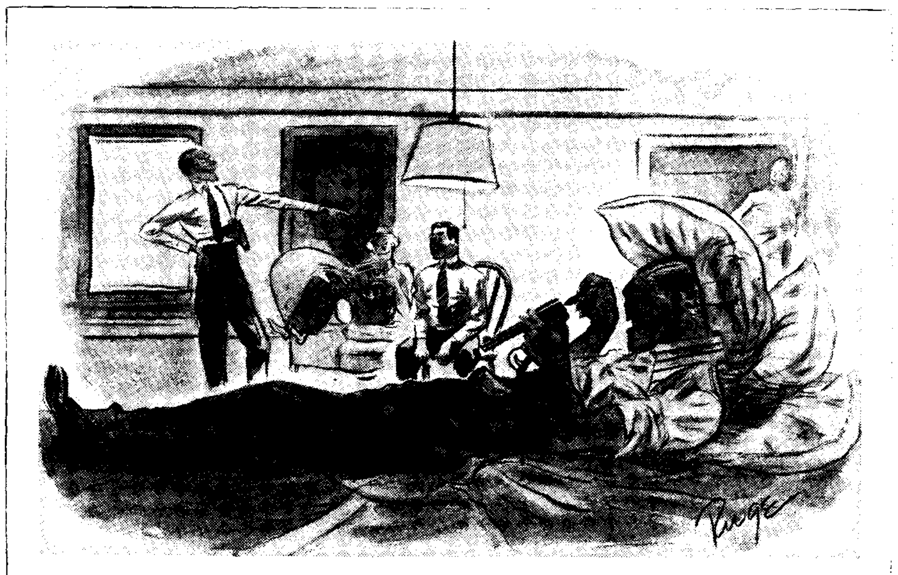
In the War Department you may read the proceedings of Congress leading up to the adoption of the Selective Service Act of 1917. Miles of oratory were waded through before finally a draft act was passed. And that was May 19, more than a month after war had been declared.

Your Abilities Are Ticketed

Two months more passed before the first conscripts were chosen. The memory of all that is enough, the War Department says, to fetch the blush of shame to an honest soldier's cheek. And soldiers don't blush easily. Anyway, the first draftees did not appear in warlike guise for four months after President Wilson had told us officially that we were fighting Germany. And we are told by veterans in Washington that a considerable number of the General Staff of those days slept right through the four months, virtually ignorant of what had happened.

But that's all changed. Back in 1917 the Army rejected 250,000 men whom the draft boards had marked for duty. Then, the physical or mental fitness of the conscript was passed on by a doctor member of the district draft board. In thousands of instances the board doctor asked only that the candidate for military glory come in under his own power. Board doctors certified consumptives, half-blind men, men with defective hearts and minds, flat feet, diabetics and in a number of cases, having become somewhat bemused by overindulgence in patriotism and the like, they okayed candidates who had died since the declaration. When at last the living unfit arrived at the training camps and fell into the hands of Army surgeons they were rejected in carload lots.

This time there will be no doctors on the draft boards—at least not as physi-



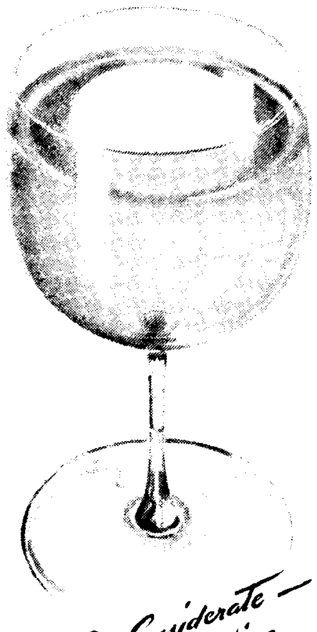
"Mr. Gooper, on the night of November third, next, did you or did you not enter and rob, at the point of a submachine gun, the First National Bank of this city?"

JOHN RUGE

When in Baltimore, many of America's busiest, most active people like to visit the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Nash. Mrs. Nash is the mother of two attractive daughters, entertains frequently, is known as a brilliant and considerate hostess

"Nowadays so many of my guests prefer Wine"

says **MRS. OGDEN NASH** *of Baltimore*



Be Considerate — Serve Wine

"Friends come to our house to enjoy themselves and to relax. And they find it a good idea to be moderate"

"Even when I entertain very informally I give each guest a choice of beverages," says Mrs. Ogden Nash, "for many are certain to want wine. Active people especially — so often nowadays they wish to be moderate."

It's a gracious custom — no wonder it is spreading like wildfire throughout America today.

Afternoons so many women guests would rather have small glasses of golden Muscatel, to be sipped slowly. Before dinner with the appetizers, a growing number of men now prefer Sherry in a cocktail-size glass.

And at the table, careful hostesses everywhere are complementing main course dishes with wine. They like to set before each guest, in servings half water goblet size, a delicate Sauterne or ruby Burgundy. They find it makes for more *leisurely* enjoyment.

You'll notice this yourself when you serve wine. It is not a beverage to toss down. You discover you want to sip wine slowly.

Try it at your house soon. Like Mrs. Ogden Nash, you will find more people at every party who prefer to make their beverage wine.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO SERVE WINE

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with desserts or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

One of the best liked "table" wines is golden Sauterne, light-bodied, of distinctive flavor. Offer medium-size servings with any luncheon or dinner.

A superb "sweet" wine is Port, rich red in color, with smooth, full body. Serve in cocktail-size glasses with desserts or in the afternoon or evening.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 out of 10 hosts and hostesses are choosing wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

Begin your day with this refreshing note . . .

There's cool, clear delight in the fragrant, minty taste of *Squibb Tooth Powder* . . . and then there's the thrilling follow-through, that exhilarating, cleansing, refreshing sensation that leaves your mouth feeling new again, all sweet and clean and young.

Brushing your teeth with *Squibb Tooth Powder* is a delightful way to begin the day and a safe way, too. For this is a scientific dentifrice with a gentle cleansing action, and a neutralizing agent that fights the acids, when it comes in contact with them, that threaten pretty teeth.

Try SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER first thing in the morning and find out for yourself how quickly its cooling, cleansing action wakes up a sleepy mouth. Do it today.

SQUIBB
Tooth
Powder
Acid-neutralizing
CONTAINS MAGNESIUM HYDRATE
E·R·SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM also contains a new taste thrill and the same acid-neutralizing properties. It is attractively packaged in a *smart cream-and-sepia tube.*

★ **Taste and feel the refreshing difference!**

SQUIBB Tooth Powder

cal examiners. All the draft boards will do is to register the availables and pass upon their economic and social status. The lads will not be formally inducted into service until after they've been examined by Army surgeons. And these Army surgeons, assisted perhaps by Army reserve medicine men, will be under sharp orders to pay no attention to the potential soldier's own story of his physical health. We may as well add to these evil tidings by telling you that, merely because the Army doctors find you unfit for combat duty, you will not necessarily be returned to civil life. You may be assigned to noncombat duty provided you are not a total physical and mental loss. In its comprehensive survey of the country's man power, the Army has ticketed your abilities however small. If your feet are flat or your back infirm, if your eyes are dim or your ears dull, you'll fit in where your physical ineptitude will make little difference.

Now It's Up to Congress

Of course, if you're determined not to fight—well, the bill takes care of that. If you're a member of "any well-recognized religious sect whose creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form, if the conscientious holding of such belief by such person shall be established under such regulations as the President may prescribe," you may be *deferred*. But there's a catch here too. Read on: "But no such person shall be relieved from service in such capacity as the President may declare to be noncombatant."

He of foreign birth who "has declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States" is liable for service. If he renounces his intention, thinking thus to evade the draft, he not only forfeits forever his chances of becoming a citizen but may be interned in detention camps or, at the will of the court, go to prison. And don't make the mistake of thinking that obscurity is going to help you dodge a soldier's lot. The tentacles of the Army have reached into the darkest forests, the deepest valleys and mountain coves and have explored the final reaches of the country's last creek, run, branch and river. The Army and the Navy *reservists have been the General* Staff's agents. The Reserve Officers' Training Corps has furnished reams of intelligence and will continue to do so. The Citizens' Military Training Corps, differing from the R.O.T.C. because its membership are not college students, has made its reports and will serve with others to rout you out should you seek to ignore the call. All these agencies of the Army are co-ordinated, marshaled, assigned to duty, fired by the touch of the flaming sword.

We thought that we'd detected a flaw in the plan. Wrong again. We read the bill: "Every person shall be deemed to *have notice of the requirements* of this Act upon publication by the President of a proclamation or other public notice requiring registration."

Who was there to prove that an available had heard the President, or read his proclamation? There are millions of us who never read a newspaper, to whom news never penetrates for days and weeks after the fact. But voluntary committees in each draft district will take care of that. There will be no need for special police or hired agents to drag forth the ignorant and the conscious evader. Automatically, they told us, neighbors become informers upon one another. The mother or wife who sees her man march off will not tolerate evasion by men next door. And if that's not enough there will be local authorities and business organizations eager to see to it that you do no gold-bricking. And then, remember the lists already compiled, filed away in brutally efficient order in the office of the General Staff.

The heat is on. Only the trench-mortar minds have any honest hope that the General Staff's bill can be passed unless and until war is upon us. And yet it is the unanimous wish of the General Staff that enough pressure might be brought upon Congress to adopt the bill with the proviso that no word of it might operate until war *was an American fact.*

Long since, the friends of war, singing the song of preparedness, have been working on congressmen. Perhaps the General Staff's bill is too drastic for peacetime adoption. Perhaps, they add, such a measure would be bad mass psychology. But why not a "peaceful mobilization"—a mere registration with no immediate further step nor obligation. Think, the bill's proponents cry, of the effect it would have on Europe. What a coup for democracy to let the world know that the United States was prepared within two or three months to defend her ideals with millions of *troops. The fire-eaters are* urging that the bill be presented in Congress forthwith, whether in special or regular session. They insist that the Army and its whoopers-up begin at once to barrage the country with propaganda. They hasten to assure you that the propaganda that they advocate may not justly be called incitement to war. Nor, they add, is it necessarily in the interest of any specified side in the European brawl. Merely to let the world know, you see, that we're ready.

But such good soldiers as the new chief of staff, Major General George Marshall, are not easily stampeded. *When the General Staff is ready to turn* on the propaganda, you'll know it. The radio broadcasts are written. Every billboard in the country is listed and huge posters are already drawn and sloganed. Lists of America's hottest hallelujah shouters are compiled, with subjects assigned to each hog-caller. Almost every newspaper proprietor has been interviewed. When the M moment arrives they will be deluged with stuff so intense that they can scarcely afford not to print it. From hundreds of airplanes—most of them privately owned—there will be skywriting, leaflet dropping, bellowing voices calling us to arms. *Fantastic? Certainly; what do you expect? This is* not 1917. The Army grants that it may take time for America to get into Europe's war; it is almost impossible to induce the high command to predict that we will get in. But they will insist that we've got to be ready.

More Than a Million Armed Men

If the General Staff plan is adopted (and it goes much farther than the bill to draft soldiers) every private motorcar will be subject to conscription. Women and men beyond the conscript age will drive them. Every motorbus line, freight and passenger, will be liable to immediate call. Railroads will rearrange their schedules to suit the military convenience. Even trolley cars will be called to the colors. And, of course, privately owned airplanes and the great ships of the commercial transport companies will have to serve the cause of military convenience. This time we're all going to war. What the government will be asked to do about your money, if you have any, and what it proposes to do with your factory is quite another story, but just as harrowing. As the Spanish-American War compared with what happened here in *1917-1918 so will our part in the first* world war compare with what we'll see if we get into a second one. And don't say we didn't warn you.

In the meantime we're going to have an Army anyway—and a pretty good one. Under existing law the General

Staff is building the regulars up toward the Congress-set limit of 280,000 and ask that the limit be raised. The National Guard is to be increased, by voluntary enlistment, of course, to almost 500,000. All the National Guard needs, the Army says, is training. Congress will be asked to appropriate enough National Guard money to make two drills a week possible instead of one.

Combine the regulars and a regenerated militia and we have upward of 800,000 defenders. To these the General Staff adds 50,000 Army reserve officers and 165,000 members of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. And there, before you know it, we have more than a million armed men. There are, too, between 35,000 and 40,000 members of the Citizens' Military Training Corps, although such of these who enter the lists may be absorbed by the regulars and the militia.

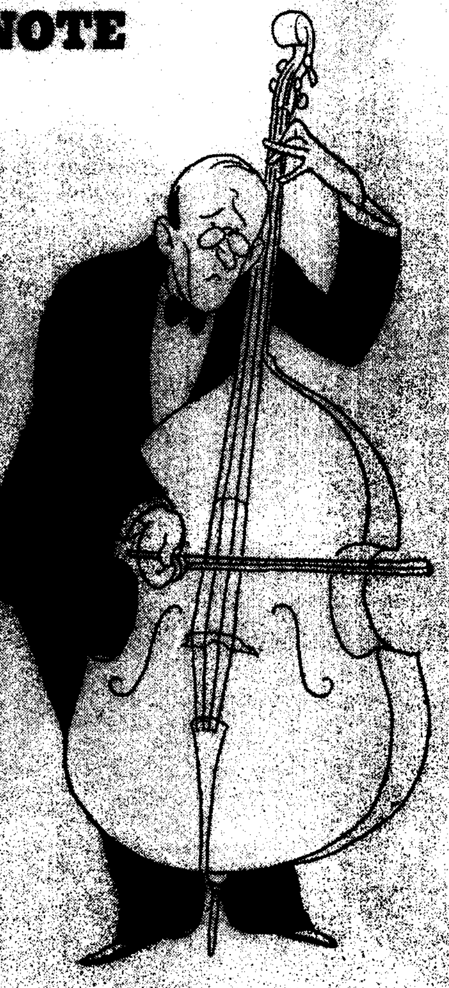
There is yet another group—the CCC. Not in all our history has any aggregation of young men been regarded by the Army with such covetous eyes. There are about 300,000 of these lads, eighteen to twenty-five years old, already inoculated with military training, already tempered to camp life. Ever since the CCC came into being, the Army, wondering what to do with its excess of officers, has been crying (not always silently) for control of the corps. Reserve and active officers assigned to command of camps and areas have gone as far as they dare in teaching the boys to be soldiers. In the process they have done a magnificent job of making men of them. Some of the officers in an excess of military zeal went a trifle too far and were relieved of command. In only a few instances did the complaints of too much spiked helmet come from the boys; for the most part the protests came from watchful pacifists and from office seekers who had run out of campaign material.

But now the General Staff proposes to seek voluntary enlistments in the CCC. The plan is to train them for noncombatant work—engineer, pioneer, depot and supply troops. Some of the members of the High Command believe that a hundred thousand of the CCC lads will join up.

Every thought the General Staff is thinking, every word it writes into The Plan, must be submitted to the Army's commander in chief—the President. Whether it has been or is yet to be, we didn't learn. That happens to be one of the few secrets the Army refuses to divulge. And the White House wouldn't say. However, if Mr. Roosevelt hasn't been told, he is about the only man in official Washington to be on the outside. As far as we were able to learn the only foreign legation in Washington that hasn't apprized its home government of the General Staff's plan is the Liberian. And the Liberians just don't seem to give a damn.

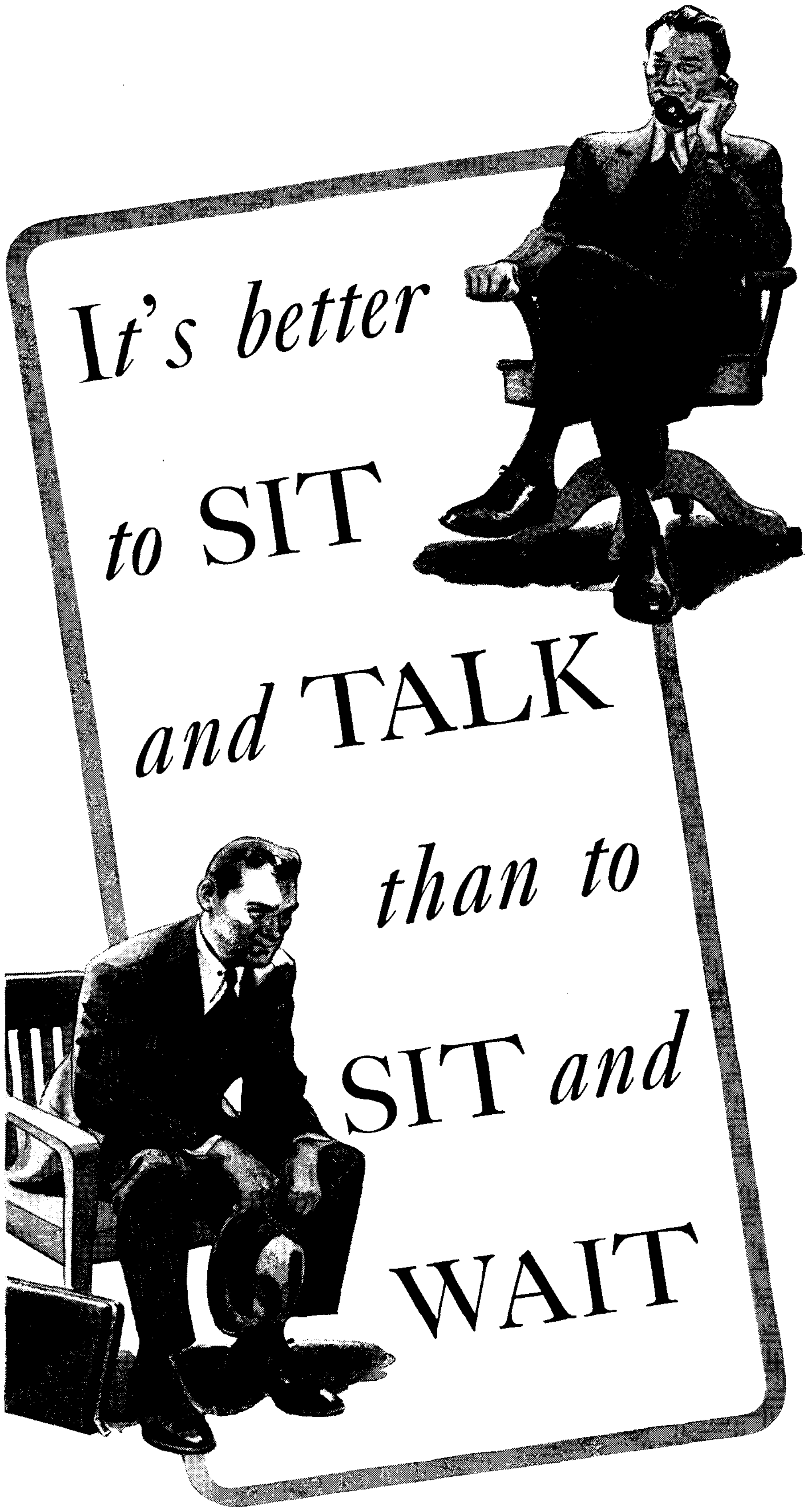
PEOPLE OF NOTE

By Laurence McKinney



4—Double Bass

The men who have the saddest faces
Are those who play the DOUBLE BASSES
Though deep in misery their cup
They have to take it standing up.
And sawing on a clothesline string,
They grunt and groan like anything.
The orchestra's last-line defense
They also see the audience
And, spying in the distant offing,
They spot the man who does the coughing—
The schoolgirl in expectant dither—
The wife who dragged her husband with her—
The novice groping in a maze—
The critic whittling out a phrase—
And those who sleep—and those who snore
Which makes them groan and grunt some more.


It's better to SIT and TALK than to SIT and WAIT

Out-of-town visits are pointless, profitless, if people you want to see are "out" or "busy." It pays to telephone ahead for appointments—and avoid disappointments.

Long Distance costs little and earns its own way. Sometimes you save an unnecessary trip—sometimes you learn enough to make the trip more productive. In any case, a little headwork eliminates a lot of legwork.

Collier's WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Our Role in Europe

11 April, 1919
(Herbert Hoover to Woodrow Wilson)

DEAR Mr. President:

If our experience in the last four months counts for anything, the practical result always is that the Allied governments, knowing our disposition, necessarily ask for more than they expect to get, and that we find ourselves psychologically and, in fact, politically, on the side of the enemy in these negotiations, and in a constant desire to find practical working formulae we are frequently forced to abandon some measure of what we consider sound statesmanship. The continuation of this relationship will bind us for a long period of years to a succession of compromises fundamentally at variance with our national convictions. I am not attempting to dispute the righteousness of any Allied demands, but merely to set up the fact that our viewpoint is so essentially different.

Our other practical result of our experience already is that the Americans who sit on such commissions, if they don't acquiesce and assist in enforcing any propositions from various government officials, become immediately and personally subject to attack as being inimical to their interests and, with the powerful engines of propaganda which they employ in Europe and our own country, no such man can endure for long. These governments, if they were faced with the sole responsibility for their actions, would not attempt the measures which they seek under our protection. Therefore, for all reasons, I do not see that we can effect any real justice in these matters.

If we continue to sit in the enforcement of this peace, we will be in effect participating in an armed alliance in Europe, where every change in the political wind will affect the action of these commissions. We will be obliged to participate in all European questions and we will be firmly tied definitely to one side, unless we precipitate a break and lend ourselves to the charges that we have been traitors to the "common cause."

I am convinced that there has grown up since the Armistice the policy, perhaps unconscious but nevertheless effective, of dragging the United States into every political and economic question in Europe and constantly endeavoring to secure pledges of economic and political support from us in return for our agreeing to matters which we consider for their common good, where we have no interest, and constantly using us as a stalking horse economically and politically, solely in the interests of internal political groups within the Allied governments.

These objectives and interests may be perfectly justified from their point of view, but it forces us into violations of our every instinct and into situations that our own people will never stand. For instance, I don't see how we can remain in these enforcement commissions unless we participate in the military enforcement with its enormous cost and risk, and the tendency will always be to exact the political objectives with the military strength of the United States as a background.

I have the feeling that revolution in Europe is by no means over. The social wrongs in these countries are far from solution and the tempest must blow itself out, probably with enormous violence. Our people are not prepared for us to undertake the military policing of Europe while it boils out its social wrongs.

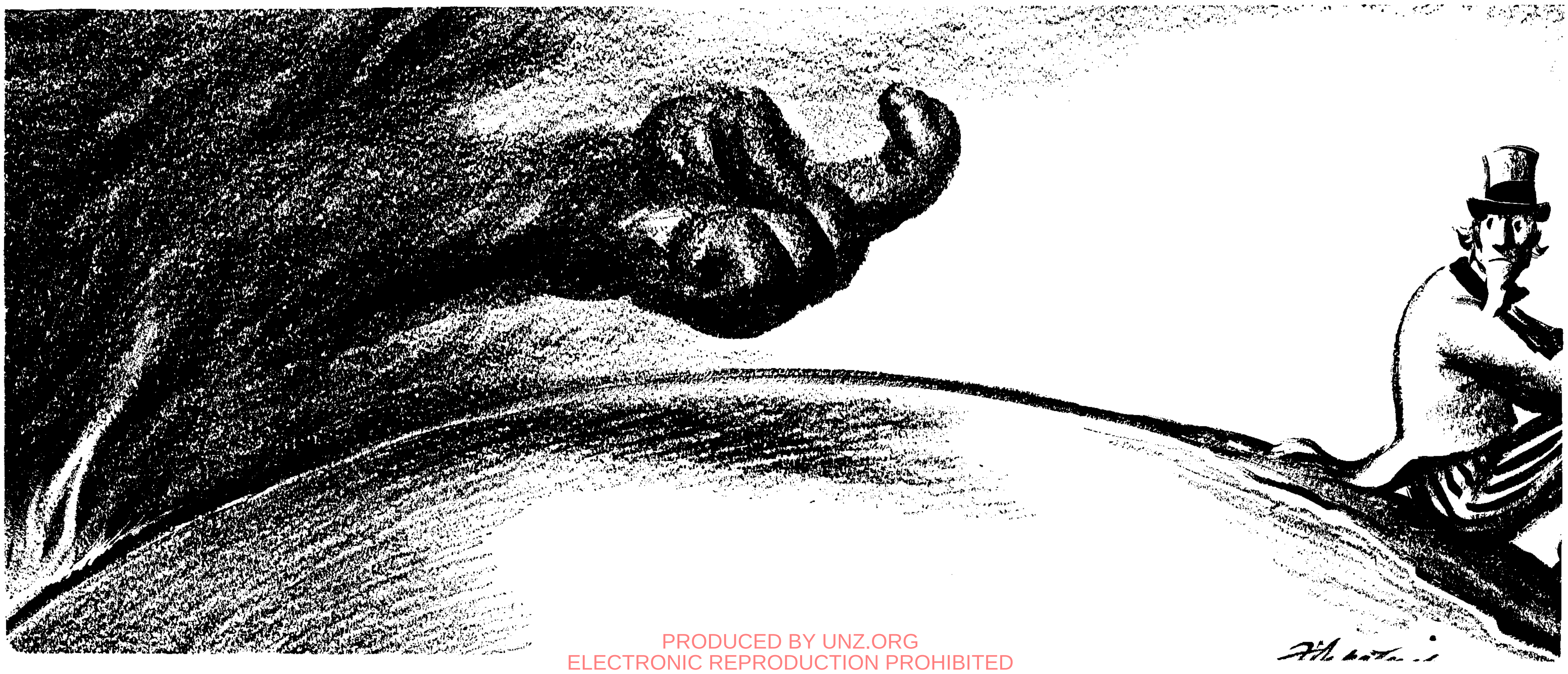
More than twenty years ago Herbert Hoover saw the continuing conflict of European ambitions that broke out this year in Adolf Hitler's frenzied attack on Poland. In a hitherto unpublished letter to President Wilson Mr. Hoover prophesied forcefully the struggles that have eventuated in the second great European war of the twentieth century. His penetrating analysis was written before the Versailles Treaty was written and long before the severity of that treaty had aroused opposition in the democratic nations. The question Mr. Hoover raised is once again in the minds and hearts of Americans.

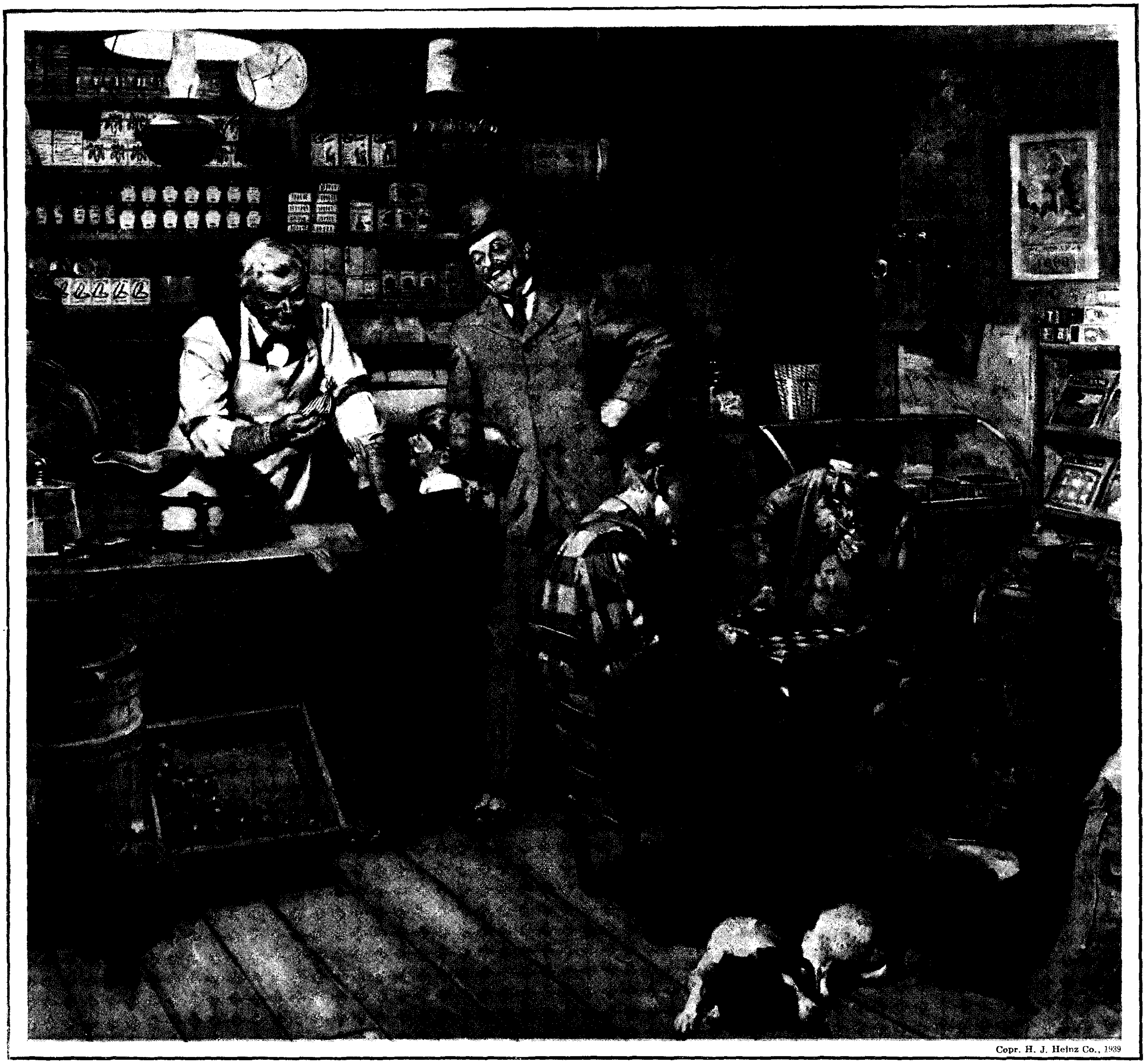
I have no doubt that if we could undertake to police the world and had the wisdom of statesmanship to see its gradual social evolution, that we would be making a great contribution to civilization, but I am certain that the American people are not prepared for any such measure and I am also sure that if we remain in Europe with military force, tied in an alliance which we have never undertaken, we should be forced into this storm of repression of revolution, and forced in under terms of co-ordination with other peoples that would make our independence of action wholly impossible.

It grows upon me daily that the United States is one great moral reserve in the world today and that we cannot maintain that independence of action through which this reserve is to be maintained if we allow ourselves to be dragged into detailed European entanglements over a period of years. In my view, if the Allies cannot be brought to adopt peace on the basis of the 14 points, we should retire from Europe lock, stock and barrel, and we should lend to the whole world our economic and moral strength, or the world will swim in a sea of misery and disaster worse than the dark ages. If they cannot be brought to accept peace on this basis, our national honor is at stake and we should have to make peace independently and retire.

I know of nothing in letter or spirit of any statement of your own, or in the 14 points, that directly or indirectly ties the United States to carry on this war through the phase of enforcement, or the multitudinous demands and intrigues of a great number of other governments and their officials. It does appear to me that your conception of the League of Nations was with view to the provision of a dominant court, where these difficulties could be thrashed out, and if we sit as one of the prosecutors, the court will have no judge.

Faithfully yours, HH.





Copr. H. J. Heinz Co., 1939

Do You Remember?

WOULD YOU PLEASE step back into a yesterday with its dim and dusty memories? Remember—a long, long time ago—you are in an old-fashioned grocery store with its aromatic bins and heavy-laden shelves—and you're very young and perhaps slicked up just a bit, for it's Saturday night.

And around the magnet-like stove good neighbors are gathered to swap homely gossip and trade well-worn witticisms. And there you stand, your heart beating eagerly. For your father has just settled his account for the week and the grocer, to prove his relationship is far more than just financial, gives you a sack of peppermint drops.

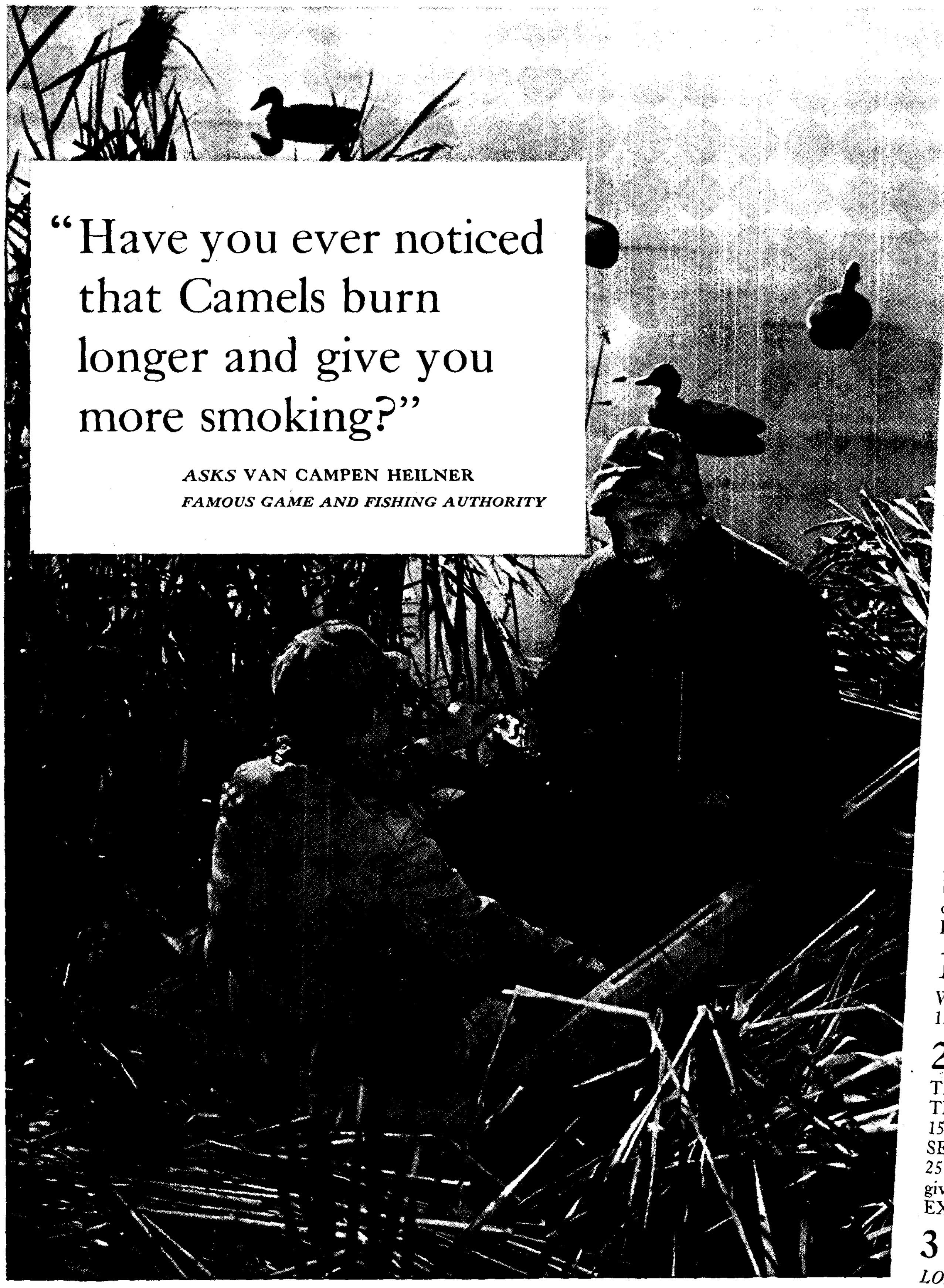
While stores and habits have changed, the grocer today continues to offer you a service that is far beyond the price tag his merchandise bears. For it is he who watches to see that you get the finest in foods—it is his insistence on quality that has helped gain for you a better standard of things to eat. He demands that you have the best at the lowest possible cost. His business is filled with risks and he handles countless items at little or no profit just to serve you adequately. You have to like your job and your customers to be a grocer.

In our seventy years of dealing with your grocer, we have learned to know and respect the service he renders the American family. He has been a great factor in raising standards of food quality.

He is always eager to pass along to you his knowledge of food values. He has long been a friend of ours because we have a common interest in bringing to you the finest foods that can be prepared. When he passes our merchandise across his counter, he knows he is keeping faith with your confidence in him, his unspoken pledge to you, and his duty to your family. Through this man, your grocer, we are proud to have been welcome guests at your family table for seventy years.

* * *

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.
TORONTO, CANADA (57) LONDON, ENGLAND



"Have you ever noticed that Camels burn longer and give you more smoking?"

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER

FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY

Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Book on Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

You can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower *than any other brand,* in recent scientific tests (*see right*). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this. "Camels give *more smoking* because they burn so slowly," he says. "And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the *quality* of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels—I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack." Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos. For contentment—smoke Camels!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

Cigarettes were compared recently ... sixteen of the largest-selling brands ... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY!

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*